SEPTEMBER 1966

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY-TWO, NUMBER THREE

"BLACK POWER": TWO VIEWS

BAYARD RUSTIN

DAVID DANZIG

Music And The Statistical Age: Igor Stravinsky

THE UNREMEMBERED GENOCIDE: Marjorie Housepian

MALAMUD AS JEWISH WRITER: Robert Alter

THE FULBRIGHT REVOLT: Maurice J. Goldbloom

ON REVIEWING PLAYS: Jack Richardson

THE UN-AMERICAN JEW: Earl Berger

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Joseph Frank Moses Hadas Marjorie Grene

Philip M. Williams Robert G. Hazo

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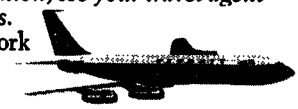

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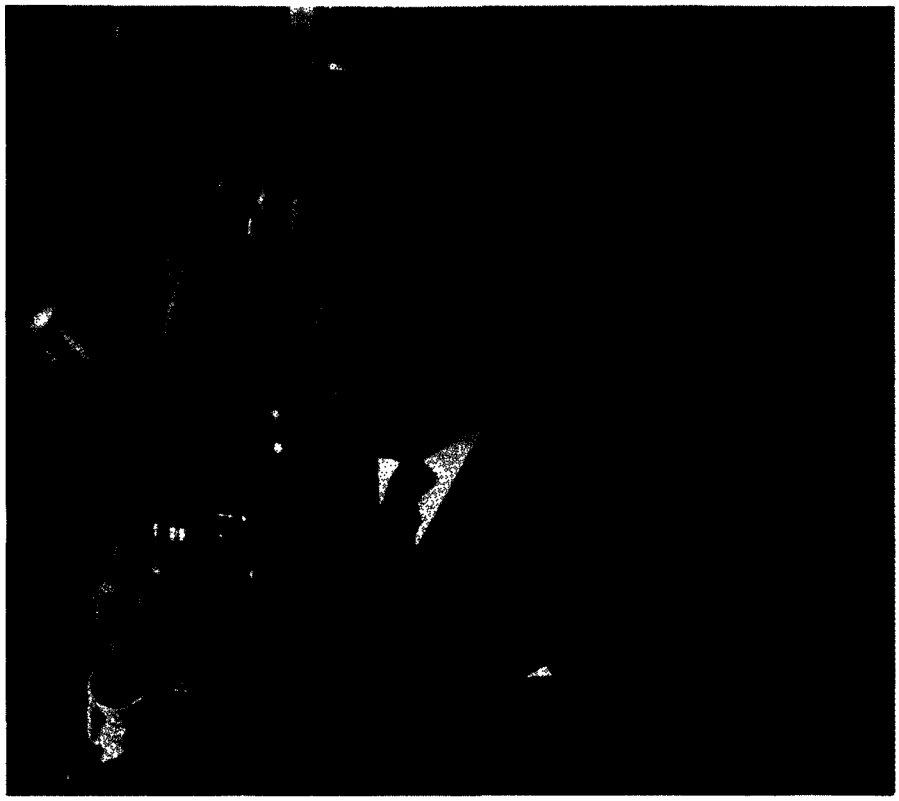
This man is discussing whisky with friends. And who should know more about it? He happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.



George Thomson, Director and master blender of John Walker & Sons, shown here at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club, Scotland.

If you could eavesdrop a little, you might hear talk of Scottish Highlands, more than 40 "single malts," even sherry casks. Curious facts and figures about Johnnie Walker Black Label from George Thomson, the master blender himself.

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The man with a nose for Scotch

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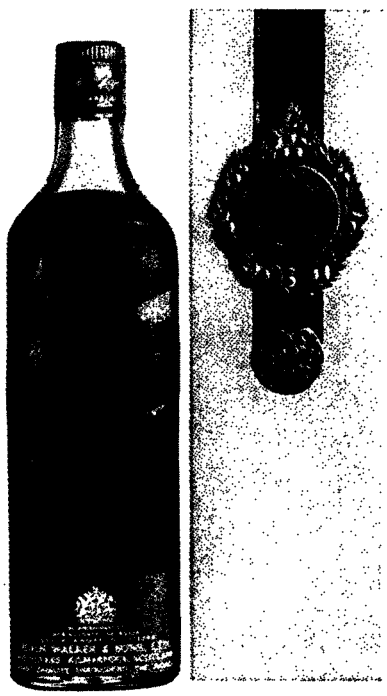

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Commentary

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Does the Rover 2000 TC really require "erotic references for proper description"? [See Nº 4 below.]

AS YOU MAY RECALL, here is what Car and Driver magazine had to say in their May, 1966 road test report on the Rover 2000 TC. At any rate it does no harm to repeat it. Italics theirs, numbers ours:

1] *"We have driven a Rover 2000 TC for nearly 3000 miles, on all kinds of roads and in every kind of weather, and we believe that it is absolutely the best sedan that has ever been presented in the pages of this magazine...it is an automotive milestone."*

2] "We recorded acceleration times for the 2000 TC that are better—up to about 70 mph—than those of the Porsche 912, for instance."

3] "It will maintain effortless cruising speeds in excess of anything U.S. laws will allow—yet it offers fuel economy that would do justice to a tiny austerity sedan."

4] "...bending it into a high-speed corner imparts a sensation that requires erotic references for proper description."

5] "When you're settled in your seat, with everything adjusted to your taste, you have a well-fitted, made-to-measure feeling that is quite unique."

6] "It is a supremely comfortable four-passenger sedan...Its trim and appointments and the quality of its finish throughout are equal to any of the six luxury cars we tested last year. The ride is satin-smooth...Below 80 mph the interior is virtually silent..."

7] "And it stops. Oh dear, does it stop! Our normal series of panic stops from eighty to zero were the fastest we've ever recorded and so smooth and stable that we were almost bored by the time we finished our third run."

8] "With all this, it is a bona fide 'safety' car—one designed specifically to avoid accidents whenever they *can* be avoided, and to provide the greatest possible protection to its occupants when they cannot."

9] "We...think that every so-called safety expert and every member of top management in the domestic auto companies should be required to spend a month with the Rover 2000 TC, as we did. This car...is a rare combination of virtually everything one should have in an automobile."

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Planning Ahead

To the Editor of Commentary:

In dealing with foreign policy, Mr. Galbraith's lively article in the June number suffers, I think, from a certain inconsistency ["An Agenda for American Liberals"]. He says "the test of policy henceforth must be not the negative one of what fights Communism but the affirmative one of what serves the interests of the United States." So far, we have no quarrel. He then adds, however, that "Liberals must affirm what we long ago learned, that the only good foreign policy is a liberal foreign policy, and that liberalism does not stop at the water's edge. . . . A liberal policy identifies us with the hopes and aspirations of the people. . . . A conservative policy identifies us with privileged groups and with governments that are the servants and protectors of privilege."

Appropriately discounting the rhetorical atmosphere of the occasion of his speech, and giving full and sympathetic weight to the author's ebullience of style and spirit, I submit that Galbraith's Second Law of Foreign Policy will often be at war with his First. I agree that the only test of foreign policy should be the national interest, broadly and generously construed —a national interest capable of the Marshall Plan and Foreign Aid, and of working to save the peace in Cyprus, Berlin, the Congo, Greece, Korea, and, I should add, in Vietnam too. But the proposition that it is in our national interest to support only those foreign governments which Mr. Galbraith would classify as identified with the aspirations of their people, and refuse to protect or help others, which he describes as governed by "light opera tyrants," will not wash, even if we could really know how some of the doubtful cases (Nasser, for example, or Nkrumah, or Ayub, or Sukarno, or Stalin) matched the ambassador's rubrics.

Our basic national interest, all would I think agree, is in helping to achieve a wide zone of peace in the world, within which the United States and other nations could pursue the arts of human progress, separately and together. The possibility of peaceful co-existence, as we have learned in twenty strenuous years, is a complex and dynamic process, involving both "containment" and "collaboration." Only the Truman Doctrine, and its gradual acceptance by the Soviet Union as a fair foundation for the relationships of the two systems, has permitted a sense of *détente* to develop in Europe, and the emergence of polycentric tendencies within the Communist movement.

The basic idea of that tacit understanding between ourselves and the Soviet Union is, I believe, that unilateral changes in the boundary line between the two systems, or changes achieved by force, are too dangerous to the general peace to be tolerated. Thus, many who criticized our government in 1947 for helping Greece resist a civil war aided from abroad now concede that they were wrong, and that President Truman was right on that occasion, despite the fact that the Greek government at the time was widely criticized as "reactionary." And all, I think, would agree that it would be intolerably dangerous for the West to assist an attempt to overthrow the East German regime by force, although no one has yet described that regime as identified with the hopes and aspirations of the German people.

Let us apply Mr. Galbraith's two Laws to an episode like the Hungarian uprising of 1956, in the perspective of these realities. There can be no doubt that the Stalinist regime in Hungary before 1956 was a "privileged group," serving and protecting privilege, in Mr. Galbraith's sense, or that the uprising led by the youth of the country represented "the hopes and aspirations" of the Hungarian people. Would Mr. Galbraith have said that the principles of liberalism required us to support that uprising and join in "the day of the people," despite the risk of war with the Soviet Union some thought such a course would have involved? Would he have sacrificed all the slow gains of *détente* achieved through the prudent and limited application of the Truman Doctrine, for a cast of the dice to *écraser l'infâme*?

It is easy to understand that the frustrations of an ambassador's life lead even a philosophical ambassador like Professor Galbraith to disparage the State Department

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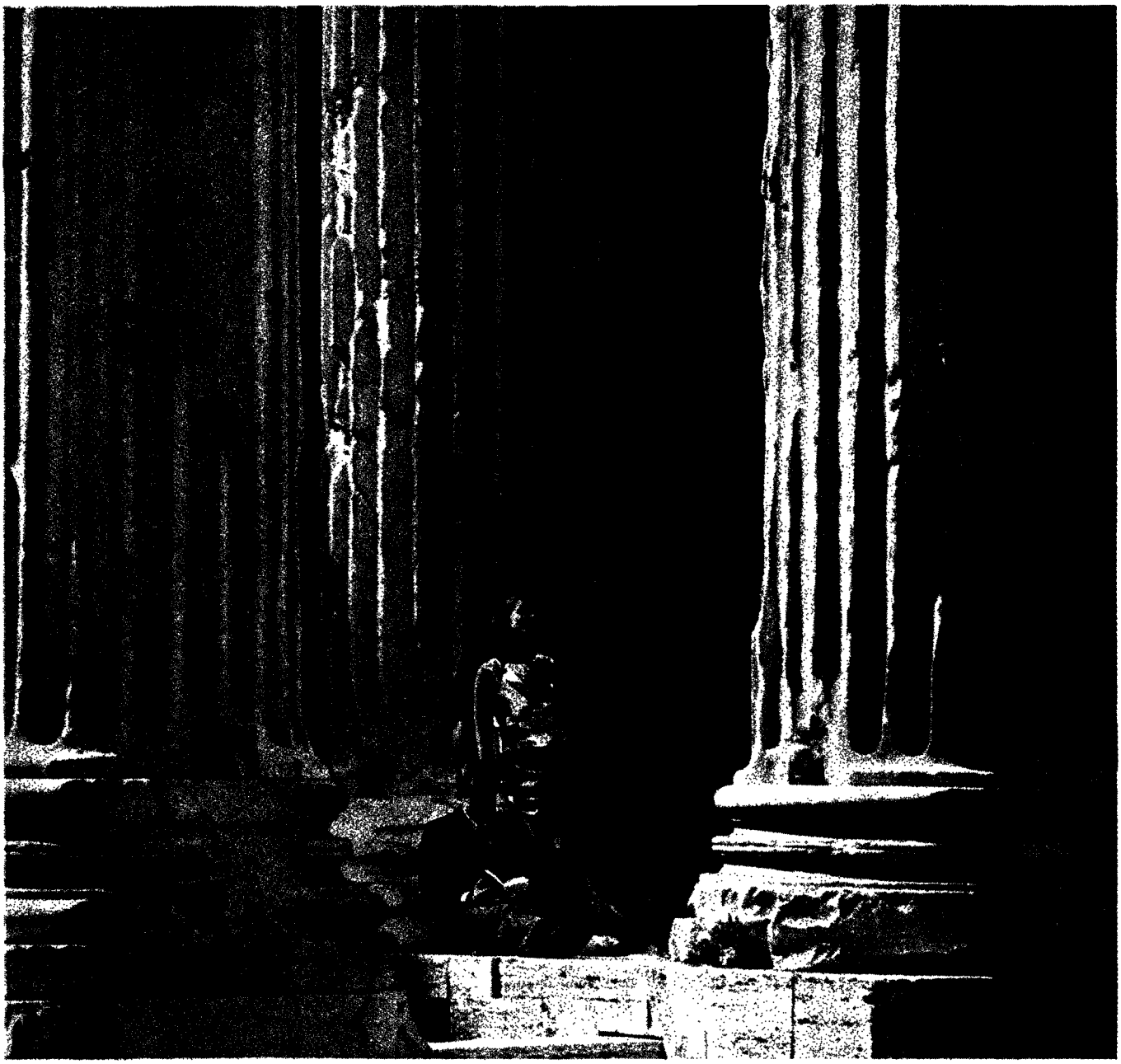

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staff as a fashionable "Establishment," addicted to dictators and incapable of leaping to the barricades in behalf of the people and their rights. In view of the support our foreign policy has given to India, Ceylon, Indonesia, Venezuela, Mexico, Chile, Burma, Yugoslavia, and many other progressive governments in the postwar period, to say nothing of our staunch support for the European movement, this aspect of Professor Galbraith's speech is a puzzle I haven't yet resolved.

EUGENE V. ROSTOW
Law School
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is a brave liberal indeed who would presume to question the wit, wisdom, experience, and sophistication of John K. Galbraith on U.S. foreign policy. But in his laudable desire to encourage *détente* in the cold war, Mr. Galbraith makes a number of questionable assumptions. . . .

For example, his description of the origins of postwar liberal anti-Communism in this country leaves much to be desired. "Some liberals," he writes, "had always doubted that individual liberty was compatible with democratic centralism" (read Communism). Only some? One would have thought that any definition of the word "liberal" would automatically include opposition to any form of totalitarian thought control. To impute, as Galbraith does, the anti-Communism of American liberals largely to disillusionment with Stalin is to do scant justice to the large number who never had any illusions to start with either about Stalin or about the nature of Communism. . . .

No exception can be taken to Galbraith's insistence on a liberal foreign policy. We *should* identify with the aspirations of the people; we *should* adhere to the rule of law; we *should* change our foolishly shortsighted opposition to the admission of mainland China to the UN; we *should* continue our aid program. To do all this, says Galbraith, requires a foreign policy run by liberals. But we have had an administration headed by liberals since 1960. Has the State Department, then, been carrying out a conservative foreign policy in defiance of the President?

It is both hypocritical and highly unflattering to exculpate President Johnson, as Galbraith does, from responsibility for our Vietnam policy. While Johnson did not initiate it, he has had two-and-a-half years to change it. If he does not agree with it, he stands guilty of weakness, indifference, or a total lack of leadership. While the President has many faults, these particular ones have not been successfully charged against him. As for Galbraith's belief that the President has been a force for a change in the old policy, all the evidence points in the other direction.

The fact is that the administration policy in Vietnam *is* the liberal policy. If John Kennedy were alive, it would be the same in substance, although different in style. The policy that Galbraith recommends is the new liberalism, which is hardly distinguishable from the old conservatism. "Vietnam is not important to us," Mr. Galbraith writes. "Had it been lost in 1954, no one would now be thinking of it." Shades of Neville Chamberlain, Gerald Nye, Father Coughlin, and Hamilton Fish: one can hear the ghostly echo of Charles Lindbergh proclaiming in 1941, "We must not send our boys to fight in foreign wars that are no concern of ours."

By all means let there be *détente* in the cold war. Let the struggle of ideas continue. But free men must be the keepers of their brothers' freedom, lest they lose their own. Ask not for whom the bell tolls. . . .

ALLEN TAYLOR
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . In laying down the gospel on foreign policy, Mr. Galbraith would have the United States oppose authoritarian regimes lest we come out on the short end when "the day of the people arrives." This particular dictum . . . is patently discredited and disastrous. Throughout most of Africa, for instance, it has led to tyrannies more formidable than any the colonials constructed. With the kind of good intentions spawned in Mr. Galbraith's brave new world, the U.S. needs no foreign enemies.

ROBERT R. RICHARDSON
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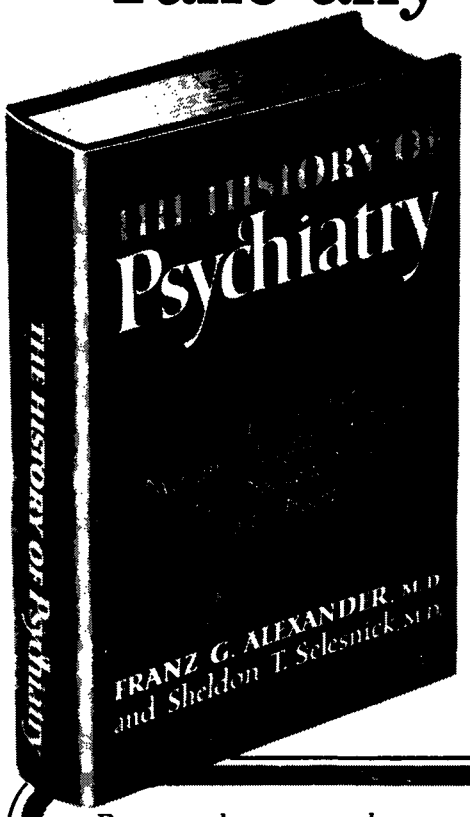

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article, this does not necessarily mean that it fits. I believe that someone who can propose the following comparison is lacking in fundamental human feeling (which, after all, is the prime ingredient of liberalism):

> The humorless misachievements of the men who got us into the jungles of Vietnam must not be allowed to obscure the merits of far more liberal and astute achievements here at home. Our gains under the Johnson administration on civil rights far outweigh our losses in behalf of Marshal Ky.

Mr. Galbraith talks of "our gains," but isn't he forgetting somebody—the Vietnamese for instance?

JED B. GOLDEN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . On page 31 of his article Mr. Galbraith chides right-wingers for identifying personal liberty with impersonal "property" and impersonal "profits." But then in his own recommendations on Vietnam, three paragraphs later, he associates our goals of achieving personal freedom for our Vietnamese allies with impersonal "areas" he would have us retreat into and defend, thereby becoming passive accomplices in the slaughter and enslavement of the South Vietnamese. . . .

JAMES HEERMANCE
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . While Mr. Galbraith outlines . . . the problems of the environment which every city planner and architect has known for years (though the public has never paid the slightest attention), and says that "development must be within the framework of control," he never mentions the concept of planning. It is high time that every liberal understood that within the next ten or fifteen years, every bit of usable land will be senselessly wasted in our fast-growing urban areas, unless we act, and act fast. . . .

Even city planning is no longer enough. We need metropolitan and regional planning—because at the edge of . . . every city the same ungainly mess of commercial development is now rising; by now these areas stretch for miles along every uncontrolled highway. . . . Surely this is not in the interest of the public. . . .

The great American myth that land development is a purely private prerogative has resulted in the unspeakable condition of our cities which—with considerable justification—have been called the ugliest in the world. That they are also the most inhuman, . . . degrading, and . . . anti-social . . . is only slowly coming to light through the efforts of the sociologists. . . .

FRAN P. HOSKEN
Lexington, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . It would be charitable to say that Mr. Galbraith's "Agenda" is disappointing. Like so many perceptive Americans speaking in the liberal tradition, he has permitted the war in Vietnam to mar his usual sharp candor. His rhetoric becomes fuzzy and apologetic as it touches the issues of war and peace. . . . He fails to assess our losses adequately and, worse, he implies that they are of little consequence. It is no comfort that Mr. Galbraith defends President Johnson as a force for restraint while attacking administration policies. . . .

"But, fortunately," Mr. Galbraith writes, "the cost in money [in Vietnam] has so far been larger than in lives." . . . How much does Mr. Galbraith believe a life is worth? At what point does the loss of one more life become intolerable and prohibitive? In subtle fashion, Mr. Galbraith has disposed of a liberal's concern with human life; the loss of some lives in a "little war" is made to appear acceptable.

Mr. Galbraith has joined the "dawks," a particular kind of liberal who flies with both the doves and the hawks. What other conclusion can be drawn when after first defending the sanctity of international law. . . . he ignores his own admonition further on in the article by urging us to remain in Vietnam?

We are bombing and burning innocent men, women, and children; we use napalm, noxious gasses, and torture as military policy in an undeclared war to defend those who have "joined our enterprise." We have violated our sovereign word to accept the Geneva Agreements. . . . We have done violence to our national honor by

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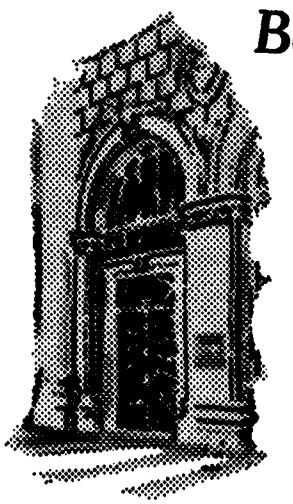

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failing to submit our cause to the United Nations before assaulting a defenseless country, and we are escalating the war and pursuing this aggressive policy with obsessive fury. Senator Fulbright has suggested that we are victims of the fatal arrogance of power. Since we cannot "easily be shoved out" of Vietnam, Mr. Galbraith confirms this continuing demonstration of the erosion of reason. . . .

A "big" war may involve us with the Chinese and the Russians; Mr. Galbraith argues that a little war may not. I am not reassured by his confidence. A "little" war can become a "big" war and the alternatives are frightening to my kind of liberalism.

But I find an even graver ailment in the "Agenda." Mr. Galbraith says, "The first liberal task is to work for necessary and urgent public services." While we recklessly escalate our undeclared war, we de-escalate our declared war on poverty under the battering ram of our fiscal needs in Vietnam. . . . Again, Mr. Galbraith, an eminent economist, ignores "the first liberal task" and is curiously silent about the effect of the war in Vietnam on necessary and urgent public services.

While we are spending $13 billion this year on our Vietnam adventure, and an estimated $17 billion is planned for 1967, we are consistently whittling away our expenditures for public services. Our earlier budget of $3 billion for the war on poverty has been cut to an estimated $1.75 billion; the President has requested $170 million instead of the $500 million authorized for facility grants; we are using $67 million of the $416 million authorized for school operation expenses; we have reduced the $700 million authorized for higher education to $402 million; we will use $239 million of the $500 million authorized under the National Defense Education Act; the budget for regional medical expenses has been cut from $90 million to $43 million; the $65 million allotted to community health centers has been cut to $50 million; there has been a proposal to cut the $93 million authorized by Congress for health research construction grants to $15 million; Mr. Weaver and the new Department of Housing and Urban Development, previously allocated the sum of $117 million, will be asked to get along on $35 million; neighborhood facility grants were reduced from $88 million to $25 million; and

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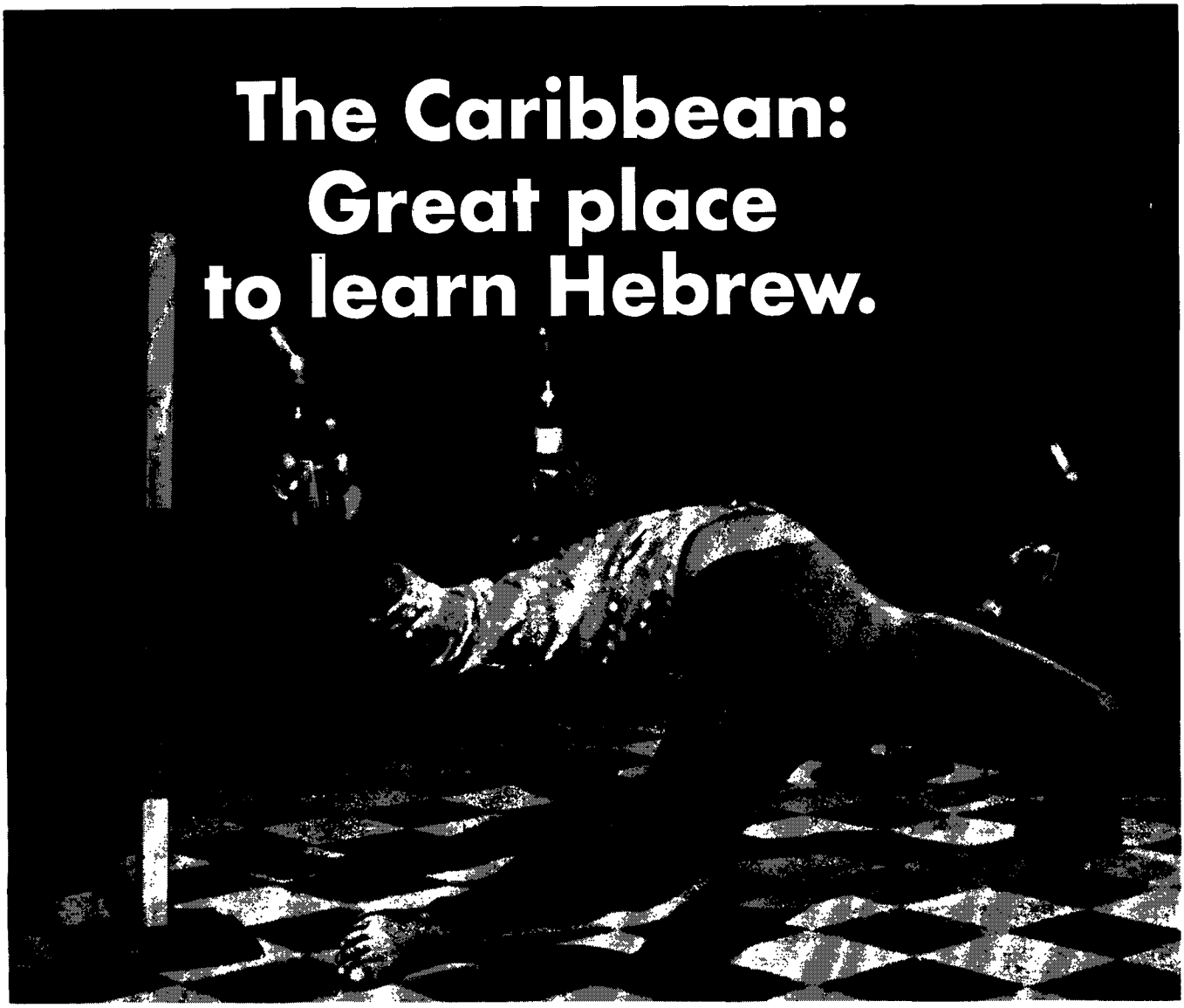

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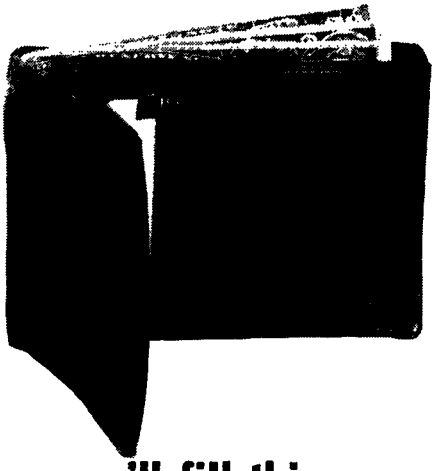

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one of our major losses on behalf of Marshal Ky was the unconscionable slash at the federal milk subsidy for schoolchildren.

As Mr. Galbraith so aptly says, "No liberal should fail to point out that it is the poor who pay." Obviously Mr. Galbraith has failed to do so; regrettably, he has permitted the war in Vietnam to blunt his liberal perceptions.

LEONARD LEVY
Vice President
Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

While much of John Kenneth Galbraith's "Agenda for American Liberals" makes sense, he repeats one liberal myth which deserves reexamination. "Public services," he writes, "are highly progressive in their incidence. Almost all—public schools, public colleges and universities, public parks, good and well-paid police, good health services, good public transportation, even clean streets—render their greatest service to the poor. . . ."

I am surprised that anyone would make such a claim in the mid-60's, after so much contrary evidence had been piled up by protesting Negroes. Clearly, even intelligent liberals of imagination and goodwill have trouble taking the radical critique of America seriously. At the risk of seeming tiresome, let me reiterate the case, using education as the example. The American educational system almost invariably spends more educating the rich than the poor. This inequity is most marked when one compares rich to poor districts, but it persists even when one compares rich and poor neighborhoods within a single district. It is particularly marked if, instead of comparing annual expenditures, you compare expenditures over a student's entire lifetime, for middle-class children tend to enroll in school earlier and stay longer than the poor. While reliable statistics on the subject are difficult to gather, a good rule of thumb is that a child from the top quarter of the income distribution will get twice as much tax subsidy for education over his lifetime as a child from the bottom quarter.

In the field of higher education, this inequity is even more dramatic. Very few poor students enroll in public colleges, and (contrary to popular mythology) a great many wealthy ones do. A recent survey at the University of California, for example, showed a third of the students coming from families earning more than $15,000. The best statistics I can get indicate that such families pay less than a third of California's taxes. Conversely, about five per cent of the University of California's students come from families with less than $4000 per year; such families pay appreciably more than five per cent of California's taxes. Legislative appropriations for the University of California, then, far from taxing the rich to help the poor, do precisely the opposite. Nor is the University of California so atypical as many think. Evidence on income distributions at other state universities is fragmentary and estimates of state tax burdens are tricky, but it appears that most state universities are squeezing the very rich and the poor in order to subsidize the middle classes. Only the much maligned former teachers' colleges and junior colleges typically give lower-income families back more in service than they cost them . . . in taxes.

Happily, there is some evidence that these inequities are diminishing. Federal assistance to public schools, for example, has recently been concentrated on the poorest districts, and on the poorest schools within districts. State expenditures on higher education have also been shifting away from residential state universities serving largely upper-middle-class students toward commuter colleges which typically serve lower-income students. Professor Galbraith is therefore probably correct to argue that cutting back on public expenditures for education will hurt the poor more than anyone else, for the cuts are likely to be in new, fast-growing programs, aimed especially at the poor. But he is certainly not correct in arguing that the overall pattern of expenditure now favors the poor.

The most that can be said for the present system of public spending, at least in the field of education, is that it is less inequitable than the income distribution as a whole. This means that a poor child's chances of getting a fair shake in the school system, while far from satisfactory, are probably better than his chances of getting a fair shake from most other institutions. Perhaps this is all one can realistically expect in a highly stratified society. An educational system which attempted to follow

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Galbraith's advice and spend more on the poor than on the rich would probably be unable to win electoral support for the required tax increases. The upper-middle classes are, after all, more interested in ensuring that their own children get "the best" than in making American institutions conform to the rhetoric of equal opportunity. When the two objects conflict, as they inevitably do, the latter is bound to be sacrificed.

CHRISTOPHER JENCKS
Institute for Policy Studies
Washington, D.C.

MR. GALBRAITH writes:

As the houses of the best carpenters suffer from neglect and, notoriously, the health of the best physicians, so, clearly, does the use of evidence by the best lawyers. My case was uncomplicated: Nothing has so damaged our foreign policy in our time as the belief that liberalism is a domestic faith. Overseas national interest and expediency regularly combine to justify support of governments that Americans would not tolerate for a moment and which offer nothing or in fact considerably less to their own people. The evidence lies in the consequences in the last twenty years of our support of Batista, Trujillo, Perez-Jimenez, sundry minor Central-American caudillos, General Phoumi Nosavan (he of Laos), the Ngo family, and several Levantines whose names mercifully are mostly lost to history. To refute this overwhelming and staggeringly dismal proposition, Dean Rostow goes all the way back to a feckless Greek government of 1947, and to that all alone. And by the recurrent miracle of assertion, he makes that action decisive for all later relations with the Soviets. This being the evidence for and against, I couldn't be happier in leaving my case to the readers. I find it hard to imagine that I will lose, except to eccentricity and the most determined perversity, so much as a single vote.

Two lesser points: Dean Rostow's reference to Hungary, unless it be dust in the juryman's eye, is inexplicable. We did not support the postwar Stalinist governments in Eastern Europe. We have given moral, and in the case of Yugoslavia and Poland, highly tangible support to the post-Stalinist liberalization. This accords with my argument. It also seems to have worked. Support obviously does not always mean sending in troops.

With Dean Rostow's civilized concern for a *détente,* I of course concur. And this marks a most important difference between his position and those with whom I have my major quarrel.

The additional letters reached me after I had answered Dean Rostow at length. Let me confine myself to one disputed point, namely my suggestion that President Johnson had been a force for restraint in Vietnam. As compared with the old-line automatic anti-Communists and the Joint Chiefs, there was reason, I think, to believe he was at the time I wrote last spring. Since the bombing of the environs of Hanoi and Haiphong, a step that seems to have been motivated partly by domestic politics and the polls, I am less sure. I certainly hope for return to restraint but meanwhile I must concede something to my critics.

Russian Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

That Theodore Frankel's "Art, Politics, and the Soviet Writer" [May] is, as a whole, distressingly shallow and misleading and its prognoses more than dubious, is hardly surprising in view of the considerable number of factual errors it contains. Thus, according to Mr. Frankel, "at its highest point, post-revolutionary [!] Soviet literature enlisted major older writers such as Bedny, Blok, and Akhmatova." No serious *Soviet* source, to my knowledge, considers Blok, who died in 1921, a "Soviet" writer. Bedny's crudely propagandistic rhymes have, for decades, been a favorite target of ridicule even with orthodox Communists; his only recent admirer appears to have been N. S. Khrushchev. And when, precisely, was the recently deceased Akhmatova "enlisted" as a Soviet writer? In 1918, when the poet Gumilëv, her ex-husband, was executed by a firing squad? Or in the twenty years between 1922 and 1943 during which she was condemned to silence and her only son sent to a concentration camp? Or was it, perhaps, in 1946, when, after being called "half-harlot, half-nun" by Stalin's henchman for cultural affairs, Zhdanov, she was actually expelled from the Writers' Union?

I suspect that the promising young poet Iosif Brodsky (born in 1940) who was recently exiled to northern Russia (*not* to Siberia) would blush upon hearing Mr.

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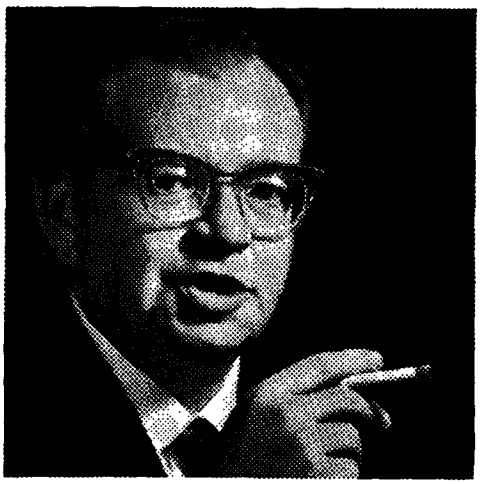

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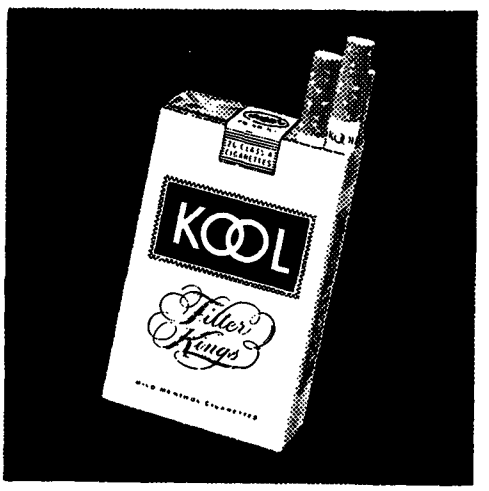

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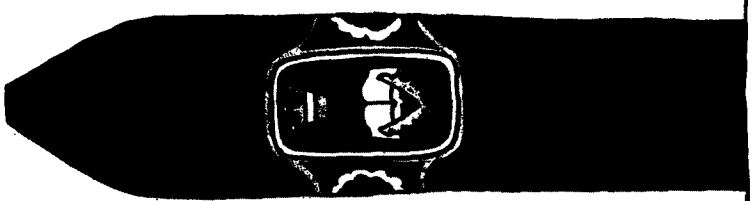

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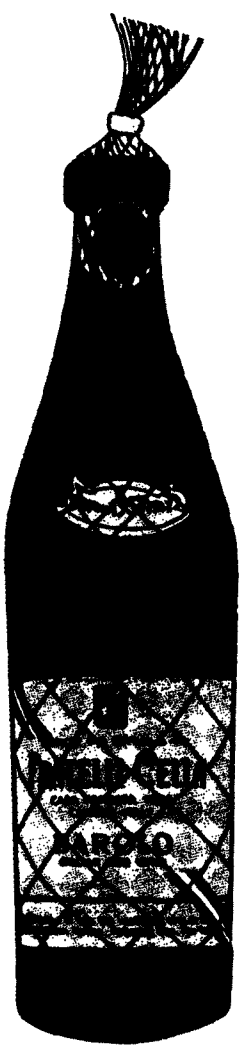

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Frankel's somewhat extravagant assertion that "Russia's greatness went with him." As for Sinyavsky and Daniel, Valerii Tarsis—now in the West—would in all likelihood disagree with Mr. Frankel who claims that he "shares their political convictions completely," an assertion furthermore belied even by a casual reading of the three writers' works. Similarly, to liken the intensely political poet Mayakovsky who, while also the author of some exceptionally moving lyric verse, was for decades Stalinist Russia's official poet laureate, with the demonstratively unideological Voznesensky will hardly serve to enlighten Mr. Frankel's readers.

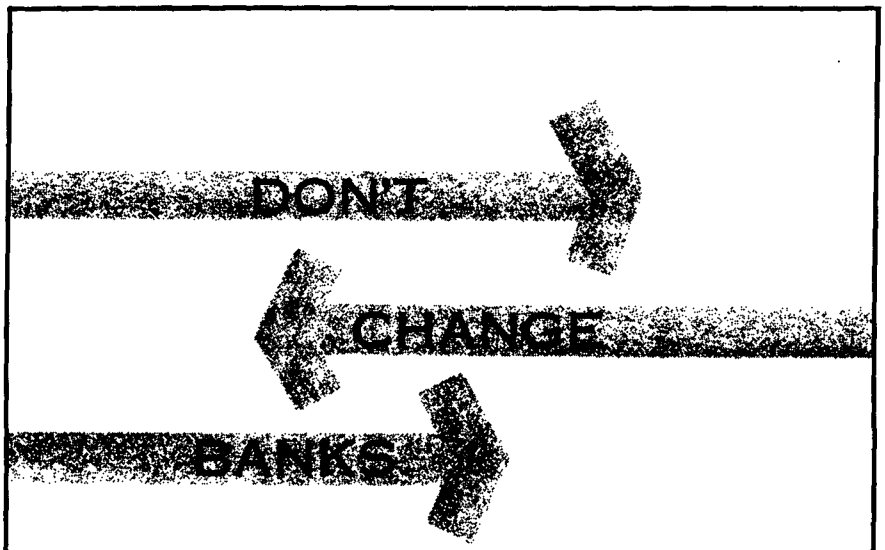
MAURICE FRIEDBERG
The Hebrew University of Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, Israel

MR. FRANKEL writes:

It is regrettable that Mr. Friedberg has not addressed himself to the substance of my article, and has tried instead to discredit it by exposing its "factual errors."

He takes me to task for writing that post-revolutionary Soviet literature enlisted a number of major older writers. It is clear, however, from the context of my article that I was referring to a strong emotional involvement with the Revolution as a major event in Russian history. No long-term affiliation was implied. In this sense, Blok certainly was enlisted in the Revolution, as demonstrated by, among other things, his poem, "The Twelve," which portrays Jesus as the leader of twelve apocalyptic Red guards. I don't understand the relevance of Professor Friedberg's reference to the year of Blok's death and I can't see what difference it makes how the Soviets classify Blok. On the other hand, it may be germane that Marc Slonim in his *Outline of Russian Literature* accepts Blok's identification with the Revolution at that time.

Similarly with Ahkmatova. In her book of poems, *Anno Domini MCMXXI* (and to some extent in her previous *Podorozhnik*) she welcomed the Revolution in unmistakable fashion. An observer of the occasion describes the impression made on an audience by one of her readings in 1921: "The public was puzzled. They thought: 'It's rank bolshevism.'" (Cited in L. I. Strakhovsky, *Three Poets of Modern Russia*, p. 75). That Akhmatova was soon disenchanted, that



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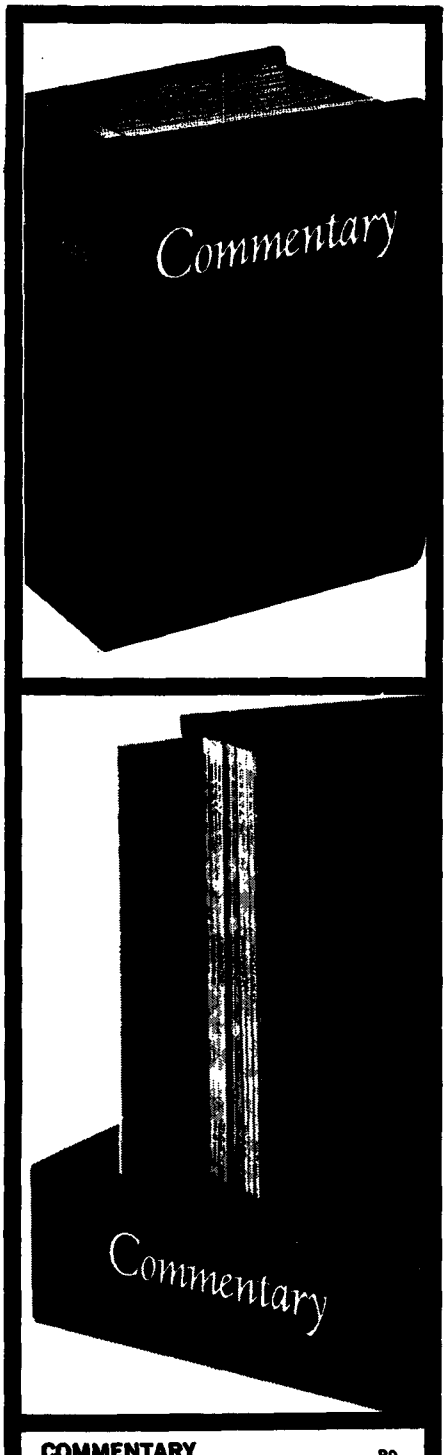

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she was cruelly persecuted, that the Communists called her vile names in 1946 in no way changes the record of how she felt in 1921.

Mr. Friedberg has me on Bedny. I had Bely both in mind and in an earlier draft, but poor Bedny got into the manuscript somehow and was never dislodged. Mr. Friedberg has me on a geographical error as well. Iosif Brodsky *was* exiled to North Russia and not to Siberia. Right. I may have been extravagant in my praise of Brodsky, but only time will tell. Since Tarsis has claimed many times that Sinyavsky and Daniel are in his camp, he would probably not disagree with my thumbnail evaluation of the political convictions of the three men. Their actual political positions are too complex to be discussed here. Finally, Professor Friedberg is dead wrong on the Mayakovsky-Voznesensky comparison. The point is, precisely, that Voznesensky's stance as an apolitical poet is to a certain extent misleading for it is becoming increasingly clear (from his poem, "Oza," for example) that he harbors ambitions of becoming the spokesman for certain parts of the new Soviet intelligentsia.

It goes without saying that no one article is intended to give a definitive account of so vast a subject as contemporary Russian literature. The topic is in need of vigorous discussion by many hands. However, Mr. Friedberg's melange of weak arguments, strong epithets, and professorial pedantry is no contribution.

Dialogue

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Chaim Potok's article, "Martin Buber and the Jews" [March] was interesting, but . . . offered no *new* exposition of the philosophical anthropologist's work. Why then publish it? Perhaps the point of the essay was its not-so-buried conceit: that so-called "perfectly understandable" suspicion of contemporary Jews regarding Buber's thought.

First of all, I have never encountered a modern Jew (with one exception) who, having read Buber's work, was not positively overwhelmed by, and to some extent converted to, if need be, its dialogic point of view. Second, is it not strange to think of an article on a man of Buber's obvious humanity ending with such an irrational and . . . unsupported conclusion? Who are these contemporary Jews who feel the "bitter irony" of not being able to enter into dialogue with Buber's words? And is it not an admission of inhumanity for any man, however he defines his religion, to deny the essential importance Buber's ideas have for a more humane human being? If non-Jews have been unusually influenced by Buber, it may be because they do not feel driven to protect their beliefs from fresh insight. And it may be that some Jews still feel that something will be gained by maintaining that their Judaism is supreme, and all others worthless. (The wrong lesson, of course, to have learned from the past thirty-five years.). . . .

STEPHEN BERG
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The Establishment mind, even if it is reasonable and scholarly, leaves, in residuum, an object, as it were, while a presence such as Martin Buber's plants a seed, with all the resonant potential of a seed. It is, for instance, of small importance whether Buber's presentation of Hasidism was historically accurate or not (or, for that matter, Tolstoy's report of the Battle of Borodino). The core of his thought has life because it sprang from his life, not from the outside. He was attempting to restore to himself and to Judaism exactly what he sensed was missing —the I-Thou with God and the I-thou with man. Where is Jehovah anyhow? He does not seem to show up for ten o'clock services. Is He perhaps somewhere behind that great wall of Law? Has it turned into a cenotaph? The purpose of all religious ritual, code, tradition is to create in a man that life-giving sense of the presence of God. Whatever can no longer evoke this sense is neurotic, not merely worthless but dangerous.

Of course all institutions, including religious ones, have the habit of alienating their seminal spirits. But I think organized Judaism really must take the blue ribbon for its stiff-necked anathemas of its purest and best—or else for assuming such rigid . . . postures that its prophets and saints must turn away. . . . The contemporary crisis afflicting Judaism which, without the bullwhip of anti-Semitism, seems to be losing more and more of its children . . . will not be resolved by a more frenzied bur-

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rowing, no matter how earnest, along the rhizomes of the past, not by unearthing exotic rootlets. It will be resolved by facing the present as the present is and as we are. . . . It will survive not by backing away into its differences but by opening its arms to embrace.

And, as a pivotal act, the first of its anathematized sons it has to embrace is the "King of the Jews." This is so very obvious. The official Jewish refusal to acknowledge Jesus—I do not say as God or as the Messiah but even as Buber's "great brother"—is an absurd and stultifying thing, a parallel to the American attempt to derive identity and purpose out of its anti-Communism. Are we reduced to no better source of definition than as the only Western religion that rejects Christ? . . .

Of course it will be argued, reasoned, screamed that if we take down the walls, the city of Judaism will be overrun. But this voice, no matter in what octave it speaks, is the voice of fear. Personally, I do not think Judaism would disappear by welcoming the truth wherever it is found, no more than the Catholic Church is likely to. On the contrary, I feel this embrace would quicken it into new and vigorous life. But to suppose the worst—what if in the process of renewal Judaism as an organized entity disappears altogether? Well then, give it a hug and let it go. We'd better decide which we want, after all, which we are really venerating, which we would choose if we had to make a choice—our historical tradition or our God.

R. GRANAT

Espanola, New Mexico

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

What Chaim Potok claims in his article, "Martin Buber and the Jews," is simply not true: that Buber was incapable of entering into dialogue with his own people and that his philosophy is by nature such as to appeal to Protestants and *not* Jews.

The fact that Buber chose Jesus as an illustration of the I-Thou relationship with God in *I and Thou* is not, as Potok states, "an indication of the extent to which his earlier involvement with Christian mysticism remained a dominant factor in his thinking and colored his later understanding of Judaism." Buber used Jesus in this instance because, *in direct contrast to the Christian mystics,* he saw Jesus as an example of the distinctively Jewish dialogue in which Jesus says "Father" in such a way that he is simply "son." Potok takes Buber's thought in his early twenties as definitive and ignores the decisive break with all such mysticism that lies at the heart of Buber's philosophy of dialogue. Not *unio mystica* but the partnership of God and man, not ecstasy but hallowing the everyday, not the becoming of God in man but the meeting with the "eternal Thou" characterize Martin Buber's later thought.

Potok's identification of Buber with Kierkegaard and modern Protestant theologians is equally preposterous. The very heart of *Two Types of Faith* is Buber's contrast between Jesus's biblical and primally Jewish *emuna*—unconditional trust in the *relationship* with God—and Paul's Christian *pistis*—faith with a knowledge content, the faith that Jesus is the incarnation of God through whose crucifixion and resurrection the believer is saved. The thinkers with whom Potok wishes to ally Buber—Kierkegaard, Niebuhr, Tillich, Heim, and Brunner—are all, without exception, Paulinian in precisely this sense. When one looks at the heavy systematic theologies of Tillich, Brunner, and Barth, moreover, one is amazed that Potok could have stated that Buber shares with the Protestant theologians a distaste for systematic theological concepts. Nothing, too, could be wider of the mark than Potok's claim that their attitude toward sin is essentially the same as his. As I have shown in *Martin Buber: The Life of Dialogue,* all of these thinkers use the I-Thou relationship in a distinctively Christian and neo-Orthodox way which is *fundamentally* incompatible with Buber's Jewish use of it. All of them affirm that God is always the I and man the Thou, that "original sin" has curtailed the spontaneity and freedom that enable man to stand on his created ground and address God. Buber, in contrast, insists that *nothing* can modify and abridge man's original freedom and spontaneity, that no new situation or law can destroy the *immediacy* between God and man, that man as an "I" moves to meet the "Thou" of God as well as responding to God's address. "In so far as Chris-

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tianity has fixed God in the image of Christ," Buber wrote, "it has prevented God from hiding and therefore from revealing Himself."

Buber stood his ground as a Jew and was not afraid to speak from that ground to men who were really other than himself. Urged from time to time to liberate Hasidism from "its confessional limitations" —its roots in Judaism—and to make of it "an unfettered teaching of mankind," Buber replied: "Taking such a 'universal' path would have been for me pure arbitrariness. In order to speak to the world what I have heard, I am not bound to step into the street. I may remain standing in the door of my ancestral house: here too the word that is uttered does not go astray."

Potok's statement that Jesus is, to Buber, "the greatest figure in the history of Jewish messianism" is utterly false. Jesus, to Buber, is only one of a series of "suffering servants" of the Lord, including Job, Isaiah, Deutero-Isaiah, the holy Yehudi—the hero of Buber's Hasidic chronicle-novel *For the Sake of Heaven*—and even Franz Rosenzweig. Buber holds, moreover, that in so far as Jesus saw himself as the Messiah, he betrayed Jewish messianism.

Potok quotes Gershom Scholem's critique of Buber's Hasidism without, by so much as a word, referring to Buber's reply to Scholem in his article, "Interpreting Hasidism" (COMMENTARY, September 1963). He suggests that Buber's insistence on Hasidism as hallowing the everyday in opposition to a dualism between "life in God" and "life in the world" "bears directly on the nature of Buber's present audience." The only possible implication of this statement is that the Protestants are attracted by an anti-dualistic philosophy and the Jews by a dualistic one. That Kabbalistic and Hasidic gnostics turned away from the world or used it for "hastening the end," Buber himself powerfully illustrated in *For the Sake of Heaven*. But that such gnostic dualism characterizes the contemporary Jew, and that the overcoming of that dualism characterizes the neo-Orthodox theologians who emphasize the sundering of the world and God through original sin, is the final *reductio ad absurdum* of Potok's absurd case.

Buber did not ignore the gnostic element in Hasidism, as Scholem claims. Rather, he saw it—in the stream of Hasidism emanating from its founder—as absorbed into, and overcome by, the life of devotion. "The Hasidic movement takes over from the Kabbala," wrote Buber, "only what it needs for the theological foundation of an enthusiastic but not overexalted life in responsibility—responsibility of a single one for the piece of world entrusted to him. From spiritualities enthroned in the unbinding, they become the core of . . . the service of the Creator practised in relation to the creature." This is an issue which the contemporary Jew, for whom Potok pretends to speak, cannot sidestep by relegating Buber to the Christians. It is the task of becoming "humanly holy," of becoming truly human, that Buber saw as the eternal core not only of Hasidic life and teaching but of covenantal Judaism as a whole.

"Dialogue" does not mean agreement but address and response. Whether the Jews agreed with him or not, Martin Buber stood in a lifelong dialogue with his people in the fields of Zionism, Hasidism, Judaism, the Bible, Jewish-Arab relations, Israel, the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, the training school for teachers assigned to work in the immigrant camps, and the kibbutz movement. My present research in Israel has yielded impressive evidence of this dialogue in each of these fields, on which I shall report in my forthcoming book. . . .

It is time that we overcame the bias which assumes that a Jew who is not afraid to stand his ground in dialogue with Christianity is somehow suspect as a Jew. If Buber has had an influence on many Christian thinkers (Catholics included), it is because they have entered into dialogue with him across the gulf that separates their faith as Christians from his faith as a Jew.

MAURICE FRIEDMAN
Jerusalem, Israel

RABBI POTOK writes:

. . . I did not say that "Buber was incapable of entering into dialogue with his own people." I said that "Buber *is today virtually* incapable of entering into dialogue with his own people." My words were very carefully chosen—and I went to some lengths to describe Buber's considerable European-Jewish audience, which was destroyed by Hitler. I further pointed out that some of today's younger Reform Jewish leaders are quite comfortable with Buber. But the hard truth remains that contemporary Jews, secularists as well as traditionalists, are by and large suspicious of Buber's thought—and no amount of shouting can change that truth. Friedman himself seems to admit this, at least tacitly, when, in the next to the last paragraph of his letter, he writes, "Whether the Jews agreed with him or not . . . ." The fact of the matter is that most Jews today do not agree with him.

Buber did not use Jesus merely to *illustrate* the I-Thou relation between man and God, as Friedman maintains; he used him as the *paradigm* of that relation. It is this use of Jesus that serves to indicate the extent to which Buber's early involvement with Christian mysticism colored his later understanding of Judaism. Buber may or may not have had the Christian mystics in mind when he wrote this passage. But even on the assumption that he did have them in mind, why make Jesus the *paradigmatic* example of the I-Thou relation between man and God? Why not Abraham? Or Moses?

Friedman claims that I take Buber's thought in his early twenties as definitive, that I ignore his sub-

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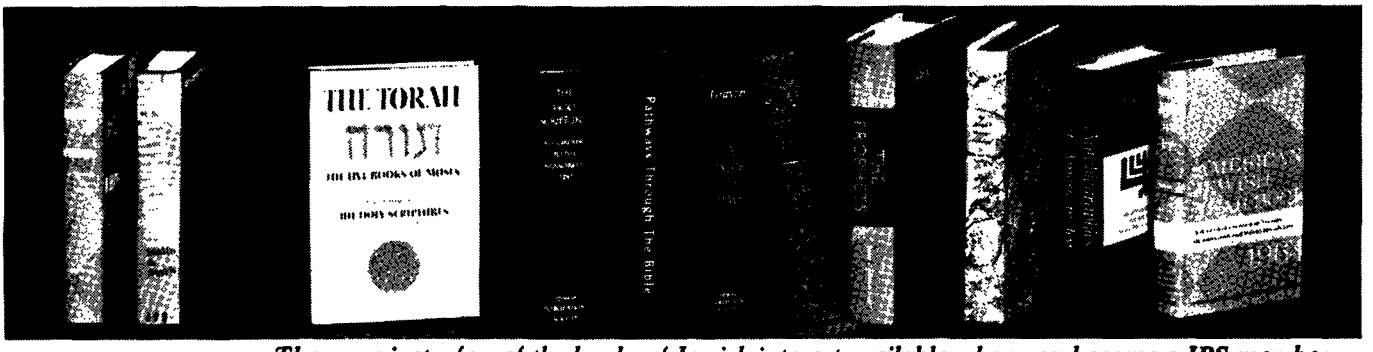

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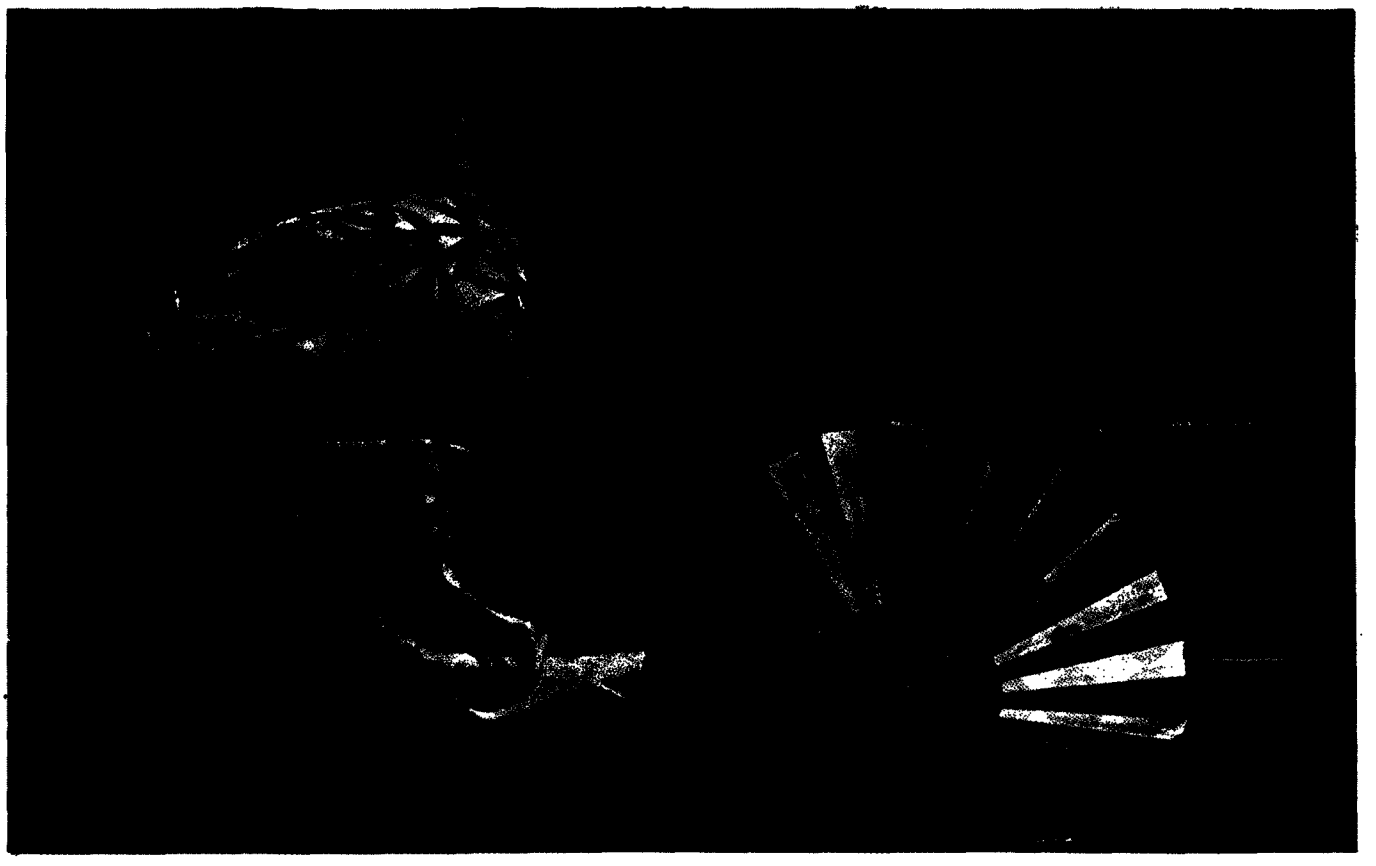

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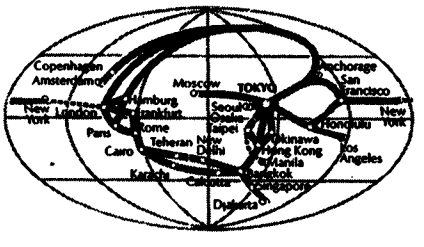

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sequent break with Christian mysticism, and that I am not aware of the fact that it is the meeting with the "eternal Thou" which characterizes Buber's later thoughts. In reply, I refer Friedman to the passage on page 45 of my article, which deals with the development of Buber's thought, and says precisely what Friedman claims I did not say. . . .

Friedman further claims that "Potok's identification of Buber with Kierkegaard and modern Protestant theologians is equally preposterous." As regards Buber and Kierkegaard, the following is of significance:

> In Kierkegaard's earlier works are found the germs of some of Buber's most important early and later ideas. . . . Buber's own treatment of Kierkegaard in his mature works makes it clear that Kierkegaard is one of the most important single influences on Buber's thought.

The above is from page 35 of Friedman's own book on Buber, *Martin Buber: The Life of Dialogue.*

And as regards Buber and modern Protestant theologians, I find Friedman's position difficult to understand, especially in view of his own words on page 268 of his book:

> Among the prominent Christian religious thinkers whom Buber has significantly influenced are John Baillie, Karl Barth, Nicholas Berdyaev, Emil Brunner . . . Karl Heim . . . Reinhold Niebuhr . . . and Paul Tillich.

It is, of course, correct to say that there are significant differences between Kierkegaard and Buber, and between Buber and modern Protestant theologians. But to deny that Buber is strongly allied to these thinkers is to make an incredible claim. . . .

FRIEDMAN further points out that Buber stood his ground as a Jew and cites a passage from Buber's *Hasidism and Modern Man* as if to imply that I am unaware of the fact that Buber considered himself to be writing from a position within Judaism. In point of fact, the passage cited forms the basis of the second sentence of my article. . . and it is precisely this problem that I set out to explore. Assuming that Buber was writing from within Judaism, why have Jews generally continued to look upon his writings with suspicion and to regard

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*David Daiches, COMMENTARY, September 1965

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them as outside the mainstream of Jewish thought?

Friedman writes that my statement that Jesus is, to Buber, "the greatest figure in the history of Jewish messianism" is "utterly false." In reply, let me cite Buber himself, in *Hasidism:*

> Whatever meaning the appearance of Jesus bore for the Gentiles . . . as seen from the point of view of Judaism, Jesus is the first in the series of men who acknowledged to themselves in their souls and openly in their words their messiahship and thus stepped out of the seclusion of the servants of God. . . . That this First One . . . was *incomparably the purest, most rightful of them all, the one most endowed with real messianic power* [italics mine] does not alter the fact that he was the first. . . .

Friedman's contention that "Jesus, to Buber, is only one of a series of 'suffering servants' of the Lord" is clearly out of keeping with Buber's own words. Buber, of course, took Jesus to be the first of the long and pathetic series of false messiahs, as Friedman correctly points out. But Friedman seems to imply that I am unaware of the fact that Buber held this position. Quite the contrary is true; I am fully aware of it, and stated it clearly, on page 49 of my article.

Whether or not Buber painted an accurate picture of Hasidism through his interpretation of Hasidic legends is a matter for honest debate. I am inclined to agree with Gershom Scholem, who contends that Buber's handling of the legends gives us an incorrect view of the essential nature of Hasidism. To disparage, as Buber does, the very strong emphasis which Hasidism places upon Jewish law and religious institutions is to misunderstand and misrepresent the essence of Hasidic thought. It is true that the Hasid strives to bring together "life in God" and "life in the world"—but never at the expense of the dissolution of Jewish law and institutions. Buber's "concrete unity" is a fiction which simply does not exist in Hasidic thought. And to attempt to prove its existence by an appeal to Buber's novel is like a disciple of H. G. Wells trying to prove that there are invisible men by pointing to his master's novel about an invisible man.

Of particular significance is the conclusion Friedman draws from my discussion of Buber's interpretation of Hasidism. He states that I make the claim that Buber's anti-dualistic philosophy is attractive to neo-Orthodox Protestant theologians "who emphasize the sundering of the world through original sin" and who, therefore, should be the last people in the world to find Buber's anti-dualism to their liking. Friedman has here made an incredible error in simple interpretation. Neo-Orthodox Protestant theologians are attracted by Buber's anti-dualism because this anti-dualism is in essence antinomianism; it is an outright rejection of the significance of law in Judaism. The fact that these Protestant theologians sunder the world by means of the doctrine of original sin has absolutely no bearing upon the essential attraction which Buber's antinomianism has for them. How Friedman could have confused these issues is incomprehensible to me.

Friedman makes a further error of understanding when he writes that "it is time that we overcame the bias which assumes that a Jew who is not afraid to stand his ground in dialogue with Christianity is somehow suspect as a Jew." The fact of the matter is that Buber is not suspect as a Jew because he stood his ground in dialogue with Christianity; there are other Jews who have entered into dialogue with Christians and who are not suspect as Jews—save by those extreme rightist elements who are suspicious of everyone except themselves. Buber is regarded with suspicion because of what he had to say about Judaism, not because he entered into dialogue with Christianity. Dialogue is vital—but not when the price paid for it is the misrepresentation and dilution of what is fundamental to Judaism.

It is impossible to deny the essential grandeur and greatness of Martin Buber. At the same time, it is important to understand why most Jews today are incapable of relating themselves to his thought. Friedman sheds very little light upon this sad and ironic situation.

Chinese Puzzle (Concld.)

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

COMMENTARY is to be commended on the round-table discussion, "Containing China," in the May issue. . . .

Yet there was one thing missing. In a discussion of this sort, a rep-

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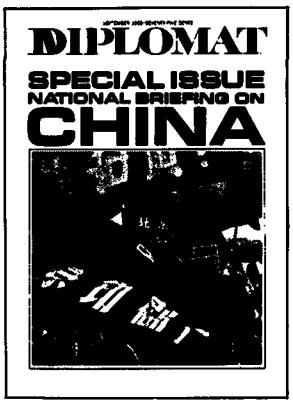

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resentative of the administration's views should have been present. . . .

Because of the absence of such a spokesman, I had the unhappy feeling that . . . the surgery was a complete success except for one thing. The patient was not there.

(Rabbi) FRANK N. SUNDHEIM
Ohev Sholom Congregation
Huntington, West Virginia

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The discussion . . . was urbane, sophisticated, and refreshingly free of the fanaticism and self-righteousness that all too often creep into considerations of complex questions by contemporary men of words. However, it also abounded in the new . . . clichés that have been spawned . . . in the continuing Far Eastern crisis. . . .

This new teach-in type of vocabulary is amusingly quaint. The contemporary intellectual must not be "theological," i.e. suggest that Marxist ideology may affect the policies of a Marxist state. Nor must he entertain "chiliastic visions," which amounts to the same thing. He must hold in contempt the "domino theory," meaning the rather well-documented Communist propensity for taking over an undefended neighbor when offered the opportunity; and he must give any thoughts that arise about a "Munich parallel" the hasty dismissal they deserve. While he is invariably a moderate, his opponents are hawks or doves (although such dialogues seem to attract their share of buzzards, ostriches, and especially dodoes).

"Dissent" (the right of anyone to be a public nuisance as long as he espouses the peculiar viewpoint in vogue at the time) is to be defended; "McCarthyism" is to be steadfastly opposed. While the latter term has never been adequately defined, it has proven marvellously useful for intimidating anyone who might for a moment suggest that the fashionable Left is no more omniscient, honest, or objective than anyone else. . . .

NAHUM J. DUKER
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Your panel on containing China spoke repeatedly about the importance of ideology in shaping Chinese policy, yet when citing concrete examples of Chinese international behavior little attention was given to their ideological determinants. Chinese failure to react more strongly to recent events in Indonesia was interpreted as a result of weakness of will combined with technical military problems. . . .

As Marxists, the Chinese believe that history, although complex in incident, is a similar process in different national areas; as *Chinese* Communists they believe they can foretell in broad outline the future course of events in the underdeveloped areas of the world because they believe that they themselves have already gone through what these underdeveloped countries are about to go through. In Chinese eyes, their revolution is not a model (in the sense of one alternative construct out of many possible constructs); it is a prototype.

I would put forward the hypothesis that the Chinese Communist party feels that in the underdeveloped world the progression of events will run approximately as follows: first, a period in which there is cooperation between local Communists and the national bourgeoisie (China 1921-1927; Indonesia 1949-1965; India 1949-?); second, a period during which the national bourgeoisie turns on the Communists, destroys their hold in urban areas, forcing them to become a peasant-based guerrilla movement (China 1927-1935; Indonesia 1965-?; India ?-?); and third, a period of growing Communist strength in rural areas and then a period of civil war ending in Communist victory (China 1935-49; Indonesia ?; India ?).

If this hypothesis is accepted we can say that China has not reacted more strongly to the Indonesian situation because (1) it was expected, only the date was in doubt; (2) it won't stop eventual Communist triumph, indeed it may be said to be a step on the road to eventual triumph; (3) the Chinese understand what we have left to learn, that the success or failure of Communist drives for power hinges for the most part on the internal political situation, and that although outside aid may be of great, and even of crucial importance, it cannot by itself win a victory for either side. . . .

BRIAN E. MCKNIGHT
Department of History
University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Nebraska

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The discussion about China was illuminating, largely because of the persons participating, but there was one vital aspect scarcely touched upon. . . . Where was the moral question? Where were the views of such spokesmen as Norman Thomas or Staughton Lynd, for example, even if only touched-upon in passing?

Never mind the legalities, which are moot. What about the resemblance of our use of military force and brutality to that of Nazi Germany? Has everything gone practical, brutal, and inhumane?

S. E. LESSERE
Bloomfield, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I must confess that I have never before heard about John Roche's "indigenous imperialism." . . . If Quebec, where I live, should be involved in an insurrection by a Separatist-Marxist group (many of Quebec's separatists are leftist) would this be, according to Mr. Roche, an indigenous Quebec Communist imperialism? Should this possible (though improbable) event come to pass, can we expect the Marines?

And what about the methodology of war? Surely your learned panel could have made some comment on the uses of napalm, saturation bombing, chemical contamination, etc. As important a political

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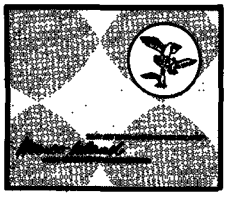

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scientist as Hans Morgenthau, armed with all his certified anti-Communist credentials (so necessary these days) suggested that America is at the threshold of genocide. To be fair, there was moral concern by Messrs. Fall and McGovern, but Mr. Roche astonished me when he stated that the main reason he opposed bombing in the North was a certain incredulousness concerning Air Force claims. I suppose anything is justified in carrying on the fight against something called "indigenous imperialism." I think this demonstrates, not that Mr. Roche is unconcerned about human suffering, but that there is something tragically inconsistent about anti-Communist so-called liberals. Perhaps when the liberals come to accept the epithets "socialist" or "leftist" with pride rather than fear, such inconsistencies will disappear. At least a liberal will be an identifiable object...

GERALD COOPER
Montreal, Canada

MR. ROCHE writes:

(1) The concept of indigenous Communist imperialism does not strike me as difficult to comprehend. One could, if he wished, style it "malignant Titoism," and in structural terms both the Red Chinese and the Hanoi regime fill this bill. One can, in short, have an end to "monolithic world Communism" without a simultaneous disappearance of Communist imperialism. Should the Quebecois move in this improbable direction, I would think Mr. Cooper could expect the R.C.M.P. rather than the Marines.

(2) I look on our limited war in Vietnam as a *liberal* alternative to that form of "genocide" advocated by Professor Hans J. Morgenthau: the use of nuclear weapons to contain Peking.

(3) My main objection to the "epithets," socialist and leftist, is that I have no idea what *they* mean. I recognize socialist leftists by their noise level rather than any substantive criteria. If a liberal is an identifiable object, I guess a socialist leftist is an unidentifiable flying object.

Correction

In Stanley Elkins's review of Eugene D. Genovese's *The Political Economy of Slavery* (July), the publisher was incorrectly listed as Random House. The book was actually published by Pantheon Books (a division of Random House)—ED.

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"BLACK POWER" AND COALITION POLITICS

BAYARD RUSTIN

THERE are two Americas—black and white—and nothing has more clearly revealed the divisions between them than the debate currently raging around the slogan of "black power." Despite—or perhaps because of—the fact that this slogan lacks any clear definition, it has succeeded in galvanizing emotions on all sides, with many whites seeing it as the expression of a new racism and many Negroes taking it as a warning to white people that Negroes will no longer tolerate brutality and violence. But even within the Negro community itself, "black power" has touched off a major debate—the most bitter the community has experienced since the days of Booker T. Washington and W. E. B. Du Bois, and one which threatens to ravage the entire civil-rights movement. Indeed, a serious split has already developed between advocates of "black power" like Floyd McKissick of CORE and Stokely Carmichael of SNCC on the one hand, and Dr. Martin Luther King of SCLC, Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, and Whitney Young of the Urban League on the other.

There is no question, then, that great passions are involved in the debate over the idea of "black power"; nor, as we shall see, is there any question that these passions have their roots in the psychological and political frustrations of the Negro community. Nevertheless, I would contend that "black power" not only lacks any real value for the civil-rights movement, but that its propagation is positively harmful. It diverts the movement from a meaningful debate over strategy and tactics, it isolates the Negro community, and it encourages the growth of anti-Negro forces.

In its simplest and most innocent guise, "black power" merely means the effort to elect Negroes to office in proportion to Negro strength within the population. There is, of course, nothing wrong with such an objective in itself, and nothing inherently radical in the idea of pursuing it. But in Stokely Carmichael's extravagant rhetoric about "taking over" in districts of the South where Negroes are in the majority, it is important to recognize that Southern Negroes are only in a position to win a maximum of two congressional seats and control of eighty local counties.* (Carmichael, incidentally, is in the paradoxical position of screaming at liberals—wanting only to "get whitey off my back"—and simultaneously needing their support: after all, he can talk about Negroes taking over Lowndes County only because there is a fairly liberal federal government to protect him should Governor Wallace decide to eliminate this pocket of black power.) Now there might be a certain value in having two Negro congressmen from the South, but obviously they could do nothing by themselves to reconstruct the face of America. Eighty sheriffs, eighty tax assessors, and eighty school-board members might ease the tension for a while in their communities, but they alone could not create jobs and build low-cost housing; they alone could not supply quality integrated education.

The relevant question, moreover, is not whether a politician is black or white, but what forces he represents. Manhattan has had a succession of Negro borough presidents, and yet the schools are increasingly segregated. Adam Clayton Powell and William Dawson have both been in Congress for many years; the former is responsible for a rider on school intergration that never gets passed, and the latter is responsible for keeping the Negroes of Chicago tied to a mayor who had to see riots and death before he would put eight-dollar sprinklers on water hydrants in the summer. I am not for one minute arguing that Powell, Dawson, and Mrs. Motley should be impeached. What I am saying is that if a politician is elected because he is black and is deemed to be entitled to a "slice of the pie," he will behave in one way; if he is elected by a constituency pressing for social reform, he will, whether he is white or black, behave in another way.

SOUTHERN Negroes, despite exhortations from SNCC to organize themselves into a Black Panther party, are going to stay in the Democratic party—to them it is the party of progress, the New Deal, the New Frontier, and the Great Society—and they are right to stay. For SNCC's Black Panther perspective is simultaneously utopian and re-

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*See "The Negroes Enter Southern Politics" by Pat Watters, *Dissent*, July-August 1966.

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actionary—the former for the by now obvious reason that one-tenth of the population cannot accomplish much by itself, the latter because such a party would remove Negroes from the main area of political struggle in this country (particularly in the one-party South, where the decisive battles are fought out in Democratic primaries), and would give priority to the issue of race precisely at a time when the fundamental questions facing the Negro and American society alike are economic and social. It is no accident that the two main proponents of "black power," Carmichael and McKissick, should now be co-sponsoring a conference with Adam Clayton Powell and Elijah Muhammad, and that the leaders of New York CORE should recently have supported the machine candidate for Surrogate—because he was the choice of a Negro boss—rather than the candidate of the reform movement. By contrast, Martin Luther King is working in Chicago with the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO and with religious groups in a coalition which, if successful, will mean the end or at least the weakening of the Daley-Dawson machine.

The winning of the right of Negroes to vote in the South insures the eventual transformation of the Democratic party, now controlled primarily by Northern machine politicians and Southern Dixiecrats. The Negro vote will eliminate the Dixiecrats from the party and from Congress, which means that the crucial question facing us today is who will replace them in the South. Unless civil-rights leaders (in such towns as Jackson, Mississippi; Birmingham, Alabama; and even to a certain extent Atlanta) can organize grass-roots clubs whose members will have a genuine political voice, the Dixiecrats might well be succeeded by black moderates and black Southern-style machine politicians, who would do little to push for needed legislation in Congress and little to improve local conditions in the South. While I myself would prefer Negro machines to a situation in which Negroes have no power at all, it seems to me that there is a better alternative today—a liberal-labor-civil rights coalition which would work to make the Democratic party truly responsive to the aspirations of the poor, and which would develop support for programs (specifically those outlined in A. Philip Randolph's $100 billion Freedom Budget) aimed at the reconstruction of American society in the interests of greater social justice. The advocates of "black power" have no such programs in mind; what they are in fact arguing for (perhaps unconsciously) is the creation of a *new black establishment*.

Nor, it might be added, are they leading the Negro people along the same road which they imagine immigrant groups traveled so successfully in the past. Proponents of "black power"—accepting a historical myth perpetrated by moderates—like to say that the Irish and the Jews and the Italians, by sticking together and demanding their share, finally won enough power to overcome their initial disabilities. But the truth is that it was through alliances with other groups (in political machines or as part of the trade-union movement) that the Irish and the Jews and the Italians acquired the power to win their rightful place in American society. They did not "pull themselves up by their own bootstraps"—no group in American society has ever done so; and they most certainly did not make isolation their primary tactic.

IN SOME quarters, "black power" connotes not an effort to increase the number of Negroes in elective office but rather a repudiation of non-violence in favor of Negro "self-defense." Actually this is a false issue, since no one has ever argued that Negroes should not defend themselves as individuals from attack.* Non-violence has been advocated as a *tactic* for organized demonstrations in a society where Negroes are a minority and where the majority controls the police. Proponents of non-violence do not, for example, deny that James Meredith has the right to carry a gun for protection when he visits his mother in Mississippi; what they question is the wisdom of his carrying a gun while participating in a demonstration.

There is, as well, a tactical side to the new emphasis on "self-defense" and the suggestion that non-violence be abandoned. The reasoning here is that turning the other cheek is not the way to win respect, and that only if the Negro succeeds in frightening the white man will the white man begin taking him seriously. The trouble with this reasoning is that it fails to recognize that fear is more likely to bring hostility to the surface than respect; and far from prodding the "white power structure" into action, the new militant leadership, by raising the slogan of black power and lowering the banner of non-violence, has obscured the moral issue facing this nation, and permitted the President and Vice President to lecture us about "racism in reverse" instead of proposing more meaningful programs for dealing with the problems of unemployment, housing, and education.

"Black power" is, of course, a somewhat nationalistic slogan and its sudden rise to popularity among Negroes signifies a concomitant rise in nationalist sentiment (Malcolm X's autobiography is quoted nowadays in Grenada, Mississippi as well as in Harlem). We have seen such nationalistic turns and withdrawals back into the ghetto before, and when we look at the conditions which brought them about, we find that they have much in common with the conditions of Negro

*As far back as 1934, A. Philip Randolph, Walter White, then executive secretary of the NAACP, Lester Granger, then executive director of the Urban League, and I joined a committee to try to save the life of Odell Waller. Waller, a sharecropper, had murdered his white boss in self-defense.

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life at the present moment: conditions which lead to despair over the goal of integration and to the belief that the ghetto will last forever.

It may, in the light of the many juridical and legislative victories which have been achieved in the past few years, seem strange that despair should be so widespread among Negroes today. But anyone to whom it seems strange should reflect on the fact that despite these victories *Negroes today are in worse economic shape, live in worse slums, and attend more highly segregated schools than in 1954.* Thus—to recite the appalling, and appallingly familiar, statistical litany once again—more Negroes are unemployed today than in 1954; the gap between the wages of the Negro worker and the white worker is wider; while the unemployment rate among white youths is decreasing, the rate among Negro youths has increased to *32 per cent* (and among Negro girls the rise is even more startling). Even the one gain which has been registered, a decrease in the unemployment rate among Negro adults, is deceptive, for it represents men who have been called back to work after a period of being laid off. In any event, unemployment among Negro men is still twice that of whites, and no new jobs have been created.

So too with housing, which is deteriorating in the North (and yet the housing provisions of the 1966 civil-rights bill are weaker than the anti-discrimination laws in several states which contain the worst ghettos even with these laws on their books). And so too with schools: according to figures issued recently by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, 65 per cent of first-grade Negro students in this country attend schools that are from 90 to 100 per cent black. (If in 1954, when the Supreme Court handed down the desegregation decision, you had been the Negro parent of a first-grade child, the chances are that this past June you would have attended that child's graduation from a segregated high school.)

To put all this in the simplest and most concrete terms: the day-to-day lot of the ghetto Negro has not been improved by the various judicial and legislative measures of the past decade.

NEGROES are thus in a situation similar to that of the turn of the century, when Booker T. Washington advised them to "cast down their buckets" (that is to say, accommodate to segregation and disenfranchisement) and when even his leading opponent, W. E. B. Du Bois, was forced to advocate the development of a group economy in place of the direct-action boycotts, general strikes, and protest techniques which had been used in the 1880's, before the enactment of the Jim-Crow laws. For all their differences, both Washington and Du Bois then found it impossible to believe that Negroes could ever be integrated into American society, and each in his own way therefore counseled withdrawal into the ghetto, self-help, and economic self-determination.

World War I aroused new hope in Negroes that the rights removed at the turn of the century would be restored. More than 360,000 Negroes entered military service and went overseas; many left the South seeking the good life in the North and hoping to share in the temporary prosperity created by the war. But all these hopes were quickly smashed at the end of the fighting. In the first year following the war, more than seventy Negroes were lynched, and during the last six months of that year, there were some twenty-four riots throughout America. White mobs took over whole cities, flogging, burning, shooting, and torturing at will, and when Negroes tried to defend themselves, the violence only increased. Along with this, Negroes were excluded from unions and pushed out of jobs they had won during the war, including federal jobs.

In the course of this period of dashed hope and spreading segregation—the same period, incidentally, when a reorganized Ku Klux Klan was achieving a membership which was to reach into the millions—the largest mass movement ever to take root among working-class Negroes, Marcus Garvey's "Back to Africa" movement, was born. "Buy Black" became a slogan in the ghettos; faith in integration was virtually snuffed out in the Negro community until the 1930's when the CIO reawakened the old dream of a Negro-labor alliance by announcing a policy of non-discrimination and when the New Deal admitted Negroes into relief programs, WPA jobs, and public housing. No sooner did jobs begin to open up and Negroes begin to be welcomed into mainstream organizations than "Buy Black" campaigns gave way to "Don't Buy Where You Can't Work" movements. A. Philip Randolph was able to organize a massive March on Washington demanding a wartime FEPC; CORE was born and with it the non-violent sit-in technique; the NAACP succeeded in putting an end to the white primaries in 1944. Altogether, World War II was a period of hope for Negroes, and the economic progress they made through wartime industry continued steadily until about 1948 and remained stable for a time. Meanwhile, the non-violent movement of the 1950's and 60's achieved the desegregation of public accommodations and established the right to vote.

Yet at the end of this long fight, the Southern Negro is too poor to use those integrated facilities and too intimidated and disorganized to use the vote to maximum advantage, while the economic position of the Northern Negro deteriorates rapidly.

The promise of meaningful work and decent wages once held out by the anti-poverty programs has not been fulfilled. Because there has been a lack of the necessary funds, the program has in many cases been reduced to wrangling for posi-

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tions on boards or for lucrative staff jobs. Negro professionals working for the program have earned handsome salaries—ranging from $14- to $25,000—while young boys have been asked to plant trees at $1.25 an hour. Nor have the Job Corps camps made a significant dent in unemployment among Negro youths; indeed, the main beneficiaries of this program seem to be the private companies who are contracted to set up the camps.

THEN there is the war in Vietnam, which poses many ironies for the Negro community. On the one hand, Negroes are bitterly aware of the fact that more and more money is being spent on the war, while the anti-poverty program is being cut; on the other hand, Negro youths are enlisting in great numbers, as though to say that it is worth the risk of being killed to learn a trade, to leave a dead-end situation, and to join the only institution in this society which seems really to be integrated.

The youths who rioted in Watts, Cleveland, Omaha, Chicago, and Portland are the members of a truly hopeless and lost generation. They can see the alien world of affluence unfold before them on the TV screen. But they have already failed in their inferior segregated schools. Their grandfathers were sharecroppers, their grandmothers were domestics, and their mothers are domestics too. Many have never met their fathers. Mistreated by the local storekeeper, suspected by the policeman on the beat, disliked by their teachers, they cannot stand more failures and would rather retreat into the world of heroin than risk looking for a job downtown or having their friends see them push a rack in the garment district. Floyd McKissick and Stokely Carmichael may accuse Roy Wilkins of being out of touch with the Negro ghetto, but nothing more clearly demonstrates their own alienation from ghetto youth than their repeated exhortations to these young men to oppose the Vietnam war when so many of them tragically see it as their only way out. Yet there is no need to labor the significance of the fact that the rice fields of Vietnam and the Green Berets have more to offer a Negro boy than the streets of Mississippi or the towns of Alabama or 125th Street in New York.

The Vietnam war is also partly responsible for the growing disillusion with non-violence among Negroes. The ghetto Negro does not in general ask whether the United States is right or wrong to be in Southeast Asia. He does, however, wonder why he is exhorted to non-violence when the United States has been waging a fantastically brutal war, and it puzzles him to be told that he must turn the other cheek in our own South while we must fight for freedom in South Vietnam.

Thus, as in roughly similar circumstances in the past—circumstances, I repeat, which in the aggregate foster the belief that the ghetto is destined to last forever—Negroes are once again turning to nationalistic slogans, with "black power" affording the same emotional release as "Back to Africa" and "Buy Black" did in earlier periods of frustration and hopelessness. This is not only the case with the ordinary Negro in the ghetto; it is also the case with leaders like McKissick and Carmichael, neither of whom began as a nationalist or was at first cynical about the possibilities of integration.* It took countless beatings and 24 jailings—that, and the absence of strong and continual support from the liberal community—to persuade Carmichael that his earlier faith in coalition politics was mistaken, that nothing was to be gained from working with whites, and that an alliance with the black nationalists was desirable. In the areas of the South where SNCC has been working so nobly, implementatior of the Civil Rights Acts of 1964 and 1965 has been slow and ineffective. Negroes in many rural areas cannot walk into the courthouse and register to vote. Despite the voting-rights bill, they must file complaints and the Justice Department must be called to send federal registrars. Nor do children attend integrated schools as a matter of course. There, too, complaints must be filed and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare must be notified. Neither department has been doing an effective job of enforcing the bills. The feeling of isolation increases among SNCC workers as each legislative victory turns out to be only a token victory—significant on the national level, but not affecting the day-to-day lives of Negroes. Carmichael and his colleagues are wrong in refusing to support the 1966 bill, but one can understand why they feel as they do.

It is, in short, the growing conviction that the Negroes cannot win—a conviction with much grounding in experience—which accounts for the new popularity of "black power." So far as the ghetto Negro is concerned, this conviction expresses itself in hostility first toward the people closest to him who have held out the most promise and failed to deliver (Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins, etc.), then toward those who have proclaimed themselves his friends (the liberals and the labor movement), and finally toward the only oppressors he can see (the local storekeeper and the policeman on the corner). On the leadership level, the conviction that the Negroes cannot win takes other forms, principally the adoption of what I have called a "no-win" policy. Why bother with programs when their enactment results only in "sham"? Why concern ourselves with the image of the movement when nothing significant has been gained for all the sacrifices made by SNCC and CORE? Why compromise with reluctant white allies when nothing of consequence can be achieved anyway? Why indeed have anything to do with whites at all?

*On Carmichael's background, see "Two for SNCC" by Robert Penn Warren in the April 1965 COMMENTARY—ED.

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On this last point, it is extremely important for white liberals to understand—as, one gathers from their references to "racism in reverse," the President and the Vice President of the United States do not—that there is all the difference in the world between saying, "If you don't want me, I don't want you" (which is what some proponents of "black power" have in effect been saying) and the statement, "Whatever you do, I don't want you" (which is what racism declares). It is, in other words, both absurd and immoral to equate the despairing response of the victim with the contemptuous assertion of the oppressor. It would, moreover, be tragic if white liberals allowed verbal hostility on the part of Negroes to drive them out of the movement or to curtail their support for civil rights. The issue was injustice before "black power" became popular, and the issue is still injustice.

In any event, even if "black power" had not emerged as a slogan, problems would have arisen in the relation between whites and Negroes in the civil-rights movement. In the North, it was inevitable that Negroes would eventually wish to run their own movement and would rebel against the presence of whites in positions of leadership as yet another sign of white supremacy. In the South, the well-intentioned white volunteer had the cards stacked against him from the beginning. Not only could he leave the struggle any time he chose to do so, but a higher value was set on his safety by the press and the government—apparent in the differing degrees of excitement generated by the imprisonment or murder of whites and Negroes. The white person's importance to the movement in the South was thus an ironic outgrowth of racism and was therefore bound to create resentment.

But again: however understandable all this may be as a response to objective conditions and to the seeming irrelevance of so many hard-won victories to the day-to-day life of the mass of Negroes, the fact remains that the quasi-nationalist sentiments and "no-win" policy lying behind the slogan of "black power" do no service to the Negro. Some nationalist emotion is, of course, inevitable, and "black power" must be seen as part of the psychological rejection of white supremacy, part of the rebellion against the stereotypes which have been ascribed to Negroes for three hundred years. Nevertheless, pride, confidence, and a new identity cannot be won by glorifying blackness or attacking whites; they can only come from meaningful action, from good jobs, and from real victories such as were achieved on the streets of Montgomery, Birmingham, and Selma. When SNCC and CORE went into the South, they awakened the country, but now they emerge isolated and demoralized, shouting a slogan that may afford a momentary satisfaction but that is calculated to destroy them and their movement. Already their frustrated call is being answered with counter-demands for law and order and with opposition to police-review boards. Already they have diverted the entire civil-rights movement from the hard task of developing strategies to realign the major parties of this country, and embroiled it in a debate that can only lead more and more to politics by frustration.

On the other side, however—the more important side, let it be said—it is the business of those who reject the negative aspects of "black power" not to preach but to act. Some weeks ago President Johnson, speaking at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, asserted that riots impeded reform, created fear, and antagonized the Negro's traditional friends. Mr. Johnson, according to the New York *Times*, expressed sympathy for the plight of the poor, the jobless, and the ill-housed. The government, he noted, has been working to relieve their circumstances, but "all this takes time."

One cannot argue with the President's position that riots are destructive or that they frighten away allies. Nor can one find fault with his sympathy for the plight of the poor; surely the poor need sympathy. But one can question whether the government has been working seriously enough to eliminate the conditions which lead to frustration-politics and riots. The President's very words, "all this takes time," will be understood by the poor for precisely what they are—an excuse instead of a real program, a cover-up for the failure to establish real priorities, and an indication that the administration has no real commitment to create new jobs, better housing, and integrated schools.

For the truth is that it need only take ten years to eliminate poverty—ten years and the $100 billion Freedom Budget recently proposed by A. Philip Randolph. In his introduction to the budget (which was drawn up in consultation with the nation's leading economists, and which will be published later this month), Mr. Randolph points out: "The programs urged in the Freedom Budget attack all of the major causes of poverty—unemployment and underemployment, substandard pay, inadequate social insurance and welfare payments to those who cannot or should not be employed; bad housing; deficiencies in health services, education, and training; and fiscal and monetary policies which tend to redistribute income regressively rather than progressively. The Freedom Budget leaves no room for discrimination in any form because its programs are addressed to all who need more opportunity and improved incomes and living standards, not to just some of them."

The legislative precedent Mr. Randolph has in mind is the 1945 Full Employment bill. This bill—conceived in its original form by Roosevelt to prevent a postwar depression—would have made it public policy for the government to step in if the private economy could not provide enough em-

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ployment. As passed finally by Congress in 1946, with many of its teeth removed, the bill had the result of preventing the Negro worker, who had finally reached a pay level about 55 per cent that of the white wage, from making any further progress in closing that discriminatory gap; and instead, he was pushed back by the chronically high unemployment rates of the 50's. Had the original bill been passed, the public sector of our economy would have been able to insure fair and full employment. Today, with the spiralling thrust of automation, it is even more imperative that we have a legally binding commitment to this goal.

Let me interject a word here to those who say that Negroes are asking for another handout and are refusing to help themselves. From the end of the 19th century up to the last generation, the United States absorbed and provided economic opportunity for tens of millions of immigrants. These people were usually uneducated and a good many could not speak English. They had nothing but their hard work to offer and they labored long hours, often in miserable sweatshops and unsafe mines. Yet in a burgeoning economy with a need for unskilled labor, they were able to find jobs, and as industrialization proceeded, they were gradually able to move up the ladder to greater skills. Negroes who have been driven off the farm into a city life for which they are not prepared and who have entered an economy in which there is less and less need for unskilled labor, cannot be compared with these immigrants of old. The tenements which were jammed by newcomers were way-stations of hope; the ghettos of today have become dead-ends of despair. Yet just as the older generation of immigrants—in its most decisive act of self-help—organized the trade-union movement and then in alliance with many middle-class elements went on to improve its own lot and the condition of American society generally, so the Negro of today is struggling to go beyond the gains of the past and, in alliance with liberals and labor, to guarantee full and fair employment to all Americans.

Mr. Randolph's Freedom Budget not only rests on the Employment Act of 1946, but on a precedent set by Harry Truman when he believed freedom was threatened in Europe. In 1947, the Marshall Plan was put into effect and 3 per cent of the gross national product was spent in foreign aid. If we were to allocate a similar proportion of our GNP to destroy the economic and social consequences of racism and poverty at home today, it might mean spending more than 20 billion dollars a year, although I think it quite possible that we can fulfill these goals with a much smaller sum. It would be intolerable, however, if our plan for domestic social reform were less audacious and less far-reaching than our international programs of a generation ago.

We must see, therefore, in the current debate over "black power," a fantastic challenge to American society to live up to its proclaimed principles in the area of race by transforming itself so that all men may live equally and under justice. We must see to it that in rejecting "black power," we do not also reject the principle of Negro equality. Those people who would use the current debate and/or the riots to abandon the civil-rights movement leave us no choice but to question their original motivation.

If anything, the next period will be more serious and difficult than the preceding ones. It is much easier to establish the Negro's right to sit at a Woolworth's counter than to fight for an integrated community. It takes very little imagination to understand that the Negro should have the right to vote, but it demands much creativity, patience, and political stamina to plan, develop, and implement programs and priorities. It is one thing to organize sentiment behind laws that do not disturb consensus politics, and quite another to win battles for the redistribution of wealth. Many people who marched in Selma are not prepared to support a bill for a $2.00 minimum wage, to say nothing of supporting a redefinition of work or a guaranteed annual income.

It is here that we who advocate coalitions and integration and who object to the "black-power" concept have a massive job to do. We must see to it that the liberal-labor-civil rights coalition is maintained and, indeed, strengthened so that it can fight effectively for a Freedom Budget. We are responsible for the growth of the "black-power" concept because we have not used our own power to insure the full implementation of the bills whose passage we were strong enough to win, and we have not mounted the necessary campaign for winning a decent minimum wage and extended benefits. "Black power" is a slogan directed primarily against liberals by those who once counted liberals among their closest friends. It is up to the liberal movement to prove that coalition and integration are better alternatives.

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IN DEFENSE OF "BLACK POWER"

DAVID DANZIG

WHEN THE Mississippi marchers trekked across the state chanting "Black Power," they were addressing themselves to other Negroes, mostly sharecroppers, tenant farmers, and small-town residents who crowded the line of march as it passed their way. The slogan no doubt meant different things to the many demonstrators who shouted it in preference to last year's "Freedom Now," just as it did to the commentators in the North who were subsequently disturbed by it. But in the context of the Mississippi march, the new slogan was clearly an appeal to Negroes to build political strength around the vote.

This effort to encourage Negroes to see themselves as a power bloc, and to act as one, is entirely in keeping with American minority politics, and yet an attempt is apparently being made by both the advocates and the opponents of "black power" to present it as something of a departure. Indeed, the slogan of the Mississippi march, followed by the belligerent tone of the CORE convention in Baltimore last June, called forth a response from liberals, both white and black, which seemed to suggest that Stokely Carmichael and Floyd McKissick had just invented bloc politics and were converting this startling invention into a movement to take over America. To Martin Luther King, "black power" meant the substitution of "one tyranny for another." To Vice President Humphrey, Roy Wilkins, and the New York *Times*, it meant black nationalism and "racism in reverse." To others it meant nothing less than that the Negroes were out to achieve "black supremacy." Everyone, of course, agreed on the right of Negroes to use the ballot to improve their lot, but conditions were often implicitly set on how they should behave collectively. Rarely, in the course of all the excitement over "black power," did anyone seek to deal with the realities underlying the current thrust of Negro social action.

Of these realities, the primary one is the steady build-up of group feeling among Negroes during the past twenty years. That such feeling would express itself as color consciousness was to be expected, but "buy black," "vote black," and "hire black" hardly indicate that Negroes have embraced a mystique of color. On the contrary, what such slogans betoken is a new political realism based on the perception that group solidarity is the only road to Negro salvation.

In general, most Negro organizations—from the moderate NAACP, Urban League, and Southern Christian Leadership Conference to the militant CORE and SNCC, to say nothing of the aggressive nationalists and the anti-white Black Muslims—share this perception. Thus, while the NAACP has not excluded whites from positions of leadership in the organization, as SNCC has done, Jack Greenberg, the white head of the NAACP Defense Fund, was asked not to attend the very NAACP conference at which Roy Wilkins denounced "black power": a less obvious and more typical concession to the rising feeling among Negroes that important posts in the civil-rights field should be filled by their own people. And while only SNCC of the major organizations withdrew from the recent White House Conference "To Fulfill These Rights," the remaining Negro groups united to keep the conference centered exclusively on Negro interests, showing little inclination to put the problems of other minorities like the Puerto Ricans and the Mexicans on the agenda. The national leaderships of NAACP, CORE, SNCC, and the SCLC still include some whites, but they are so few as to suggest a reverse "tokenism." The local branches of these organizations, which are rather more representative of majority sentiment than the national headquarters and less concerned with questions of public image, are by now primarily, if not entirely, Negro.

The call for group solidarity embodied in "black power"—like the many signs that Negroes are now determined to run their own organizations—is so far from anything which could legitimately be called racism that one is at first puzzled to account for all the excitement the new slogan has generated. Much of it, of course, can be put down to public relations and position-taking, but there does seem to be an undercurrent of real anxiety in the air as well. The white man's persistent fears of the black man—fears which

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stem from the not unreasonable idea that an oppressed minority may decide at any moment to retaliate against the majority—have spread from the South to the North, updated by Watts, mounting city crime and violence, Negro impatience with the ineffectiveness of poverty and civil-rights programs, and the swelling chorus among Negroes of anti-white rhetoric. "Black power," with its separatist connotations, gives shape to these fears. The extent of the anxiety is suggested by the contrast between the universal white condemnation of the new slogan and the tolerant editorials that greeted the Watts riots a year ago. Are violent outbreaks such as Watts less frightening than the vision of a powerfully organized Negro bloc? If so, it may be because in the final analysis Watts stands for a kind of group delinquency that always ends in political impotence, while the term "black power" suggests an organized, disciplined group.

AT ANY rate, if the liberals have been unable to put their fingers on the cause of their growing dissatisfaction with the civil-rights movement in the last few years, the Mississippi militants have given them a helping hand. When Roy Wilkins said that "black power" means "black death," he was warning the Negroes against provoking an explosion of repressive white counterpower. Whether or not there is any substance to this warning, the picture of bitter conflict among contending blocs, each acting out of its own self-interest, is deeply disturbing to liberals: is *this* what they have been striving for in the name of the free and open society? And if the civil-rights movement is losing its idealism and becoming a movement "merely" to advance Negro interests, does it deserve liberal support?

As it happens, however, "black power" in various forms has been around for some time, and the issue which the slogan has raised is but the latest and—here is the main novelty—the most explicit in a long series of conflicts between the white liberal and the Negro. It all began with the adoption by the civil-rights movement of militant direct-action tactics like mass demonstrations, sit-ins, and boycotts—a phase which reflected and coincided with the growing involvement of Negroes themselves in the movement. Such tactics seemed suited to conditions in the South, but they made many liberals uncomfortable when they were exported to the North, particularly as the cry of "Freedom Now" that usually accompanied them was so perplexing to liberal ears. What specific injustice were the militants seeking to redress? What relevance did "Freedom Now" have to New York, Chicago, and Seattle? (As though to provide the general confusion with a symbol in the form of a caricature, there was the protestor who manacled himself to a railing outside Mayor Wagner's office and shouted "Freedom Now!" as he tried to prevent a baffled policeman from unchaining him.) Some white liberal groups—the unions and the churches, for example—had their own traditions of militancy, and could understand what the Negroes were doing, but *black* militancy was in general a new experience for the white man. In time, the issue of aggressive tactics more and more distinguished white from black within the civil-rights coalition and militant declarations became part of the rhetoric of Negro leadership.

The Negroes' demand for special consideration was another source of tension. While the liberal coalition thought it was correcting an injustice by repairing the New Deal's failure to take in the Negro, the Negro himself found that the problem of unemployment had grown so serious that it could no longer be dealt with by the normal processes of non-discrimination. But the new Negro demand for compensatory hiring and preferential treatment that was formulated to meet this situation turned out to be totally unacceptable to the liberals, for it conflicted with the traditional liberal ideal of equal opportunity and equal treatment of people according to their individual merits. Accordingly, these demands were condemned as "reverse discrimination" and rejected as public policy; nevertheless, an unofficial policy of deliberately seeking Negro applicants in a ratio relative to their numerical proportion in the community has been adopted wherever Negroes have been strong enough to apply group pressure. Recently, to take only one example of many, Secretary of Labor Wirtz announced that the government, in a complete reversal of its earlier practice, was requiring information as to race on all job applications. Thus, Negro group pressure for jobs has countermanded one of the early achievements of the liberal coalition in eliminating all reference to race and religion from the formal hiring procedure—an achievement which was once counted a great victory for the forces of "non-discrimination."

Disillusion with the liberal ideal of color-blindness and the adoption of a strategy of color-consciousness is characteristic of the Negro militants and is, indeed, at the heart of what "black power" is all about. But Negroes as such have been organizing on a color-conscious basis to seek their common interests in many areas without the blessing of the slogan of "black power." Thus far, the signs are still undramatic—they include the formation of the Negro American Labor Council to look after Negro interests in the unions, and of associations like the Guardian Society to look after Negro interests in the New York Police Department, as well as the fact that Negro congressmen have been meeting as a bloc in the Democratic party—but the tendency is unmistakable: in the civil-rights movement, in the poverty program, and on both the local and national political scenes, the idea of unity based on color is taking a stronger and stronger hold among Negroes.

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IT IS THIS growing Negro group solidarity—verbal as well as organizational, emotional as well as political—which, even more than the current lack of clarity over goals and the dissension over methods, accounts for the crisis within the civil-rights coalition that has come into sharp visibility since the cry of "black power" began to be heard in the land. The crisis has manifested itself most clearly in a growing crop of defectors, both Negro and white, from the movement. The white defectors include: (1) former civil-rights activists, some of many years' standing, who have had the ground cut out from under them by the Negro takeover of the field; (2) liberals like Lillian Smith who are willing to make excuses for the violence of Watts but not for anti-white slogans; (3) long-time Jewish supporters of civil rights, who are disturbed at sporadic outbursts of illiberalism and anti-Semitism in the movement; and (4) those whites who for some time have been losing interest as what they deem to be the proper goals of the movement are progressively attained through court decisions and legislation.

The Negro defectors are numerically small: they mostly include young militants who, having few roots in the past, take the achievements of the movement for granted. They tend to see the civil-rights program as the political patronage doled out to the upper-class Negroes mortgaged to the Johnson administration—an "opening to the Left" that balances Johnson's over-extended Right; and equality of opportunity they see as inapplicable to the ghetto Negro, in whom they are primarily interested. No one as yet knows to what extent the young militants derive their mandate from the real feelings of the masses of Negroes—unless it is Adam Clayton Powell, to whom they are a "new breed of cats" taking the place of the "fading aristocratic colonials of the civil-rights movement."

Aside from such political sniping, there is little inclination on the part of civil-rights leaders to take public stock of these ailments of the movement. At the last NAACP convention, the very significant rejection by the Mississippi Marchers of Roy Wilkins's request that the demonstration be used to marshal support for the 1966 civil-rights bill was merely mentioned in passing, and Vice President Humphrey's reference, in his speech at the convention, to Negroes and whites "marching with a common spirit" honored history more than it described the present. Humphrey's only allusion to the declining support of the movement was in the remark: "The time has come to broaden the base of the civil-rights movement. . . . to reach out into the community and enlist vital new sources of energy and strength." Where one might look for these additional sources of energy and strength to compensate for the drying up of the old sources, the Vice President did not say. What he and others seem unwilling to face are the clear indications that the particular phase of the struggle for Negro rights in which many of the old civil-rights supporters were involved may have come to an end—that the civil-rights movement, which originated with whites and at its height became a nationwide coalition of whites and blacks, now faces the prospect of becoming an all-black movement.

For the truth is that there are great differences between the civil-rights movement and the "Negro Revolution,"* and these differences, papered over for so long by certain historical exigencies, are now surfacing into full view. The civil-rights movement was and is essentially concerned with the structure of law and social justice: its goals were equality before the law and equality of individual opportunity. As a movement, it was begun by people whose aim was not to aid the Negro as such but to bring American society into closer conformity with constitutional principle. For the greatest part of its history, civil rights was the white liberals' cause. Liberals expounded the moral basis for human rights in religion and politics, developed the theory of human equality in the physical and social sciences, led the intellectual offensive against racism, and took the initiative in founding the civil-rights organizations. Not long ago, retiring President Arthur Spingarn told his NAACP audience that when he picketed for Negro rights in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1914, "not one Negro would join me." What was true of the NAACP, with respect to the role of whites, was also true of most of the earlier philanthropic and educational institutions established to benefit Negroes, and it applied even more to the Urban League established some years later. From the time of the abolitionist movement to World War II, civil rights remained the cause of a small reformist group whose influence was more a matter of persuasive than of political power. What changed civil rights almost overnight from a peripheral moral issue to our major domestic movement was the emergence of the Negroes themselves as a nationwide bloc.

PERHAPS THE first clear indication of this shift came in 1941 with the March on Washington Movement, organized by A. Philip Randolph and later joined by Walter White and other Negro leaders. The single goal of the new movement was to muster Negro political power to force a reluctant President Roosevelt to establish a national FEPC. In threatening a protest demonstration unless its demand were met, the March on Washington Movement served notice that notwithstanding the snowballing patriotic war effort, the Negro had begun to regard his own needs as a priority. This threat of direct mass action by Negroes produced Executive Order 8802 of June 1941, the first major concession on the national

*This distinction was aptly drawn by James Meredith in "Big Changes are Coming," in the *Saturday Evening Post*, August 13, 1966.

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level to the Negro bloc. It was soon to be followed by many more.

To be sure, the Negro bloc did not act alone. An alliance was forged with the forces of labor, humanism, religious radicalism, and political liberalism to fight for civil rights and to realize standards of social justice and civic morality that had previously been enshrined only in the rhetoric of American democracy. As time went on, the new movement caught the imagination of a significant part of the nation, filling the idealistic void left by the de-radicalization of labor and the waning of the New Deal. To the politically starved youth of the late 50's and early 60's, it offered excitement, a chance to break with the past, and a practical outlet for social idealism; to fairminded adults, it promised a long overdue correction of chronic injustice; and from the indifferent, the opportunists, and the hostile, it commanded political respect.

During the life of the coalition, four major civil-rights laws were passed, several executive orders eliminating segregation under federal jurisdiction were issued, and a number of epochal legal decisions such as *Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka* were handed down; more than thirty-one states and a hundred cities legislated public responsibility for civil rights, some more effectively than others; and administrative agencies with varying degrees of powers were established on the national, state, and local levels to enforce compliance with the new laws. Many corporations, voluntary organizations, and institutions of all kinds hastened to make sure that at least their public images accorded with the new policy; many others set up and financed departments of civil rights to foster integration among their own constituencies and in the community at large. New civil-rights bodies came into being: the Southern Regional Council, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Congress of Racial Equality, and SNCC were all products of the coalition, as were a number of coordinating agencies (the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, the Civil Liberties Clearing House, and the National Conference on Religion and Race) which took in hundreds of large national organizations. In all, the combined annual budgets of the public and voluntary agencies working to strengthen civil rights has been estimated at many millions of dollars, and their professional staffs number more than two-thousand.

So far as actual achievement is concerned, the coalition can point to some radical changes in the formal structure of American society: (1) the reconstruction of the legal basis of civil rights; (2) the fixing of federal responsibility to intervene where possible to enforce civil rights; (3) the establishment of equality before the law as the public policy of the nation. With these accomplishments—which will, no doubt, be strengthened by further legislation as the federal government makes good on its commitment to the civil-rights agencies—the climax of the coalition program seems to have been reached. For virtually everything that was envisaged by the liberal as legal "civil rights" has either already been done, or been accepted (at least in principle) by the federal government as its responsibility, and while much remains to be done, it does not command the wholehearted support of the coalition. That this fact has not yet been widely recognized has not prevented it from making itself felt in action. It was, after all, only three years ago that an estimated three-hundred thousand persons converged on Washington in response to the call from religious, labor, and civil-rights agencies. This massive demonstration of white and black contrasts sharply with the recent, almost all-Negro Mississippi March, a fraction of its size. And in the short period between the two marches, coalition bodies like the Conference on Religion and Race and the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights have atrophied or all but vanished from the scene along with their once prominent white civil-rights leaders. We have, indeed, reached a point where even the well-informed could hardly name a nationally-known civil-rights leader who is white—unless it happened to be Lyndon Johnson or Hubert Humphrey.

WHAT ALL this adds up to is that the civil-rights coalition is being phased out, and that its place is being taken by a new force in American life, *the Negro movement*. The difference between the two can be summed up in the contrast between the coalition's belief that what is good for democracy is good for the Negro, and the Negro movement's belief that what is good for the Negro, is good for democracy. The goal of the liberals has been to change the formal social order —not their personal human relations or those of their children—and they support civil rights as a necessary part of a moral democratic order. The Negro movement, on the other hand, is a self-interest movement which is for civil rights because it serves Negro welfare. Not that Negroes are not also liberals; but Negroes when acting collectively as a group are, like all other groups, motivated predominantly by self-interest. Thus motivated, Negroes might, for example, mount a campaign to elect a Negro as mayor of Newark (where there is a Negro majority), and while such a campaign might be a good thing, it would by no stretch of the imagination fall within the domain of civil rights—or even the moral equivalent thereof.

Though one cannot speak of the Negro movement as though it were monolithic and had clearly defined priorities and goals, one might perhaps describe its broad aspirations as directed toward "the good life." The "good life" not only includes an end to second-class citizenship but it also envisages an equitable share of the abundance of the "great society." But if the Negro movement can

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be said to be centered on material welfare, it has a redemptive side as well: it seeks a rediscovery of pride and confidence and it couples communal self-assertion with individual self-respect.

"Black power," the first slogan to emphasize this idea of communal self-assertion, originally jolted white ears in the South, but it is essentially a Northern product, having as it does a particularly pointed meaning on the home ground of the liberal coalition. In the cities, where expectations have been escalated by reassuring civil-rights bills while little else has been forthcoming, "black power" is an attack upon the civil-rights agencies whose solution to the race problem presupposes the disappearance of the ghetto but prescribes for this herculean task nothing more than "equality of opportunity" and the one-by-one absorption of "deserving" Negroes into white society.

It should hardly be necessary to detail the dismal deprivations that continue to dog the lives of most Negroes. To the great majority, and their number continues to increase, the ghetto sets the boundaries of their world and conditions the most intimate and essential acts of their daily existence. Those who live close to its vital center find their lives quite unaffected by the social reforms of the last two decades. They are daily witnesses to the capacity of the ghetto to replenish itself at its core more rapidly than it can be skimmed off at the periphery by the escape of those few Negroes who fight their way to its outer edge. The rest have come to look upon "equal opportunity" as the password of those who wish to flee "black destiny" through integration with whites. "Black power" is the slogan for those Negroes who know that their destiny as individuals will be ruled by the fate of their group as a whole.

The outlook behind "black power" accepts the ghetto as its starting point; in this view, the ghetto, built by two centuries of organized inequality, stands as a monumental social institution that will not "wither away" through mere cessation of the policies that created it. Thus, the "black-power" outlook calls for an attack on the Negro liberals of the civil-rights agencies who, like their white counterparts, offer only a philosophy of integration with whites and a program of "opportunity" which can have relevance only for the few. It is to be expected that the Negro "rights" agencies should return this attack, but to accuse those who wish to organize the ghetto of being racist is to betray a dismal ignorance of the way American society actually works.

IN SETTING OFF on the road to political power through group loyalty, the Negro is naturally being criticized by those who deplore pluralism, but the same charge was leveled in an earlier period against the Irish, the Italians, the Poles, and others—to, it might be added, no avail. Then as now, the critics, ignoring the role of group power in our social structure, blandly assumed that the so-called majority Americans were a mass of disinterested individuals acting only for the welfare of the entire community. The truth, of course, is that American society is organized along religio-ethnic lines, not only in politics (where the influence of "blocs" is commonly recognized) but in many other areas as well—social, professional, and to some extent economic.

To the American Negro, who throughout his history has confronted white society as a homogeneous, monolithic "power structure," the pluralism of the Northern cities is a fairly recent experience. His first concrete encounters with the reality of American ethnic groups must have contained a great shock for the Negro—the shock of discovering that what stood in the way of integration was not laws or the policies of institutions, but people, many of whom had been his allies in the grand coalition which passed the national laws that were supposed to lead him to a new place in the world. The Negro discovered, moreover, that those who dominated the neighborhoods in which he had sought to send his children to school were not simply whites: in Gary, Indiana, they were Poles; in Cleveland, they were Italians; in Jackson Heights and White Plains, they were Jews; and in Boston and Philadelphia, they were Irish. Nor were these the only encounters the Negro had with the various ethnic establishments. Negroes moving into the Lower East Side of New York found their way blocked into the Italian- and Jewish-controlled political clubs; and in the powerful building-trades unions, the Irish leadership was not about to dilute its strength with new and untrusted members. It is not that these ethnic groups are more prejudiced than others; it is simply that—in contrast to the case in the upper middle class and among the very wealthy—their color prejudice coincides with ethnic solidarity and self-interest.

The lesson for the Negro in all this was clear: to make his way in a pluralistic society, he too needed organized strength. But judging from the horror with which his announcement of this discovery has been greeted, white America has yet to learn what its own successful experience with minorities demonstrates: that minority solidarity is in great part a defensive stance toward a hostile society, not a conspiracy to take over the country. Indeed, it is probably only through collective action that aggrieved minorities can behave responsibly toward themselves and society in general. It is not the *organized* Negroes who represent a threat to white society, but rather the disorganized, the disenfranchised, and the hopeless—who, it should be emphasized, are still very much with us even though the program of the civil-rights coalition has made such progress.

It is, to be sure, a long step from the recognition of the need for power to the building and strengthening of indigenous social and political institutions within the ghetto from which power

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can be drawn. The Negro as yet has few such institutions. Unlike most of the other religio-ethnic minorities, he lacks a network of unifying social traditions, and this is why he must depend on political action through color consciousness as his main instrument of solidarity. That solidarity entails a certain degree of "separatism" goes without saying, but the separatism of a strengthened and enriched Negro community need be no more absolute than that, say, of the Jewish community. There is no reason, after all, why the Negro should not be able to live, as most Americans do, in two worlds at once—one of them largely integrated and the other primarily separated.

IN SHORT, to the extent that "black power" expresses a determination to build a Negro community which would be something more than a euphemism for the ghetto, it is a valid and necessary cry; to the extent that it expresses a despair of the one-by-one absorption of "deserving" Negroes into the general society and puts its faith instead in collective action aimed at dealing with a collective fate, it is an intelligent response to the realities of American life.

On the other side, however, "black power" is not by itself an adequate substitute for the coalition which provided the now obsolescent civil-rights movement with its constituency, if only because the Negroes as a minority will continue to need allies. A Negro movement based primarily on self-interest is a necessity, but a Negro movement based *exclusively* on self-interest is doomed to failure. The dilemma is real and cannot be escaped by blaming the Negro militants for alienating white supporters by their anti-white rhetoric: even if every Negro in America daily professed his great love for the whites, the coalition would still be breaking up for having fulfilled so much of the civil-rights program which brought it together, and for having no program on which it can agree to deal with the economic plight of the Negro masses.

The answer may lie in a new coalition program, organized around the cities as that of the old coalition was organized around the federal government. In claiming—as other self-interest groups have done in the past and with a like measure of truth—that what is good for the Negro is good for America, the new Negro movement will be asked, as others have been asked, to make the claim stick. This it could do if, while building itself up as a political bloc, it also threw its weight behind an alliance of all the urban blocs whose purpose would be to press for a genuine assault on the problems of the American city. The American liberal has needed the Negro as victim to activate his idealism on the national level in the past. Paradoxically enough, he now needs the Negro as a seeker for power to activate his idealism on the local scene—that newest frontier of social injustice and unrest.

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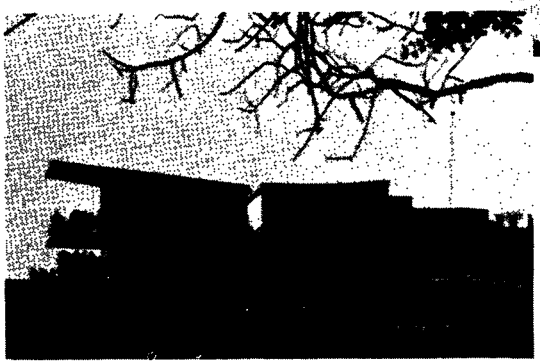
SIMCHAS

A VISIT TO CAESAREA

One of Israel's most exciting archeological restorations is the ancient Roman hippodrome in Caesarea. Here, in your day dreams, you may see gladiators fighting to death for the amusement of the Roman elite who made Caesarea on the Mediterranean their western Palestinian capital.



Nearby is the famous Caesarean golf course that attracts sportsmen from all over the world. Seen here is the club house, and one of the fairways over which Phoenicians and Philistines, Cananites, Romans and other ancients have walked.

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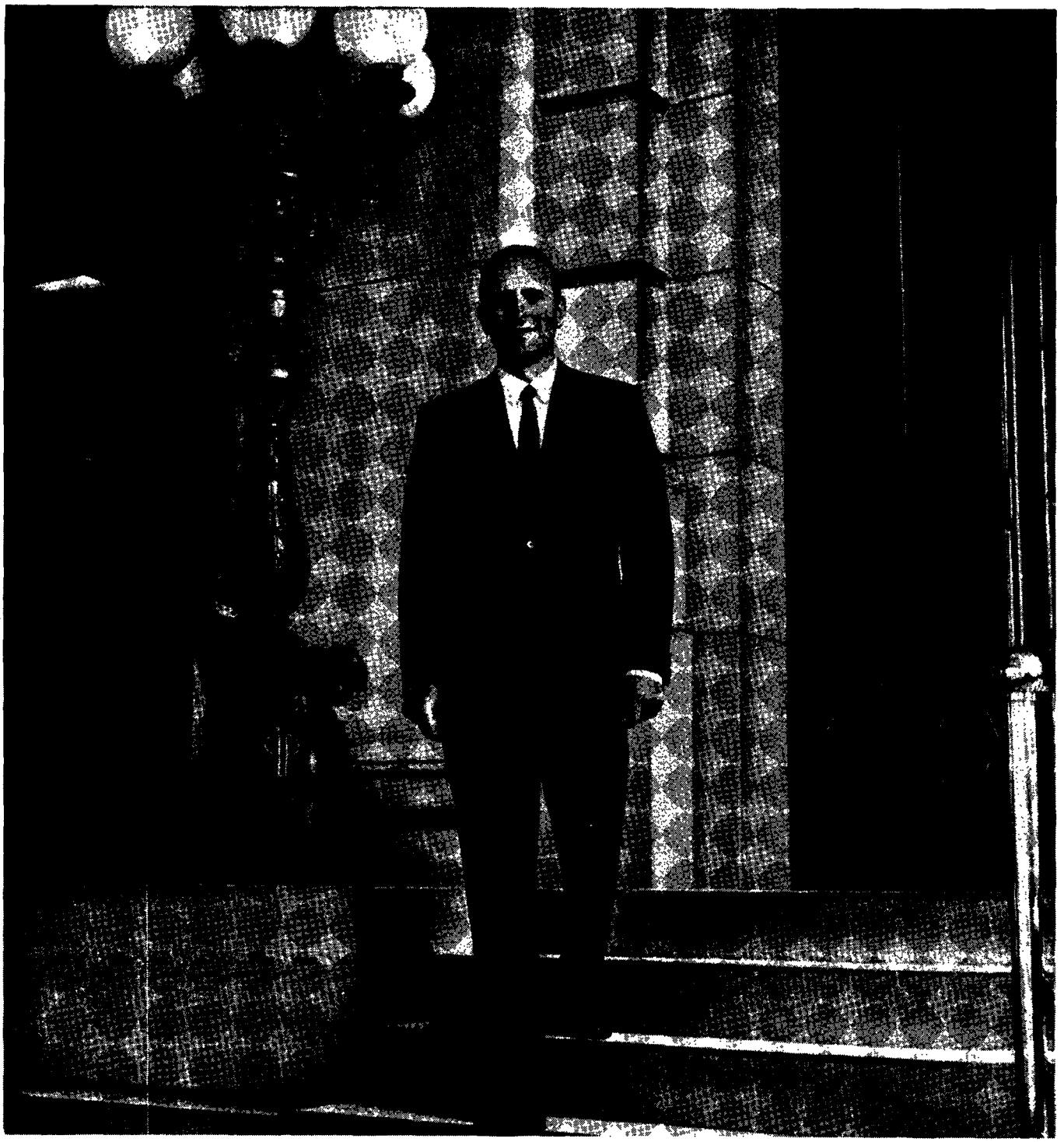

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IGOR STRAVINSKY

MUSIC AND THE STATISTICAL AGE

An Interview

Interviewer: And how do you view the statistical life generally, Mr. Stravinsky?

Igor Stravinsky: With misgivings, of course, but I have failed to arrive at anything so solid as a "view," being at best dimly, though not for that reason unprejudicially, aware of certain effects of the quantifications of society that have already taken place. But the quantifying of the entire mental world that is now in store and that supposes a new type of mind, or way of thinking, is a development I am powerless to imagine. Still, the incapacity for it has not prevented the question from invading my old-fashioned speculative mind a good deal of late.

Interviewer: Why particularly "of late"?

Stravinsky: It is difficult to say for certain. There are small encroachments of statistical philosophy all the time, but we notice them, concern ourselves with them, only when conscious that a whole new area has fallen. It was like that with automation. I had read about it inattentively during the last few years, then a month ago some first-hand experience jolted me like a judo throw. This occurred, surprisingly, in a ratty and down-at-heel Midwest hotel: I telephoned to order the *petit déjeuner* before going to bed and was answered by a recorded Mother Superior-type voice: "This is your breakfast robot: after you hear the dial tone please give your name, room number, breakfast order, the time you wish it served. . . . BEEEP." A silence followed, just long enough—it was sealed by another, terminal "BEEEP"—to encompass a statistically averaged recitation of the requested facts from a properly organized customer. But I failed to remember the sequence of the questions, did not *know* my room number, neglected to say how to prepare the eggs, forgot to specify the time of service. Moreover, that final "BEEEP" so exasperated me that when I did get organized, I promptly recorded an order for two hundred pieces of burned toast to be sent to the three-hundredth floor at four A.M.; which is "feedback" with a vengeance.

IGOR STRAVINSKY, now in his 85th year, is generally considered the greatest of living composers. A festival of his "heritage and his legacy" was presented this past summer by the New York Philharmonic.

Interviewer: But do you not believe that improved automation techniques controlled by the ever more sophisticated tools of statistical analysis can bring about a more efficient channeling of resources?

Stravinsky: I can say that recent errors in my bank statements have done little to promote confidence on at least *this* individual level. Nevertheless, in the great synthetic civilization of the totally automated future, we might reasonably expect a more equal distribution of certain kinds of wealth, and a consequent relief of so-called underprivileged peoples; and improvements in everyone's animal living habits, as the new science of ergonomics seems to promise (see the survey just published at Cornell on the mutual misfitting of the human anatomy and most bathroom appliances); and new techniques of conservation (not merely bloodbanks everywhere, but banks of frozen superior sperm as well, though to me this sounds depressingly like the whaling industry, in spite of the one-sided amusement that the banking process may afford the eugenically selected depositors). Nor are some of the new kinds of mentalizing efficiency difficult to imagine, the propensities of the McLuhan-type literature of our own period being clear enough in such current bestsellers as *The Cybernetics of Sexual Positions in Relation To Socio-Economic Status,* and *A Concordance Of Views From The Perspex Penis.*

But I wonder about the other side, about the disadvantages, and about that new mind. Are we not equally justified in forecasting a mass conformism to statistics? After all, we know that more people than Francesca and Paolo have been seduced by books. We know, too, from an alarming nationwide demonstration, that trend-analyses of vote tabulations in the Eastern United States are probably able to influence the vote in the Western time zones. Now, I am certainly *not* justified in inferring from these examples that conformisms to statistical findings are inevitable and irreversible; but I do infer it, nevertheless, because of my stealthy skepticism of most individual judgment and, correspondingly, my almost infinite faith in the powers of statistical persuasion, wish-imagining, suggestibility, mass attraction. I foresee the statistical philosophy becoming more and more circular, in fact, untidy figures being polished and

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rounded out; and, of course, trends being pushed to their conclusions; after all, to "make the crooked straight" has been one of the most ruthlessly compulsive propositions in the history of our ethical geometries. When people are being informed by their statisticians that they might be developing cancer at a certain age—unless they have already died from the effects of strontium 90 at an earlier age—will they not, the poor lemmings, do their best to oblige?

And conformism is only one problem. What, for another, will become of the faculty of observation when exact prediction is a rule of life? Won't the observing mechanisms occupy a much smaller place in that new mind (on the analogy from physics according to which prediction by mathematical theory can precede observation, as in Yukawa's discovery of one of the meson-type particles)? This is mere prattle on my part, of course, for I know nothing about such matters myself, and still think sequentially, as the McLuhanites describe certain until recently respectable mental operations.

Interviewer: Will you say something of the effects of quantification in music, Mr. Stravinsky?

Stravinsky: It will come to the same thing: on the one hand, greater efficiency in such important but peripheral matters as the computation of all sound elements, the discovery of a precise and economical notation, the formulation of a statistical theory of music equipped with a tangible terminology; and, on the other, a dangerous control at the heart of the matter, for McLuhan, if I understand him, is right. The new media are not merely new conveyors, but they are themselves conveyed: their forms and measurements will be stamped in the structure of that new mind. But here I am crystal-gazing again, and I have no gift for it. Unlike those shades in the Tenth Canto who see the past and the future but *not* the present, I see only the present. And besides, what I wished to suggest was that, for the moment at least, a backward look might be more instructive. Statistical philosophy in music seems to have been discovered some sixty years ago by Ives.

Interviewer: Have you heard Ives's Fourth Symphony yet, Mr. Stravinsky, and if so, have you any comments to register concerning it?

Stravinsky: I have found it to be rather less of a "gas" than opinion led me to expect. Ives was not primarily a symphonist; the *Three Places in New England* are more of an entity than any one of the symphonies (besides which they contain much better music than the third and more consistently good music than the fourth). But the last movement of the fourth is an astonishing achievement. The *in*clusiveness which is at the root of Ives's genius ("all things in their variety," as he quoted Emerson) reaches saturation point in these seemingly free-for-all pages; "seemingly" because while this or that tune may suddenly burst out for no other apparent reason than *joie de vivre*, it is inextricable in the skein of the composition. But I will say no more. I know too little of this fascinating composer who was exploring the 1960's during the heyday of Strauss and Debussy. Polytonality; atonality; tone clusters; tone rows; multiple orchestras; a rhythmic vocabulary which maintains a lead on the avant-garde even now; micro-intervals; perspectivistic effects; chance; statistical composition; permutation; add-a-part, practical-joke, and improvisatory music: these were Ives's discoveries a half-century ago as he quietly set about devouring the contemporary cake before the rest of us even found a seat at the same table. But to me personally these innovatory achievements are of less moment (artistic inventions not being patented, in any case) than my discovery in him, only very recently, of a new awareness of America.

Interviewer: What was this discovery, Mr. Stravinsky? And since you have now lived almost as long here as in Russia, and longer here than in Western Europe, would you tell us some of your feelings about us? Do you have a sense of identification with America, and what in America do you like most and dislike most?

Stravinsky: Identification, yes, but I cannot describe it or even be certain where and how it obtains. I can feel no identity with the present military version of the manifest destiny, and therefore no sympathy with the victims of peace-scares (*i.e.*, stock-market investors), but as I do not wish to provoke a visit from the C.I.A., I had better heed the advice of the Devil in my opera when he says, "Let us not speak of that." I do not identify very deeply with American music either, though I feel close to individual American musicians and to musical life in America. It seems to me that the greatest American art never tries to promote itself on the fact that it is homespun, yet Ives was ignored or written off as Americana precisely by the colonials of "neo-classicism" and the "12-tone system," and he seems to have survived only by crawling out of that interesting New England woodwork.

But having said this much, I am at a loss to describe that personal discovery in Ives. My answer merely points in a general direction. Ives's music has told me more about what I think of as a peculiarly American feeling of isolation than the American outdoor novelists, Whitman or *Walden*, Miss Dickinson or Tuckerman (who felt "the dark wind strain"). The qualities of it, like the dominant qualities of Ives, are alien to me, but they are an identifying link all the same, as I realize in Europe where differences of culture bring certain previously indistinguishable feelings into relief. In Europe, I often feel, against my heritage, that I belong to the American side; and I even confess to brief onsets of topographical nostalgia

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(more for Park Avenue and the reflections of clouds on tall glass buildings, I admit, than for those Midwestern parallelogram cities designed to be passed straight through), though I was never, in this regard, an exceptionally "sticky" man. But to return to Ives, it seems to me time to consider the composer's share in his century along with the environmental factors of New England.

As for a compilation of likes and dislikes, that would constitute no more than a string of disembodied prejudices. I could say, for instance, that a salutation last year by the Mayor of Muncie (Indiana) touched me more than that of an eminent European Minister of Culture, because the degree of musical ignorance being equal in both, it seemed less excusable in the latter. Or, tipping the argument the other way, I could protest the American demolition mania, that neurotic need, now in peak phase, to repudiate the past. Some of the destruction—the impending demise of the Metropolitan Opera House, whose cornerstone postdated my own birth—strikes an old man as a personal offense. I had no very fond feelings for the Met, I confess, but now that it is empty I feel as if there had been a big death in New York, that a junior colleague of a kind has disappeared.

Interviewer: And the *new* Metropolitan, Mr. Stravinsky, do you have any feelings about *that*? What do you foresee for *it*?

Stravinsky: Difficulties. It has lost most of its aura, a good deal of its alibi and practically all of its identity. But what *are* the reasons for centralizing a city's art commodities?—excuse the expression, but supermarkets for the arts, art shopping centers, is what they seem to be. Does no one fear that, lumped together, the characters of the individual institutions will tend to blur? Is environmental diversity a discredited idea?

Interviewer: Do you feel the same way about the Kennedy Arts Center, Mr. Stravinsky?

Stravinsky: I have no feelings about it yet, but the latter two-thirds of the title hardly fall pit-a-pat on my ear. I foresee huge buildings—the more marginal the contents of the art the larger and more stolid the containers—tumbled about like blocks in low-scoring Stanford-Binet tests. The largest of them I picture as the "Research Laboratory for the Readjustment of Acoustics in New Concert Halls"; and the second largest, the "Hall of Fame for Heroes of Public Relations"—impresarios, orchestra conductors, patronesses, and others who have won or purchased a brief moment in the annals of publicity, here paid off with monuments in appropriately "soft sculpture" (doomed to instant dissolution if the air conditioning should fail). It is disagreeable to say, but the Art Centers emphasize performance and exhibition at the expense of making and creating. That, however, and for a wonder, is the last sour note, toned down as it is, that I intend to blow today and, though I cannot guarantee not to backslide, I hope that it will be my farewell appearance this season as a "heavy." For a minority group of only one I am much too vocal.

Interviewer: To return to the question of the new media, Mr. Stravinsky, won't they offer new resources as well?

Stravinsky: So one would expect, logically. But I am not convinced that greater resources are what is needed. It seems to me that the possibilities are already rich enough, or too rich. A good artist will not be stopped by a want of resources, which are in the man himself, in any case, and which time makes new every day. The so-called crisis of means is interior.

Interviewer: Lévi-Strauss remarked recently that "if electronic musicians sought to understand what music is instead of trying to produce it, we would make tremendous progress toward solving the problem which music sets the science of man."

Stravinsky: The "electronic musicians" I know are quite unconcerned about the nature of music, and they would never dare to turn to the philosophy and science of what they are doing, instead of just doing it, definitions of art being not only of no use to artists, but possibly some encumbrance. I expect in my own case that when the computer has quantified my musical characteristics for me, I will try to avoid them; and though I think I can survive the exposure, I certainly do not welcome it. Lévi-Strauss's inquiries should be supported to the full, nevertheless. He is the first major philosopher to have understood that the true position of music is at the center of human culture.

Interviewer: Do you agree with Messiaen that "Nature" (he writes it in upper-case)—its sounds, colors, forms, rhythms—is the composer's supreme resource?

Stravinsky: Only if you allow the word the scope of the small "n": the large one signifies no more than a countryside or landscape, personal, perhaps, but not new in kind. In fact, Messiaen's *oiseaux exotiques* differ only in genus, not in musical intention, from Beethoven's homely cuckoo. I do not deny the legitimacy of Messiaen's imitations, of course, or the fertility, to him, of "Natural" resources. What I do say is that no matter how faithful, these imitations are necessarily expressed in, cannot escape being contained by, the harmony, rhythm, instrumental color, and (especially in Messiaen's case) volume of the contemporary musical language.

Interviewer: Do you think of "art" and "nature" as two realities, Mr. Stravinsky, and is there any act of transformation of the one in the other?

Stravinsky: There are any number of realities,

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dualisms, pluralisms; concepts of this sort can be set up merely by installing the convincing word-furniture in the available empty idea-flat. For me, music is reality, as I have said before, and like Baudelaire, but unlike Messiaen, *"J'aime mieux une boîte à musique qu'un rossignol."** As for transformation, I do not admit the idea because I am unable to understand what the cognates would be. Obviously the phenomenal world is refractible in music, or represented in it. The point is simply that I don't understand the mirroring (or the transforming) chemistry. (Try Lévi-Strauss.) It must also be obvious that the composer in me has been partly formed by interactions of choice with the phenomenal world; and obvious that the entelechy of these choices has made me different from other composers. But my picture of the phenomenal world, as a citizen if not as an artist, does not differ essentially from that of other scientific illiterates; or let us say that the differences are comprehensive and that the resemblances conform in enough gritty facts (as they say) to permit the establishment of a statistical society—to return to our starting point.

Interviewer: What do you think of the so-called Age War, Mr. Stravinsky?

Stravinsky: I admire the longhaired ephebes, though I'm much too square myself to belong to their Big Daddy elect. But are the causes of the Age War so very new? Haven't old people always tended to see too absolutely and too moralistically, and haven't they always narrowed every issue to their own ever shortening sight? And haven't they —we—always been puzzled by the enthusiasms of the young for things that we have outgrown; and no less puzzled by their lack of sympathy for things that we continue to feel enthusiastic about but that the *times* have outgrown? Whatever the answers, I wonder if any aged person has voiced the feelings of the old more honestly than Tolstoy. I have lately come across a remark of his in Anatol Koni's memoirs (*Vospominaniya O Pisatiliach,* Leningrad, 1965) that, I confess, speaks for me as well: "Old people dislike the fact that young people talk so much and seem to know so much without having had their experience."

Interviewer: Generally, as well as in your own case, Mr. Stravinsky, is it more difficult to compose music now than ever before?

Stravinsky: It is certainly more difficult now, and it always was. As for myself, I can say that ideas seem to come as fluently as ever, and that my new opus may have required less composing time than comparable lengths of music a decade ago. But length is no measurement, nor is the circumstance that the new opus promises to be the most easily digestible of all my recent music; it was *not* easier to compose, I can assure you, and the difficulties in manipulating two series were sometimes extremely inconvenient. At the same time, as the form is that of a *retablo* of small panels, rather than a large-scale fresco, I did not have to carry the burden of a large plan about with me but could work in small doses and tap my "inspiration"—which is portable, whatever else it may be —only when it seemed full. But I am able to appraise music, while I compose it, only on a technical level: I am an expert but not an evaluator of my functioning mind.

Interviewer: Have other composers written music of value at your age, Mr. Stravinsky?

Stravinsky: Schütz's *Requiem* surpasses mine by four years, and Richard Strauss was a year older when he wrote his last songs. But your wording implies that *my* music has value, and grateful as I am for the confidence, I cannot participate in judgments of that sort (which does *not* mean that I am willing to entrust them to a Winthrop Sargent or a Professor Auld Lang Syne); my self-auscultations, as I have just said, are reliable, if at all, only as expertise. I warn you, though, that men of my age are vain of their hoard of years, and thirstier for the meeds of praise than they will admit. They like to see themselves as the very end of culture, too, and to dramatize themselves as the "last defenders" of true art. Their tone, furthermore, often seems to suggest that their own passing will bring on a winter of Pleistocene duration. I have nurtured some such stage conception, I confess, and with a large Lear-like part for myself, "the last composer who does it all alone, without an orchestrator and even without a computer." But a beware to anyone else who sees me that way, or implies that, like Lear, I may already have gone "crackers." There may be a song or two yet to come before the one which will be called my "swan."

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*"I prefer a music-box to a nightingale"—ED.

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MARJORIE HOUSEPIAN

THE UNREMEMBERED GENOCIDE

THE Armenian people—some 250,000 in the United States and about four million throughout the world—consider themselves to have been the victims of a genocide perpetrated almost thirty years before that term was coined. They insist that the murder of over a million Armenians in Turkey during 1915-1916 was the result of a deliberate and methodical government policy aimed at the extermination of an innocent minority and not, as Turkish apologists have claimed, a wartime security measure against a treasonous group. Convinced that the universal indifference to this "solution" of the "Armenian question" later encouraged Hitler to venture on a similar "solution" of the "Jewish question," Armenians feel a tragic kinship with the Jewish people and have sought, often in vain, for a sign of acknowledgement of this bond.

There have, of course, been Jews who showed concern for the fate of the Armenian people, among them Henry Morgenthau, Sr., who was the American ambassador to Turkey during the first year of the fateful "massacre." Within the limits of his power—and sometimes, it seemed to the State Department, beyond those limits—Morgenthau made the Armenian cause his own, proclaiming the Turkish crimes to be unparalleled "in the whole history of the human race." There was also Franz Werfel, whose novel, *Forty Days of Musa Dagh* (1934), remains the sole literary testament to the Armenian catastrophe—a dramatization of one of the rare, isolated instances of heroic resistance against the Turks, and at the same time a portrayal of hundreds of thousands of people marching to their death, silent and unprotesting.

Werfel became familiar with the events through the reports of Armenian escapees, as well as through the eyewitness accounts of foreign missionaries, journalists, and officials who had managed to see exactly what was happening, despite the efforts of Ottoman authorities to hide their deeds from public view. As the first of these accounts filtered out of Turkey, James Bryce, the English statesman, historian, and author of *The American Commonwealth*, began collecting documentary evidence, which was later summarized in his British Blue Book, *The Treatment of the Armenians in the Ottoman Empire* (edited by Arnold J. Toynbee). Lord Bryce took pains to have the evidence examined—and to have his verdict corroborated that the Turks were committing what would now be called genocide—by such figures as Gilbert Murray, H. A. L. Fisher, and Moorfield Storey, president of the American Bar Association.

American consuls throughout Turkey were simultaneously sending detailed accounts of the systematic massacres to the State Department, and such humanitarians as Johannes Lepsius, a leading German Protestant, were also gathering evidence. At great risk to his life, Lepsius even visited Turkey on several occasions and pleaded with the Turkish rulers on behalf of the Armenians. His efforts were unsuccessful, as was his attempt to apply pressure on his own government. As Turkey's wartime ally, Germany had no intention of pressing the Turks to desist; in fact, according to Morgenthau in *Ambassador Morgenthau's Story*, Germany gave its tacit encouragement to the policy of extermination.

Thus—though the world was in a position to know what was happening—that policy proceeded to run its course. As will be seen, the events left no mark on history; indeed, today there are few who even know that they occurred.

II

THE Armenians are an ancient people who converted to Christianity about 300 C.E., a number of years before the conversion of Constantine. Fatally located at the crossroads between East and West, the Armenian kingdom was stormed by all the invading hordes: Saracens, Seljuks, Mongols, Tartars, and lastly the Ottoman Turks. Yet the Armenian Church—independent both of the Greek Orthodox and the Roman Catholic—preserved the national identity through this long series of invasions, through the subjugation of the kingdom by a succession of pagan and Moslem powers, and finally even through the dispersion of about half of the Armenian people to every corner of the globe.

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Under the Ottoman Empire, the Armenians became a subject race, forbidden to bear arms, and prey to the semi-barbarous Kurds who roamed among their towns and periodically beset them, with the encouragement and approval of the Turkish authorities. By 1908, when the "Young Turks" overthrew the oppressive Sultan Abdul Hamid, the more fortunate among the Armenians had fled the country, or else had settled in the large cities, where they improved their position considerably; indeed, along with Ottoman Greeks, they controlled much of Turkey's finance, shipping, and building. The rest of the Armenian population was scattered through Turkey's six northeastern provinces; there they comprised the bulk of the craftsmen and tradesmen, and tilled the soil in what, at the time, was Turkey's breadbasket.

The new Turkish leaders were greeted with jubilation by the Armenians, who were promised equality under law and even permitted to elect deputies to parliament. But the new regime soon shattered their hopes. Encouraged by the Germans to the notion of pan-Islamism, inflamed with nationalism, and thwarted—by minority deputies who were taking the new doctrine of equal rights seriously—in its attempt to "ottomanize" all the minorities of Turkey, the Young Turk revolution rapidly degenerated into chauvinism and fanaticism.

Hardly had the new rulers gained power when they became embroiled in the disastrous Balkan Wars and proceeded to lose virtually all of Turkey's vast European territory to their former slaves: the Bulgarians, the Greeks, and the Serbs. Thus, in 1914, as Turkey was becoming immersed in World War I, thousands of destitute and disgruntled Moslem refugees from the Balkans were encamped on her doorstep. Desperately in need of capital, the government was faced with the fact that much of Turkey's trade was in foreign hands, while the rest was controlled by Ottoman Greeks and Armenians. The Armenians, whose compatriots outside Turkey were voicing their enthusiasm for the Allies, provided the most logical and defenseless minority on which to turn—despite the fact that Armenians within Turkey were doing their utmost to demonstrate their loyalty to the state.

"For years it had been Turkish policy to provoke the Christian population into committing overt acts, then seizing upon such misbehavior as an excuse for massacre," Morgenthau writes. "The Armenian clergy and political leaders saw [in 1914] many evidences that the Turks . . . were [provoking rebellion] and they went among the people cautioning them to be quiet and bear all insults and even outrages patiently, so as not to give provocation. 'Even though they burn a few of our villages,' these leaders would say, 'do not retaliate, for it is better that a few be destroyed than that the whole nation be massacred.'" As time went on, however, the provocations increased. One ruse adopted by the authorities was to requisition a certain number of fighting men from an Armenian town. These were then taken away and slain, and their bodies left where they could be readily found. When the citizens of Van—a town near the Russian border—organized a defense and held siege rather than submit their men to the slaughter, their "revolution" was made a pretext for subsequent "punitive" actions.

It soon became evident that the Turks were out to do more than burn a few villages. During the night of April 24, 1915, the intellectual and religious leaders of the Armenian community in Constantinople were seized from their beds, imprisoned, tortured, and ultimately put to death on charges of sedition. (The Turkish reply to Ambassador Morgenthau's protest was to hang fourteen men in the public square the following day.) Simultaneously, all Armenians serving in the Turkish army—these had already been gathered into separate "labor battalions"—were taken aside and killed. Then, when the leaders and fighting men were disposed of, the final phase began. Lord Bryce describes the opening procedure as follows:

> At one Armenian center after another, throughout the Ottoman Empire, on a certain date (and the dates show a sequence), the public crier went through the streets announcing that every male Armenian over age 15 must present himself forthwith at the Government building. . . . The men presented themselves in their working clothes, leaving their shops and work-rooms open, their ploughs on the field, their cattle on the mountain side. When they arrived, they were thrown without explanation into prison, kept there a day or two, then marched out of the town in batches, roped man to man along some southerly or southeasterly road. . . . They had not long to ponder over their plight for they were halted and massacred at the first lonely place on the road.

After a few days' interval, the Armenian women and children, as well as any remaining men, were ordered to prepare themselves for deportation. Many were turned out on the road immediately, but in some towns they were given a week of grace which they spent in a frenzied attempt to sell their personal possessions for whatever was offered. Government orders forbade them from selling real property or stocks, as their banishment was supposed to be temporary. Scarcely were they out of sight, however, when Moslem refugees from Europe, who had been gathered nearby, were moved into their homes. Since the Turks of the interior were almost totally unskilled, a representative Armenian craftsman in each area—a shoemaker, a tailor, a pharmacist—was permitted to remain. All the rest were set upon the roads leading to the deserts. According

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to Morgenthau, hundreds and thousands "could be seen winding in and out of every valley and climbing up the sides of nearly every mountain." In the first six months alone, over 1,200,000 people joined this unearthly procession.

By now the story bears a chillingly familiar quality, the more intensified when one remembers that the victims of this last, most hideous phase were almost exclusively women and children. They were marched south from the plains of Anatolia, through a region that is a no-man's land of treacherous ravines and craggy mountains forbidding to the most hardened traveler, and finally into the bleak Syrian desert, fiercely hot by day and frigid by night. On the way, they were beset by all the Moslem populations they encountered. First there were the Turkish villagers and peasants who robbed them of their few provisions, their clothes, and took such of their women as they pleased; then the Kurds, who committed blood-chilling atrocities, first butchering any males in the convoy, then attacking the women. According to the Bryce Report: "It depended on the whim of the moment whether a Kurd cut a woman down or carried her away into the hills. When they were carried away their babies were left on the ground or dashed against the stones." Then came the "chettis," savage brigands who had been loosed by the thousands from prisons and set in the victims' path, and dervishes who roared down from their convents in the hills and carried off children "shrieking with terror." And always there were the gendarmes, prodding the exhausted and terror-stricken figures with whips and clubs, refusing them water when they passed wells and streams, bayonetting those who lagged behind, and committing increasingly perverted atrocities.

APOLOGISTS have claimed that these atrocities were simply the work of barbaric and fanatic tribesmen, but Morgenthau has shown that they were a matter of deliberate policy. Thus, an educated state official told him with some pride that "all these details were matters of nightly discussion at . . . headquarters. . . . Each new method of inflicting pain was hailed as a splendid discovery, and the regular attendants were constantly ransacking their brains in an effort to devise some new torment. He told me that they even delved into the records of the Spanish Inquisition and other historic institutions of torture and adopted all the suggestions found there."

Nor can there be any doubt that the policy of extermination as a whole was planned by the central government. The official record includes the following orders, sent on cipher telegrams and in all but one case addressed to the provincial government of Aleppo (the lightning advance of Allenby's forces prevented the Turks in Aleppo from destroying these compromising documents):*

September 3, 1915
We recommend that the operations which we have ordered you to make shall first be carried out on the men of the said people, and that you shall subject the women and children to them also. Appoint reliable officials for this.
(signed) Minister of the Interior
Talaat.

September 16, 1915
It was first communicated to you that the Government, by order of the Jemiet, had decided to destroy completely all Armenians living in Turkey. Those who oppose this order and decision cannot remain on the official staff of the Empire. An end must be put to their existence, however criminal the measures taken may be, and no regard must be paid to age, or sex, or to conscientious scruple.
(signed) Minister of the Interior
Talaat.

November 15, 1915
From interventions which have recently been made by the American Ambassador at Constantinople on behalf of his Government, it appears that the American consuls are obtaining information by secret means. In spite of our assurances that the Armenian deportations will be accomplished in safety and comfort, they remain unconvinced. Be careful that events attracting attention shall not take place in connection with those who are near the cities or other centers.† From the point of view of the present policy it is important that foreigners who are in those parts shall be persuaded that the expulsion of the Armenians is in truth only deportation. For this reason it is important that, to save appearances, for a time a show of gentle dealing shall be made, and the usual measures be taken in suitable places. It is recommended as very important that the people who give such information shall be arrested and handed over to the military authorities for trial by court-martial.
(signed) Minister of the Interior
Talaat.

January 10, 1916
Enquiries having been made, it is understood that hardly ten per cent of the Armenians subjected to the general transportation have reached their destinations; the rest have died from natural causes, such as hunger and sickness. We inform you that we are working to bring about the same result with regard to those who are still alive, by using severe measures.
(signed) Abdullahad Nouri.

As a result of Turkey's policy, over one million Armenians died.

III

DURING World War I, the French government originated the phrase "crimes against humanity" to describe Turkish

*First published in the London *Daily Telegraph*, May 29, 1922.

†This statement explains why all but the community leaders in Constantinople and Smyrna were spared in 1915.

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acts against the Armenians, but the war was hardly over when the world proved itself eager to forgive Turkey its crimes. There was a reason for this, though not necessarily a good one. To put it in the simplest terms, after Kemal Ataturk's victory in the Greco-Turkish war of 1920-22, every Western power, in its haste to beat its rivals to his favor—among other things, there were his lush Mosul oil fields to consider—found one reason or another to absolve, and even to exalt, the Turkish nation.

If the United States lagged behind a year or two in this, it was not because of any pangs of conscience felt by those in charge of the Harding administration's foreign policy (among them Allen Dulles, then the Chief of the State Department's Near Eastern Division). It was rather because the American Protestant leadership, much to its later dismay, had created a certain amount of public antipathy toward Turkey in the course of wartime fund appeals for the "starving Armenians." The starving ones were those who had escaped into nearby countries, as well as a number of emaciated orphans whom the missionaries had managed to rescue from the deserts. But when the time came to save Protestant missionary "investments" in Turkey—investments both of real estate (schools, hospitals) and of a century of futile effort to gain a foot-hold among the Moslems—the professional moralists joined forces with American business interests and hastened publicly to exonerate Turkey.

Having arrived in the Near East in the 1840's to convert Moslems to the Protestant Christian faith, the missionaries had quickly discovered that for a Moslem the penalty for such conversion was death, as sanctioned by Koranic law. The Armenians, however, in their eagerness to partake of the educational benefits, were "converting" in considerable numbers from their established Church to the more evangelical brands of Protestantism. The missionaries therefore remained in Turkey, justifying the expenditure of funds and energy with the long view that "if it were possible to . . . instill them [the native Christians] with a lively missionary spirit, they would be . . . the best and most effectual missionaries because native to the soil."* They had no doubt that the indirect approach would take hundreds of years. Then, quite suddenly, and in one unbelievably simple stroke, Ataturk dissolved the Caliphate and secularized the nation in the early 1920's. The missionaries no longer had any need for the Armenians, and indeed there were few Armenians left. Subsequently, all the churchmen had to do in order to remain in Turkey and prepare to serve Moslems directly was to procure Ataturk's favor. This, however, required considerable public-relations work in revising opinion in the country toward Turkey, and various Protestant leaders plunged into the task with true missionary zeal.

"We believe in America for the Americans, why not Turkey for the Turks?" wrote one of these leaders, George A. Plimpton, in 1923. He was not, to be sure, referring to the extermination of the Armenians but to the expulsion from Turkey of the Greek population following the Greco-Turkish war. His excessively pro-Turkish attitude was, however, both typical and instructive. Thus, he expressed the thought that the loss of the Greeks (and presumably of the unmentioned Armenians) "has cost great suffering and involved great financial sacrifice to Turkey," in the sense that she had lost her merchants, businessmen, and major taxpayers. And he added some words that sound strange coming from a Trustee of Union Theological Seminary: "Whether it was right or wrong is not for us to decide."

Having articulated these sentiments in a letter to the New York *Times*, Plimpton also proceeded to include them in *The Treaty With Turkey*, a volume compiling "statements, resolutions and reports in favor of the ratification of the Lausanne Treaty," brought out jointly by some significantly interested individuals and institutions, the foremost being the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and the United States Chamber of Commerce. The burden of their combined task was to praise Turkey, to dismiss, and at the same time to justify, its actions against the Armenians, and to demonstrate that if the Turks were in any way antagonized—such as by the failure of the United States to sign the treaty—both American business and American philanthropy would suffer. A proposed clause in the treaty, providing safeguards for the minorities left in Turkey, was denounced as an unreasonable intrusion into Turkey's internal affairs. It was deemed essential, however, to include a clause "to protect foreign corporations and individuals from the retroactive application of new and possibly excessive taxes."

IV

While the American Protestant movement was cementing relations with Turkey, it was at the same time helping to draw a veil over the historical record. In effect, it was dismissing the word of its own missionaries, whose eyewitness reports had provided the bulk of the testimony about the genocide.

The record of events was further distorted by the Turks themselves, who lost no time in putting forth their own version of the Armenian story. One or two, like Djemal Pasha, third-ranking of the Turkish leaders, attempted to absolve themselves of responsibility by professing that they were only following orders. Soon, however, more skillful Turkish dialecticians took up the argument, protesting that the Armenians, as traitors to the Turkish war effort, had constituted a men-

*From Julius Richter's *A History of the Protestant Mission in the Near East*, London, 1910.

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ace to the very existence of the Turks in 1915, and thus had to be liquidated. No concrete evidence was offered by the Turkish apologists for this contention, nor for the secondary argument that Armenians themselves had been massacring Turks in 1915, and even before.

Already in 1916, shortly before the publication of Bryce's documents in England, the Young-Turk government—doubtless with world opinion in mind—had jumped the gun by publishing an official pamphlet, "The Truth About the Armenian Revolution and the Governmental Measures." Lord Bryce had apparently seen this document, for he meticulously refuted every argument contained in it. Andre Mandelstam, the first Dragoman of the Russian Embassy in Constantinople from 1898 to 1914, and later a professor of international law in Paris, also pointed up the speciousness of the argument contained in the pamphlet.

At the beginning of the war, according to the Turks, Armenian secret societies provoked revolts and committed massacres. Since, however, there were no eyewitnesses to these alleged acts, the only "proof" the Turks could offer consisted of three documents. The first was a manifesto addressed by the Russian Czar to the Armenians in Turkey inviting them to revolt (a document that never existed, Mandelstam insists, but that would hardly have justified genocide even if it had); the second was an alleged report on the massacres from the Russian Consul in Bitlis, dated December 24, 1912, and addressed to M. Tcharykov, his ambassador in Constantinople. (According to Mandelstam, Tcharykov had been replaced as ambassador six months earlier: "Could the Russian Consul in Bitlis have been unaware of who his own ambassador was? What a strange Russian diplomat, or else, what a clumsy Turkish fabrication!") Finally, there were some alleged resolutions and publications of the Huntchag (Armenian) party urging Armenians to fight against Turkey. The pamphlet also stressed the existence of a corps of Russian-Armenian volunteers in the Russian army. This corps was made up of Armenians who were citizens of Russia, of course, but to the Turks it somehow constituted proof of the disloyalty of the Armenians living in Turkey, even though the latter had served faithfully in the Turkish army from the time they were conscripted to the time they were put to death.

THE YOUNG Turks who devised this pamphlet were well on their way to oblivion when it was issued, but while those who succeeded them lost no time in denouncing the former regime, they continued to defend the Young-Turk policy toward the Armenians with identical arguments, albeit with certain modifications in tone. The authors of the earlier efforts were discredited failures, but during Kemal Ataturk's regime there appeared far more sophisticated and—to the West—more credible advocates of Turkey's case, among them the eminently respected Halide Edib, a lady whose word carried much weight.

Mme. Edib was the first Moslem graduate of the Constantinople Women's College, a woman with undeniable gifts of imagination and intellect. She was a famous novelist in her own country, as well as a journalist, statesman, social worker, and soldier. She was also Ataturk's chief propagandist (until her break with him later in the 20's), and an avowedly passionate Turkish nationalist. Moreover, she was a source of wonder to the West as the first emancipated specimen of her race. Upon coming to America in 1927, she taught at Barnard College, wrote extensively and in excellent English, and became one of the most popular lecturers in the United States.

Halide Hanum, as she called herself, was none too incisive in writing about her attitude toward the defunct Young Turks. Like almost everyone else in Turkey she had welcomed their accession and had then become disillusioned. She never made clear why she became disenchanted, although one may assume that failure does not sustain admiration. Whatever her reasons, they did not include the Young Turks' solution to the "Armenian question." Talaat remained for her "an idealist . . . modest, charming, a true democrat. . . . However one may criticize him, one is obliged to admit that he was the truest of patriots." She did profess to having once been opposed to his measures against Armenians, and having gone so far as to tell Talaat so, *but* "I saw the Armenian question quite differently from the way I see it today. I did not know about the Armenian crimes, and I had not realized that in similar cases others could be a hundred times worse than the Turks. So I spoke with conviction against bloodshed. . . . The next day I received a great volume about the massacre of the Turks by the Armenians."* Unfortunately, despite her meticulous documentation of the relatively obvious, Mme. Edib did not cite this "great volume." One is tempted to surmise that it was the aforementioned pamphlet, published at just about the time to which she refers.

Although Mme. Edib's tone is quite often passionate, she deftly modulates it when she refers to human suffering, toward which she continually protests her sensitivity. Once or twice she even refers to Armenian suffering, as when she remembers seeing (in 1918) "a poor Armenian in Syria who had lost his speech and wandered in the night crying like a dumb tortured animal because he *imagined* [italics mine] his two boys, who were separated from him, had been shot. I know—never mind what I know." She does not care to dwell on these things, she writes, for "of the massacres and violences it is best not to speak much—the sooner they are forgotten the better."

*From *The Memoirs of Halide Edib*, New York, 1925.

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V

WESTERN historians applauded these sentiments of Mme. Edib's and lost no time in echoing them. By the 20's the world was sick to death of violence and no one was much interested in Armenians. Furthermore, Arnold J. Toynbee, the editor of the best known primary source on the genocide, Lord Bryce's Blue Book, had reversed his previous views about Turkish responsibility, and emerged a stalwart defender of the Moslem world. Unfortunately for history, Lord Bryce himself died in 1922.

Toynbee's part in the historical distortion of the Armenian case cannot be overestimated. After completing his editorship of *The Treatment of the Armenians,* he published a summary of its contents, *The Murderous Tyranny of the Turks,* in which he inserted a plea that the world remember these "unprecedented crimes" after the war, and insure against their recurrence. But then, in 1920, Toynbee covered the Greco-Turkish war as a reporter for the Manchester *Guardian.* Viewing the hostilities from the Turkish side, he beheld the astonishing vision of Turks as suffering human beings, and of Greeks (and even an occasional Armenian) as the actual inflictors of suffering. This revelation, by his own admission, led him to reverse his former views. (Arnold Toynbee to his son, Philip, in *A Dialogue Across a Generation*: "It was quite an influential thing in my life. [seeing that war]. I always try to see things from the unpopular point of view, the point of view that isn't represented. I think that's a very strong urge in me." Philip Toynbee: "Of course, it has been said that there's a certain perversity in this, and that in your anxiety to be fair you sometimes exaggerate the merits of the unpopular case." Arnold Toynbee: "I'm sure I do. Leaning over backwards.")

By now convinced of the positive value of suffering and the negative nature of anger (Arnold Toynbee to Philip Toynbee: "Anger I do feel is a sin—we're all angry with somebody sometimes, and when I find it in myself I am horrified with myself. . . ."), Toynbee must have had little sympathy for Armenians who continued to feel resentment toward the Turks. Equating all violence by denying qualitative differences in motives, he reasoned that one side was no better than the other—"The Near Eastern people do not differ in kind from one another," he wrote in 1923—but he clearly implied that Moslems were less bad than the rest. And so in the bibliography of his new book, *The Western Question in Greece and Turkey,* he saw fit to list his previous writing, *The Murderous Tyranny of the Turks,* as an example of the sort of "prejudice" for which he would henceforth atone.

It is not difficult but merely time-consuming to pinpoint the fallacies in Toynbee's work. Experts have done so in the case of his treatment of the Arab-Israeli question, but no experts have emerged on behalf of the Armenians to refute Toynbee; and judging by the line subsequent historians have taken, he continues to be considered the greatest living authority on the Near-Eastern area. Thus Toynbee's dismissal of the Armenian case, his repudiation of his own and Bryce's Blue Book, exercised an incalculable influence. Despite his protest (in an article written in July 1923 in *Current History*) that he still believed in "the truth of the evidence" presented in the Blue Book, he went on to say that "Equally dark deeds have been inflicted by Greek soldiers . . . during the War for Greek independence . . ." This was the same man who in 1917 had been so forthright in condemning the Turkish extermination of the Armenians: "Turks will say [after the war], 'We were at war. We were fighting for our existence. The Armenians were traitors at large in a war zone.' But such excuses are entirely contradicted by facts. These Armenians were not inhabitants of a war zone. None of the towns and villages from which they were systematically deported to their death were anywhere near the seat of the hostilities."

VI

THE attitude that prevails today toward recent Turkish history can be illustrated by a passage from Richard Robinson's *The First Turkish Republic* (1963), a popular reference book in American universities:

> The problem of Armenians living in Eastern Anatolia drew down much popular condemnation on the head of the Turk. Although Armenians numbered at most not more than 40% of the population in any single province save two, the bulk of their numbers was concentrated in that area adjoining Russia, thereby enabling the Russian army to draw recruits out of Anatolia. The Armenian community let it be known that it would not support the Ottoman war effort, and encouraged by President Wilson's principle of self-determination, moved to create an independent Armenian state. To the Ottoman authorities, these activities constituted wartime treason and they reacted violently. Most of the Armenian population was forced to flee and large numbers perished at the hands of the Turks. These Turkish reprisals recharged the racial-religious animosity of the earlier period of Armenian troubles before 1900. Though the fact does not in the least excuse Turkish behavior on this occasion, the Turks did consider the Armenian defection as treason, a stab in the back that was all the more painful because of Turkish military reverses. It is also quite clear that the Armenians reciprocated in kind, and many Turks lost their lives violently.

Though Professor Robinson is not primarily a historian—he is a Harvard economist and business-administration specialist on Turkish and Near

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Eastern affairs—his writing is typical of most bona fide historians on the Armenian "massacre," when and if they trouble to mention the "incident" at all. The above paragraph contains an amazing number of inaccuracies. To begin with, there is no evidence, and Robinson's sources offer none, that "the Armenian community let it be known that it would not support the Ottoman war effort." Nor has Robinson studied the deportation routes, which show that Armenians were being uprooted not only from the relatively small area by the Russian border, but also from such vastly dispersed towns and villages as Ismid, a few miles from Constantinople, and Musa Dagh, near the Mediterranean sea, not to mention all the scattered towns in between. That "the Russian army drew recruits out of Turkish Anatolia" has not been established, but Robinson may be referring to the fact that many male Armenians who escaped into Russia during the genocide subsequently enlisted in the Russian army. Obviously, this was a result, and not a cause, of the exterminations. Since President Wilson did not reveal his principle of self-determination until 1918, it could not have encouraged the Armenians to create anything in 1915. It is true that an independent, and short-lived, Armenian state was created *in 1920* by the Western powers who signed the Treaty of Sevres. Its creation, however, was again a result, and not a cause, of genocide. If the Armenians were ever guilty of "reciprocating in kind," it was while they were defending this state several years after they had experienced genocide. Finally, that "the Armenian population was forced to flee," is merely Dr. Robinson's euphemism for a deliberate uprooting.

Accuracy, then, is hardly the strong point of the above writing, and since this is the only kind of writing in which Armenians currently find themselves discussed at all, their resulting cynicism is not surprising. Nor was that mood diminished last year when, on the eve of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the genocide, the New York *Times* suggested editorially that it was high time for the Armenians to forgive the Turks. Few Armenian readers of the *Times* missed the grim irony of the fact that this editorial appeared only a few weeks after the same newspaper had been decrying Germany's proposed statute of limitations on Nazi murders. But then it is common practice to refuse to recognize the meaning of the Armenian fate. In *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, Hannah Arendt dismissed their case as a "pogrom"; and this February, as the Fiftieth Anniversary year drew to a close, Karl Jaspers was quoted in the pages of COMMENTARY as denying any pre-Hitler precedent for genocide.

PUBLIC commemorations of the Fiftieth Anniversary were not without effect, however; they caused a somewhat hysterical reaction in the Turkish press. Editorials flayed in various directions, but found one point of agreement: the unforeseen spurt of Armenian activity in recalling "alleged," "so-called," "supposed" massacres was obviously engineered by Cypriote *provocateurs*.

In an editorial in the Ankara newspaper *Oulous*, in March 1965, Jehad Baban, a member of the Turkish parliament, was both incredulous and indignant. "It is very strange that after so many years the Armenians resort to such agitations," he wrote, referring to the public commemorations in Lebanon. "The only result of this kind of behavior will be to strain relations between Turkey and Lebanon, which allows the organization of this kind of commemoration on its own territory."

Sometimes the tone was almost mellow, as when one Turkish author chose to remember the Armenians as "Turkish-Armenian brothers [who] for one thousand years lived together with the Turks as inseparable as flesh and fingernail." And a Mr. Kabakji pleaded gallantly that the whole thing be forgotten. "Let us bury the old stories in the pit of history. Let us live together as humans with brotherly love."

It is not brotherly love, but the burying of history that Armenians oppose. The question remains whether one can feel forgiveness, and therefore bury the dead, when the world has too readily done so on one's behalf. One may grant that there are few Turks left alive who can be accounted personally responsible for the murders, but the fact remains that a nation guilty of genocide did indeed succeed in burying the story "in the pit of history." In part it succeeded because the Armenians are few, dispersed, and without a public platform to plead their case—from which astute and dangerous men can draw the conclusion that the world cares little for the fate of those who are politically impotent.

There is evidence, at any rate, that Hitler drew this conclusion. As he announced his own plans for genocide to his Supreme Commanders on August 22, 1939, he noted confidently: "Who, after all, speaks today of the annihilation of the Armenians? . . . The world believes in success alone."*

*Quoted in Louis Lochner's *What About Germany?*, New York, 1942.

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MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM

THE FULBRIGHT REVOLT

THE struggle between the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the White House over Vietnam and foreign aid is only the latest battle in a war as old as the Republic. Conflict between the executive and legislative branches of the government is inherent in the system of checks and balances built into the United States Constitution. The founding fathers feared unrestrained power wielded by either the executive or the legislature; trusting neither, they set up a system of government which can only function smoothly when there is complete trust between the two branches of government, or when one completely dominates the other. The result has been a conflict, never finally resolved, over the division of power; and nowhere has this been more evident than in the field of foreign affairs.

Perhaps the most authoritative interpretation of the constitutional provisions on the conduct of foreign affairs is Hamilton's statement, in Number 75 of *The Federalist*, that the treaty-making power

> will be found to partake more of the legislative than of the executive character, although it does not seem strictly to fall within the definition of either of them. . . . The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise in a nation to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind, as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world, to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be a President of the United States.

Washington on occasion came in person to the Senate to seek its "advice and consent"—in the words of the Constitution—bringing Cabinet members with him to answer questions. But Washington's successors did not follow the example he set in dealing with the Senate directly; had they done so, it is possible that something like the British parliamentary system might have developed in the conduct of foreign affairs. The last attempt to revive the formal dialogue between President and Senate failed in 1813, when Madison declined an invitation from the Senate to join it in a discussion of foreign affairs.

The establishment of the Foreign Relations Committee in 1816 represented, at least in part, an attempt to bridge this gap in communications between the President and the Senate. But so little did the attempt succeed that Woodrow Wilson could write in 1884 that:

> If the President wishes some more satisfactory mode of communication with the Senate than formal message-writing, his only door of approach is this Committee on Foreign Relations. . . . But such a mode of conference is . . . almost as distinctly dealing with a foreign power as were the negotiations preceding the proposed treaty.

This is certainly an accurate description of Wilson's own dealings with the committee thirty-five years later.

As the normal channel of communication between the White House and the Senate on questions affecting this country's international relations, and the Senate's agent in examining them, the Foreign Relations Committee has always had a position of considerable potential power. The extent to which that power has been realized has, however, varied greatly in different periods. It has been affected by the nature of the issues at any given time, by the personalities and attitudes of Presidents and committee chairmen, and above all by the political relations between the executive and legislative branches. Thus, for example, the committee's power has usually been greater when the President and the majority of the Senate were of different parties, and it has also tended to increase when an administration's foreign policies were unsuccessful, or its popular support was waning.

In general, the committee enjoyed its greatest run of influence in the years between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of the New Deal. Under the chairmanship of Charles Sumner, a man of distinguished scholarship and—even rarer in the post-Civil War era—complete integrity, it helped win the consent of a reluctant Senate to the purchase of Alaska, and blocked Grant's

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treaty for the annexation of the Dominican Republic. In the last decade of the century, by contrast, the committee, under the influence of Henry Cabot Lodge, played a major part in setting the United States on the course of empire. Then, after the First World War, when the country was again faced with a major decision as to its future course, the Foreign Relations Committee under Lodge (who was now its chairman) again played a decisive role—this time in helping to keep the United States out of the League of Nations. Lodge's successor, William E. Borah, had before becoming chairman shared leadership of the fight against the League; he had also been largely responsible for the Washington naval disarmament conference of 1922. As chairman he prevented U.S. accession to the World Court; at the same time, he had much to do with producing the London naval disarmament conference of 1930 and the Kellogg-Briand Pact to outlaw war. He was also able to force the Coolidge administration to reach a peaceful settlement with Mexico over the nationalization of oil owned by U.S. firms there, despite Secretary of State Kellogg's charge that Mexico was the center of Bolshevik activities in the Western hemisphere. And his long fight for the recognition of the Soviet Union helped to pave the way for the Roosevelt administration's action on that question.

YET despite the significant role played by the Foreign Relations Committee and the Senate as a whole on certain matters and at particular moments, the influence of the executive was from the beginning predominant and grew more so as the country's international activities expanded. (A parallel development occurred in domestic matters, as government grew more complex.) Indeed, throughout American history many of the country's most important acts of foreign policy have bypassed the Senate through executive agreements or unilateral acts or declarations by the President or Secretary of State. These include the Monroe Doctrine, which was simply part of a Presidential message to Congress; Lincoln's warning to Napoleon III to withdraw his troops from Mexico; the Open Door policy in regard to China; the Stimson doctrine; and Franklin Roosevelt's destroyers-for-bases deal—to mention only a few. They also include almost all instances of United States political and military intervention in the internal affairs of other nations, whether overt or of the type represented by Theodore Roosevelt's Panamanian adventure and the activities of the CIA.

To be sure, executive agreements and unilateral declarations are only binding on succeeding administrations if they choose to adhere to them, and they are not binding on Congress at all. (The courts, however, do apply them in the absence of contrary laws or treaties.) Thus, we have long since scrapped the part of the Monroe Doctrine which pledged us to keep out of the conflicts of the Eastern Hemisphere. But the difference in this respect from treaties is less than it might seem; the latter do indeed bind Congress and succeeding administrations—except when it is more convenient to disregard them.

Franklin Roosevelt was certainly one of the stronger Presidents, and under him the relative importance of the executive branch increased in every field, with a concomitant decline in the power of the Foreign Relations Committee. But the influence of the committee was also diminished in that period by weaknesses of personnel. Its chairman from 1933 to 1940 was Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, whose primary interest at home and abroad was to "do something for silver." Opposition to the administration's foreign policy tended to express itself on the Senate floor rather than through the committee; such leading critics of the administration as Senators Burton K. Wheeler and Robert A. Taft were not committee members.

In the war and postwar periods, the committee's relatively minor role also reflected the wide public agreement on most aspects of foreign policy. This real unity was reinforced by the persistence of the wartime attitude that "politics stops at the water's edge." Arthur Vandenberg's close cooperation with the Truman administration was reciprocated by the Democrats under Eisenhower, and the role the Senate and of the committee itself was limited by the attitude of the Democratic floor leader, Lyndon B. Johnson, whose own scanty background in international affairs led him to defer to the administration's superior expertise in that field.

BECAUSE J. William Fulbright of Arkansas enjoyed long experience in foreign affairs and had definite ideas in that field, and because he had been critical of the Eisenhower administration's rigidity, a change in the role of the Foreign Relations Committee might have been expected to be accomplished when he became its chairman in 1959. Yet though Fulbright questioned some diplomatic appointments, and actively but unsuccessfully fought the designation of Ogden Reid as ambassador to Israel, he soon came to accept Majority Leader Johnson's policy of supporting the administration. Looking back in April of 1961, he declared that while the Johnson policy

> may have been wrong with respect to particular issues and events, it was basically right as a proper long-term procedure because failure to support the President, particularly a weak one, and particularly at a time of divided government, easily could have led to political warfare between the parties over foreign policy.

Moreover, Fulbright soon developed a very restrictive theory of the role of the committee and the Senate itself in the field of foreign affairs. In the same speech he said:

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> It seems clear to me that in foreign affairs, a Senate cannot initiate or force large events, or substitute its judgment of them for that of the President, without seriously jeopardizing the ability of the nation to act consistently, and also without confusing the image and purpose of this nation in the eyes of others.

Other chairmen had accepted a minor role for the Senate and the committee in practice, but it is doubtful that any had ever made the abdication so explicit.

As late as July 1963, Fulbright was still speaking of "the infeasibility of consultation in an emergency" and asserting that in

> major areas of foreign policy, those relating more to long-term problems than to immediate crises. . . . Presidential power is incommensurate with Presidential responsibility as a result of the diffusion of power between executive and legislative branches and within the latter. . . . Public opinion must be educated and led if it is to bolster a wise and effective foreign policy. This is pre-eminently a task for Presidential leadership because the Presidential office is the only one under our constitutional system that constitutes a forum for education and political leadership on a national scale. Accordingly, I think we must contemplate the further enhancement of Presidential authority on a national scale.

By May 1964—Johnson having succeeded Kennedy in the White House—Fulbright's views had changed to the point where he felt that:

> A proper and important part of the congressional role in foreign policy is to take the lead in what ought to be a continuing national discussion and examination of the posture of the United States in the world, of our basic national interests, and of ways and means of advancing those interests.

Nevertheless, Fulbright continued to believe that:

> A vital distinction must be made between offering broad policy directions, and interfering in the conduct of policy by the executive branch. Many of our difficulties in foreign policy arise . . . from a recurring tendency on the part of Congress to overstep its proper role.

In accordance with that extremely limited conception of the role of Congress, Fulbright saw his function as primarily that of conducting a public discussion of general principles, and privately consulting with the State Department and the President on immediate problems. This attitude was reflected in the way he organized the committee. The subcommittees established to deal with the problems of specific areas were described as "consultative" and were intended only to serve as channels of communication with the appropriate officials in the State Department. They were not permitted to hold hearings without specific authorization from the chairman or the full committee. (This contrasted with the situation in such committees as Judiciary and Government Operations, where subcommittees have frequently been more active and influential than the parent bodies.) And the committee employed only a small staff, appropriate to the limited function Fulbright envisaged for it.

In this period, even so, the effect of the committee on foreign policy was probably more limited than Fulbright actually wanted it to be. It seems questionable whether the Senator's general discussions of broad policy issues made much impression on either the executive branch or the public. Thus, he repeatedly warned of the danger of attempting to impose our system on others, and of relying on power for the achievement of ends which it cannot accomplish, citing historical parallels to point the moral. (Echoes of Thucydides continually recur in Fulbright's speeches.) But presented as abstractions, the warnings drew little attention. Only when they were issued in the specific context of American policy in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic did they become headline news.

As for private consultation, it may have had some effect under the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations. Eisenhower was cautious in the use of power, and he had a great respect for Congress; Kennedy understood the limitations of power as well as its uses, and he had a great respect for ideas. Yet to his own subsequent regret, Kennedy rejected Fulbright's advice on the Bay of Pigs invasion in favor of that of his military and intelligence advisers. It would certainly have been difficult to raise the question of that invasion in the Senate or the Foreign Relations Committee while there was still time to stop it, and it might have been ineffective. But it would not have involved any breach of security; the preparations for the invasion were no secret either to Castro or to people who read the newspapers.

WHAT seems finally to have changed Fulbright's mind as to the proper role of the Foreign Relations Committee was the aftermath of last year's U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic. The committee conducted hearings on the situation, taking testimony in executive session, as it had done after the Bay of Pigs. On the basis of this testimony, Fulbright decided that the U.S. action had been wrong in principle, wrong in the way it was carried out, and based on inaccurate information.

He presented his conclusions in a speech on the floor of the Senate on September 15. In accordance with the doctrine of constitutional monarchies that "the King can do no wrong," Fulbright absolved President Johnson of any personal blame, but condemned those who had given the President inaccurate information and bad advice. But

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it was the President's own statements to which Fulbright referred in discussing what he euphemistically termed the government's "lack of candor."

Fulbright does not seem to have planned to carry the matter any further. But to his apparent surprise, he found himself in the center of a storm. In private, he was the target of snubs (such as omission from the guest list at White House receptions for foreign statesmen) and of carefully leaked denunciations to the press. In public, he was accused of making "irresponsible" charges and he found himself at something of a disadvantage because the secrecy of the hearings prevented him from citing the official testimony on which he had based his conclusions. Most of his critics, however, had not discussed the substance of his speech but had instead berated him for publicly questioning administration policy.

He responded to the attacks by defending the right of dissent in general terms and making it clear that he now felt it a duty to exercise this right:

> In the case of the Dominican crisis, I felt that, however reluctant I might be to criticize the administration—and I was very reluctant—it was nonetheless my responsibility to do so, for two principal reasons.
>
> First, I believe that the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations has a special obligation to offer the best advice he can in matters of foreign policy; it is an obligation, I believe, which is inherent in the chairmanship, which takes precedence over party loyalty, and which has nothing to do with whether the Chairman's views are solicited or desired by people in the executive branch.
>
> Second, I thought it my responsibility to comment on United States policy in the Dominican Republic because the political opposition, whose function it is to criticize, was simply not doing so. It did not because it obviously approved of United States intervention in the Dominican Republic and presumably, had it been in office, would have done the same thing. The result of this peculiar situation was that a highly controversial policy was being carried out without controversy—without debate, without review, without that necessary calling to account which is a vital part of the democratic process. Again and again, in the weeks following the Committee hearing, I noticed the absence of any challenge to statements appearing in the press and elsewhere which clearly contradicted evidence available to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Where Fulbright had once defended Lyndon Johnson's support of the Eisenhower foreign policies on the ground that such a course was necessary for national unity, he now declared that:

> Insofar as it represents a genuine reconciliation of differences, a consensus is a fine thing; insofar as it represents the concealment of differences, it is a miscarriage of democratic procedure. I think we Americans tend to put too high a value on unanimity—on bipartisanship in foreign policy, on politics stopping at the water's edge, on turning a single face to the world—as if there were something dangerous and illegitimate about honest differences of opinion honestly expressed by honest men.

The President's reaction to the Dominican Republic speech almost compelled Fulbright to adopt a new conception of the committee's role; the old one was no longer tenable. The possibility of influencing the President's policies through quiet diplomacy was largely foreclosed by the latter's rupture of diplomatic relations. At the same time, it had become obvious that testimony taken in executive hearings did not furnish an adequate basis for a committee effort to inaugurate a genuine debate on foreign policy.

It was in the Vietnam hearings that Fulbright began putting his new conception in practice. For the first time in many years, the Foreign Relations Committee made itself the focus of a great public debate on a major issue confronting the country. The witnesses were predominantly drawn from official ranks, although they also included George F. Kennan and General James Gavin, both of whom had been critical of official policy. But official witnesses were confronted with material drawn from a variety of independent sources, and were closely examined on the meaning and justification of government statements.

The "experiment in public education," as Fulbright called it, was successful enough to encourage the committee to hold public hearings on China policy and NATO, as well as others on the Foreign Economic Assistance and Military Assistance authorization bills. The foreign-aid hearings became in large part an extension of the discussion of Vietnam. The committee is now considering further hearings on Vietnam, in the hope of obtaining additional light from expert witnesses on points not adequately illumined by the testimony so far. Thus, Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon is especially anxious to go into the legal background of American intervention in Vietnam. (On this question, Secretary Rusk's repeated citations of President Eisenhower's letter to Ngo Dinh Diem and the SEATO treaty as justifications for American intervention have not satisfied even some members who in general support the administration's policy. At one of the foreign-aid hearings, Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey commented on the Secretary's contention: "Secretary Rusk is no dope; why does he keep on saying this?") Similarly, Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee is anxious to have the committee obtain further information on the nature of the National Liberation Front and the support it receives. He is dissatisfied with the State Department's ready equation of the NLF with the South Vietnamese

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Communists, the Communists with Hanoi, and Hanoi with Peking; he is also disquieted over the emphasis in the communiqués on the "body count" of "Communists" killed. At one hearing which was not televised or well-reported (because there were no star witnesses), he remarked: "As I read the papers each day and see news on radio and television and hear how many Communists we have killed each day, I wonder . . . how many of those who are killed are, in fact, actually Communists." Several other committee members share Gore's disquiet on these points (Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island quotes a French officer's definition: "What is a Vietminh? A Vietminh is a dead Vietnamese"). And Fulbright himself has repeatedly voiced his dismay over the moral effects of the war, and at the pride expressed by Secretary McNamara and others in this country's power of destruction.

Fulbright's doubts on Vietnam are shared in varying degrees by Morse, Mansfield, Gore, Church, Clark, Pell, and McCarthy among the Democratic members of the committee, and Aiken among the Republicans. Their attitudes range from Morse's unreserved and long-standing condemnation of American intervention (which has made him the only committee member to vote against appropriations for the war) to the quiet distress of Mansfield and Aiken, expressed in the report they submitted to the President in December 1965 after returning from an extended trip to Southeast Asia.

The attitudes of the other members range from Case's qualified endorsement of the administration position, through the faithful support of every administration statement by Sparkman and McGee, to Hickenlooper's inclination toward expanded bombing of North Vietnam. Sometimes it is a little difficult to tell the precise nuances of a Senator's position on the war. While Senator John Williams of Delaware certainly supports its continuation, for example, his questioning of witnesses is almost entirely confined to the problems of waste and corruption, matters which are his primary interest in both domestic and foreign affairs. There can be no doubt that the situation in Vietnam affords ample scope for inquiry of this type.

The general tone of a committee is normally set by the chairman, but he needs the support of a majority of the members in order to function effectively. Fulbright undoubtedly has that support in the new course on which he has set the Foreign Relations Committee in the past year. ("Until the last few years," according to Senator Aiken, "the committee seldom had a quorum. Now it is seldom without a quorum.") Indeed, one can detect a feeling akin to liberation among many committee members. Several—including Gore, Pell, Church, and Aiken—have stated, in almost identical words, that the committee is at last performing its full constitutional function to advise and consent in matters of foreign policy. They also believe, as Pell puts it, that the hearings "have slowed down the escalation a bit," and have "made the middle of the road position more acceptable." In addition to that, as Church says, "The first changes, however limited and cautious, that have come along in years in our relations with China, followed so closely on the public hearings as to make it clear that the State Department was influenced by the preponderant weight of testimony."

THE public reaction to the Vietnam and China hearings encouraged the committee to take a more vigorous approach to other issues as well. One example was its renewed pressure for more effective congressional control of the CIA. This pressure, of course, was reinforced by the discovery that the CIA had planted "faculty members" on the staff of a Michigan State University project in Vietnam, and that it was involved in the activities of East European emigré organizations in the U.S., despite the fact that it was theoretically excluded from activities within the country. (The latter fact had long been widely known, but became official when the CIA intervened in a libel case by filing an affidavit that the defendant had been acting under its orders when he accused the plaintiff of being a Soviet agent.) But the committee had already begun to move before these revelations, because it felt that the CIA was playing a large and growing role in the formation as well as the execution of foreign policy. Mansfield in particular had long been worried about the CIA's freedom from normal congressional controls, and had unsuccessfully sought to place it under more effective supervision. More recently, Eugene McCarthy had been especially active in pressing for the establishment of an effective legislative watchdog group. Other members also became increasingly concerned; one aspect of the CIA's activities that worried some was the presence of CIA agents in the guise of members of the staffs of U.S. embassies and aid missions, which placed all U.S. diplomatic representatives under suspicion.

Fulbright, hoping to avoid an open struggle, tried to negotiate the addition of senior members of the Foreign Relations Committee to the small group from the Armed Services and Appropriations committees that officially exercises legislative oversight—some would say in more senses than one—on the CIA's activities. But Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, rejected this proposal in language which appeared to challenge the trustworthiness of the senior members of the Foreign Relations Committee. The committee responded by taking up a resolution (proposed by McCarthy) to accomplish the same purpose.

The opponents of the McCarthy resolution on the committee fought a delaying action through

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several executive sessions, but by the time the resolution came to a vote, opposition had been so eroded that it was approved 14 to 5. The majority included the votes not only of those who supported the chairman on Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, but of Sparkman, McGee, and even Dodd on the Democratic side, and Case and Williams on the Republican. (One factor in the vote of Williams was doubtless a well-founded fear that the United States was not getting anything of value for a good deal of money the CIA was spending.) The pressure for more effective supervision of the CIA was also intensified, while the McCarthy resolution was under consideration, by the publication in *Foreign Affairs* of an article by a CIA analyst, which gave no indication of the author's connection with the agency. (The unusual thing was that the analyst in question was an *overt* employee of the CIA. The views of college professors, journalists, emigré politicians, and similar persons *covertly* or indirectly working for the CIA never bear a label to indicate that fact.) But perhaps the most important reason for the lopsided vote was the implied insult to the committee in Russell's statement; the members closed ranks in the face of an outside attack.

This type of solidarity is one of the sources of strength of every committee, and of the Senate itself. Enshrined in the institution of "senatorial courtesy," it serves as an important check on the ability of a President to use patronage as an instrument of reward and punishment; it also sometimes serves to permit Senators effectively to nullify national policy. (Thus it gives the Senators from Mississippi a veto over federal judicial appointments in that state.) The same kind of solidarity overrides differences on particular issues, because Senators know that the opponent of today may be the ally of tomorrow.

Normally, this solidarity also causes the Senate to follow the recommendations of its committees on most questions. In the case of the CIA, however, the Senate was called on to adjudicate a clash between the Foreign Relations Committee on one side and the Appropriations and especially the Armed Services Committees on the other. Technically, it avoided the issue by voting to send the resolution to the Armed Services Committee for further consideration. This again followed custom; the Senate seldom rejects a committee chairman's request that a measure be referred to his committee for consideration. Where the McCarthy resolution was concerned, though, the effect was to bury it.

How effective has the Foreign Relations Committee actually been since Fulbright steered it onto its new course? Its major contribution has been to public understanding, rather than to official policy. The escalation of the war in Vietnam may indeed have been slowed down by the committee hearings and the public reaction to them, but it has continued, and the administration has taken an increasingly adamant position against a compromise settlement. The attempt to impose some measure of control on the operations of the CIA has, for the present, failed. The administration's receptivity to committee advice has not notably increased; indeed, the committee has been kept in the dark as to major policy developments in its sphere. Thus, although months of negotiations preceded the administration's decision to authorize the shipment of jet bombers to Israel—a major change of policy, since the government had previously refused to send purely offensive weapons to the Middle East—the committee was not informed. (But the Armed Services Committee—that is, Russell—was.)

The reaction of Fulbright and his committee has been to strike back at the administration by imposing numerous restrictions on the foreign-aid program and cutting its size. Some of the specific restrictions—for example, limitations on military aid, especially to Latin American and African countries—have been in line with positions long held by such members of the committee as Fulbright and Morse. Others, like the cuts in overall authorizations for economic aid, and the increase in interest on development loans, are more in line with the philosophy of such committee members as Hickenlooper. Yet they have also received the support of members who have traditionally been in favor of a generous aid program. Similarly, Fulbright has now taken the lead in restricting the aid authorization to one year, where he had previously advocated a long-term authorization to permit more effective planning. He and some other committee members who share his general position have supported even further cuts and restrictions of the same type in votes on amendments offered on the Senate floor. (But some, like Clark, Mansfield, and McCarthy, have opposed these amendments.) Fulbright explains his reversal on the question of long-term authorizations by saying that

> to judge from recent pronouncements by the President and his Secretary of State we are moving in the direction of a policy of "manifest destiny" for Asia. . . . If aid is just a tool and part of a new policy of manifest destiny in Asia, the Senate should very carefully consider this. I am not about to provide a tool to carry out this policy when I don't know what it is.

The explanation is a reasonable enough one for Fulbright's change of position on the term of authorization. But on some of the other restrictions—the cut in overall amount, the limitation of the number of countries which may receive development aid, and the increased rate of interest on development loans—the explanation is less persuasive. In essence Fulbright is saying that the administration has claimed that our economic aid to Vietnam has created an obligation to defend that country militarily; therefore we must restrict

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our aid in order to reduce our potential involvement in other Vietnams. But this point would seem to have been taken care of by the declaration, inserted by the committee in the authorization bill, that aid to a country did not involve any commitment to its defense. (In addition, Fulbright and a majority of the committee have for some years pressed for the channeling of an increasing amount of aid through international organizations rather than on a bilateral basis. They have felt that this would reduce the likelihood of U.S. political involvement; some members, such as Aiken, also argue that international organizations can exercise stricter supervision over the use of aid without arousing the resentment which such action by the United States would cause.) It would perhaps not be unfair to interpret the position of Fulbright and Morse as being that the present administration has shown a remarkable ability to misuse any power it has; therefore any restrictions imposed on its power—even its power to achieve apparently desirable ends—are all to the good. Or their motivation could be even simpler: a desire to demonstrate that if the Foreign Relations Committee cannot force the administration to pay any attention to its advice, it can at least retaliate—even if irrelevantly—when that advice is disregarded.

PERHAPS such tactics are the only ones which will impress a President to whom all questions seem to resolve themselves into the single question of power. But they do not contribute to the development of a sound American foreign policy, or to the solution of the problems of the less developed nations of the world. To some extent, they may damage the committee's efforts to further the development of an intelligent public understanding of foreign policy. And if the conflict between committee and President is reduced simply to one of power, the latter has the final weapon—his ability, in Woodrow Wilson's words, "to get the country into such scrapes, so pledged in the view of the world to certain courses of action, that the Senate hesitates to bring about the appearance of dishonor which would follow its refusal to ratify the rash promises or support the indiscreet threats of the Department of State."

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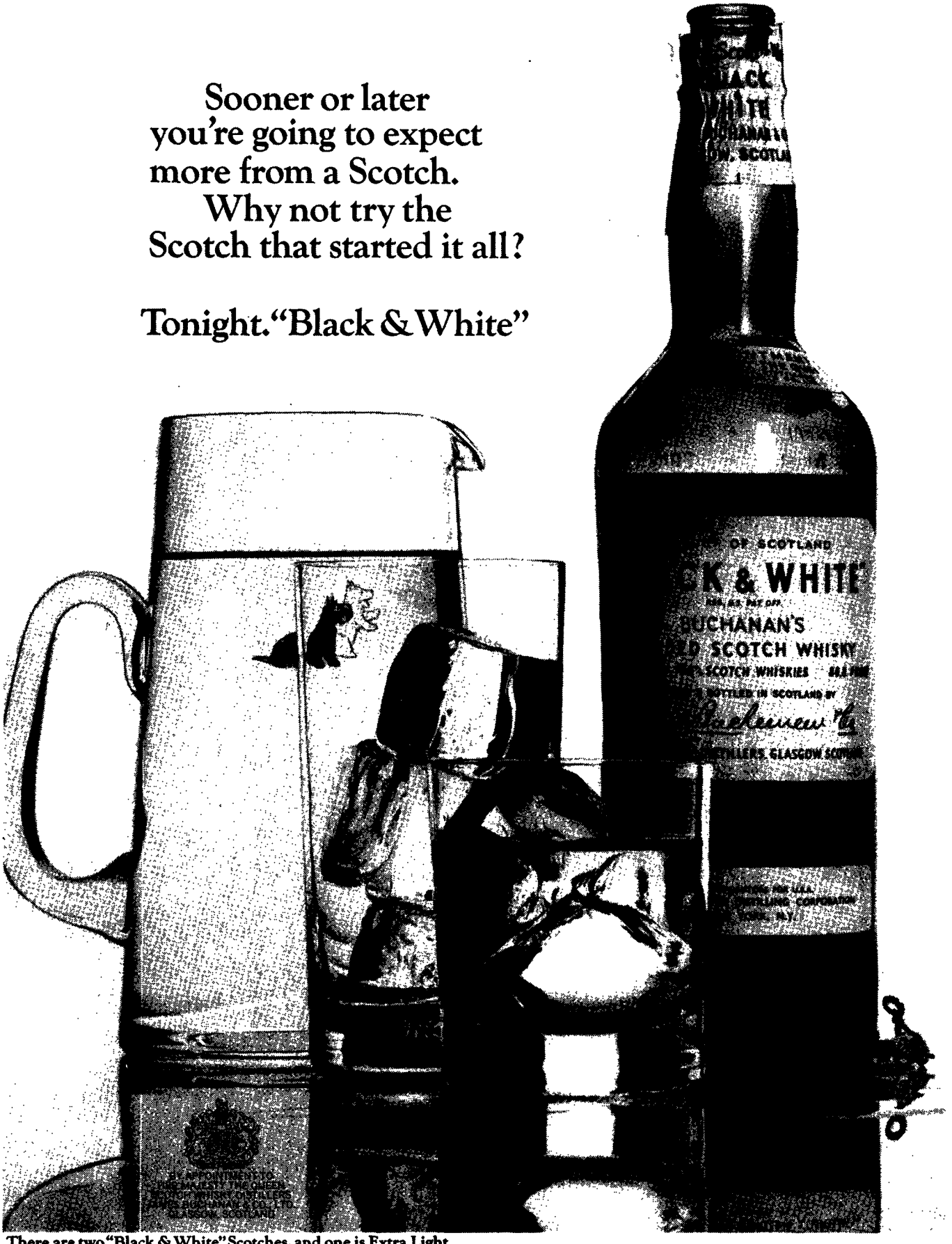

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Malamud as Jewish Writer

ROBERT ALTER

FROM HIS earliest stories in the 50's, the relationship between Bernard Malamud's literary imagination and his Jewish background has been a peculiar one. For the most part, it has proved to be a remarkably creative relationship, though there are a few points in his work where the wedding of Jewish materials and fictional invention seems largely a shotgun affair, performed to legitimize imaginative offspring that ought to have validated themselves without benefit of skull-capped clergy. Now, American Jewish novelists, from Abraham Cahan and Ludwig Lewisohn to Philip Roth, have, quite understandably, often written about Jews, as the kind of people they have known best; and since the novel as a rule tries to reconstruct the social matrices of individual character, this has generally meant writing about Jewish milieux, first in the ghetto, more recently in suburbia. The concentration on Jewish social environments has not, however, led to anything like a distinctively Jewish mode of imaginative writing. Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep*, for example, still probably the most fully achieved work of fiction by an American writer of Jewish descent, is a novel of immigrant experience, using Joycean methods for the lyric rendering of consciousness; the principal characters happen to be Jews, but I see nothing in the conception or execution of this extraordinary book that could not be readily transferred to a novel about a family from some other immigrant group.

In Malamud's work, on the other hand, the immigrant experience is at once more peripheral and more central than in writers of comparable background. Although most of his protagonists are avowedly Jewish, he has never really written *about* Jews, in the manner of other American Jewish novelists. Especially revealing in this connection is the fact that nowhere does he attempt to represent a Jewish milieu, that a Jewish community never enters into his books, except as the shadow of a vestige of a specter. What literary sense, then, does Malamud make of the emphatic, vividly elaborated ethnic identity of his characters—those whitefish-eating, Yiddish-accented isolates in a bleak, generalized world of harsh necessity? He clearly means Jewishness to function as an ethical symbol; it is, as Theodore Solotaroff has written, "a type of metaphor . . . both for the tragic dimension of anyone's life and for a code of personal morality." Last year in these pages,* I had occasion to observe that such symbolism (as in the relationship between Morris Bober and Frank Alpine in Malamud's *The Assistant*) can become uncomfortable; when a writer assigns a set of abstract moral values to the representatives of a particular group, the connection thus insisted on may strike a reader as arbitrary, an artistic confusion of actualities and ideals. The symbolic use Malamud makes of Jewishness deserves more detailed attention, but before we consider that, it is worth noting another, more organic, way in which Jewish experience enters into his writing.

MALAMUD IS, to the best of my knowledge, the first important American writer to shape out of his early experiences in the immigrant milieu a whole distinctive style of imagination and, to a lesser degree, a distinctive technique of fiction as well. He is by no means a "folk" artist, but his ear for the rhythms of speech and the tonalities of implication, his eye for the shadings of attitude and feeling, of Jewish folk culture, have helped make the fictional world he has created uniquely his own. Though such influences are hard to prove, I suspect that the piquant juxtaposition in his fiction of tough, ground-gripping realism and high-flying fantasy ultimately derives from the paradoxical conjoining of those same qualities that has often characterized Jewish folklore.

To put this another way, it would seem as though the homespun Jewishness of Malamud's characters affords him a means of anchoring his brilliant fantasies in reality, for the dreariness of daily privation and frustration familiar to him through the ghetto are his indicators of what the real world is like, reminding him of the gritty, harsh-grained texture of ordinary human experience. It is significant that the only book he has written in which there are no identifiable Jews, his first novel, *The Natural*, is also the only one in which the underpinnings of reality are finally pulled away by the powerful tug of fantasy. *The Natural* is a spectacular performance, a sort of *Parzival* on the ball field that combines serious moral fable with pointed comedy, superbly sustained suspense, and sheer wish-fulfillment, zestfully imagined; but in the end the novel entertains more than it convinces because too much of the world as we know it has been rearranged in the service of imaginative play.

*"Sentimentalizing the Jews," September 1965.

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THE Jewish folk figure on which Malamud has modeled most of his protagonists is, of course, the *shlemiel*, the well-meaning bungler, compounded with the *shlimazel*, the hapless soul who is invariably at the wrong end of the bungling. The way he handles this doubly ill-starred figure illuminates his whole artistic relationship to his Jewishness. The *shlemiel* is, we hardly need to be reminded, often an engaging kind of character, and Malamud treats him—most memorably, in the Fidelman stories—with a very special quality of amused sympathy modified by satiric awareness. The spirit of wry folk humor that Malamud has caught in his personages is nicely expressed in the Yiddish joke about the man who comes to a doctor to complain that he talks to himself all the time: when the doctor answers that he, too, talks to himself and that it is really nothing to worry about, the man objects, "But, Doctor, you have no idea what a *nudnik* I am!" Malamud's protagonists are frequently just this: *shlemiels* who talk to themselves, who repeatedly engage in self-confrontation, shrewdly but futilely aware of their own limitations, like Fidelman, "self-confessed failures" caught in the trap of themselves and rankling over their predicament, though just a little amused by it, too.

The *shlemiel-shlimazel*, however, is not merely a source of colorfulness in Malamud's fiction, the stock comic property that the type has become in so much American Jewish fiction. To be a *shlemiel*—which, for Malamud, is almost interchangeable with the idea of being a Jew—means to assume a moral stance, virtually the only possible moral stance in his fictional world. For if circumstances are at best indifferent to this individual, if human beings are so complicated, varied, and confused that to be truly open to another person means to get mixed up with and by him, even hurt by him, the very act of wholehearted commitment to the world of men means being a blunderer and a victim. The only clearly visible alternative to the stance of the *shlemiel* in Malamud's fiction (and this is, of course, a boldly foreshortened version of reality, one good reason why it works better in the short stories than in the novels) is the stance of the manipulator. Gus the Gambler and the sinister club-owner, the Judge, in *The Natural*; Karp, the "lucky" liquor-store neighbor of inveterately luckless Morris Bober in *The Assistant*; Gerald Gilley, the Cascadia professor scheming for the departmental chairmanship in *A New Life*—all these are characters who in varying degrees take a sharply instrumental view of humanity, who manage to stay on top of circumstances and people by being detached from them so that they can merely use them. Gerald Gilley's physical sterility is emblematic of the general condition of moral withdrawal shared by all the manipulators: he can "enjoy" his wife sexually, but, in her expression, "he has no seeds," he cannot give of himself what is ultimately a man's to give a woman in the most intimate of shared experiences. By contrast, S. Levin, the novel's hero, can and does give all to Pauline Gilley, even when he scarcely intends it, so that his openness to the world and his commitment to accept the consequences of his own acts brings him, inevitably, to a *shlemiel*'s fate—ousted from the profession of his choice, burdened with a family he didn't bargain for and a woman he loves only as a matter of principle, rolling westward in his overheating jalopy toward a horizon full of pitfalls.

The *shlemiel*, it should be said, lends himself much more readily to revelation in a short story than to development in a novel, perhaps because his comic victimhood invites the suddenness and externality of slapstick; when that technique is merely multiplied in being transferred to a novel—where we expect more subtlety and innerness, a more discursive and analytic treatment of character—the comedy becomes a little tedious. Thus, in the first hundred pages or so of *A New Life*, S. Levin: has a casserole spilled in his lap, is pissed on by a three-year-old, steps into a cow pie, walks in to teach his first class with (of course) his fly open, slips in front of his school building with an armful of books, is interrupted on two separate occasions at the point of sexual entry. Even when he tries to scale a stone across a pond on a walk with a girl, it sinks! All this is funny up to a point, but after so much repetition it begins to look like sheer reflex on the writer's part, and it is not particularly helpful in establishing the inner life of an anguished intellectual struggling against both his own weakness and the resistance of the world around him to make himself a new man. The accumulated calamities, however, of S. Levin—whose Jewish identity is mentioned only once in the novel, at the very end—suggest why Malamud's symbolic Jews must be *shlemiels*, for, as we shall see, Malamud's central metaphor for Jewishness is imprisonment, and even when no actual enclosing walls are present, his Jews remain manacled and hobbled to their own scapegrace ineptitude.

THE central development of the idea of Jewishness as imprisonment occurs in *The Assistant*. That novel is suffused with images of claustrophobic containment, and Morris Bober's grocery, which is the symbolic locus of being a Jew with all the hard responsibilities entailed thereby, is frequently referred to as a prison. "What kind of man did you have to be," wonders Frank Alpine, "to be born to shut yourself in an overgrown coffin? . . . You had to be a Jew. They were born prisoners." Later, Frank reads some Jewish history, and his understanding of it (Malamud's too, it would appear) is much of a piece with his vision of Bober in the store: "He . . . read about the ghettos, where the half-starved, bearded prisoners spent their lives trying to figure it out why they

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were the Chosen People." Frank himself is from the outset an ideal proselyte in being a kind of Italianate *shlemiel* on his own way into a tight prison: "With me one wrong thing leads to another and it ends in a trap." The real symbol of his conversion to Judaism is his clumsy act of toppling onto Morris Bober's coffin as it is being lowered into the grave; the subsequent circumcision merely pays obeisance to the institutional forms. In this respect, the curve of Frank's experience is paralleled by that of Arthur Fidelman—from the frustrations of a bungler ("The Last Mohican") through the captivity of sexual bewitchment ("Still Life") to the iron jaws of imprisonment ("Naked Nude," where Fidelman is held prisoner by gangsters in a whorehouse, at one point chained hand and foot to his bed).

Claustrophobic images of Jewish experience are hardly Malamud's invention—they recur frequently, for example, in Hebrew writers of the late 19th and early 20th century who rebelled against all that was stifling in the life of the *shtetl*. But the way such images function in Malamud's work is quite new. Since his Jews are, after all, more metaphoric than literal, the imagery of imprisonment turns out to be the symbolic representation of an already symbolic state. This is made explicit in the case of S. Levin, where the prison motif is invoked for the first time at the end of the novel, to elucidate the denouement. Levin, we learn, was originally accepted for the teaching position that led to his comic-disastrous entanglement with the Gilleys because Pauline Gilley happened to spot his picture in a stack of applications and was attracted by his Jewish face—thus capricious fate selects its victims, hardly intending them as victims, and we see how the Jew-as-*shlemiel* is, in the most ironic sense, "chosen" for his destiny. After hearing this story, Levin ponders his future with Pauline Gilley:

> His doubts were the bricks of a windowless prison he was in. . . . The prison was really himself, flawed edifice of failures, each locking up tight the one before. . . . Unless the true prison was to stick it out chained to her ribs. He would look like a free man but whoever peered into his eyes would see the lines of a brick wall.

Imprisonment, like the condition of being a Jew with which it is elsewhere identified, is seen here as a general image for the moral life with all its imponderable obstacles to spontaneous self-fulfillment: it is living in concern for the state of one's soul, which means knowing with an awful lucidity how circumscribed the will is in its ability to effect significant change, how recalcitrant and cowardly it can be, and shouldering the terrible onus of responsibility for one's acts, especially as they are implicated in the lives of others. The prison, like the *shlemiel* who is usually its chief inmate, is Malamud's way of suggesting that to be fully a man is to accept the most painful limitations; those who escape these limitations achieve only an illusory, self-negating kind of freedom, for they become less than responsible human beings. One does not have to be a Jew to be thus enmeshed in the endless untidiness of moral experience—witness the protagonist of "The Prisoner," an Italian in a candy store instead of a Jew in a grocery—but, as the saying goes, it helps, for the Jew, at least as Malamud sees him, has undergone the kind of history that made it difficult for him to delude himself about his defeats and humiliations, that forced him to accept the worst conditions because he had no alternative while trying to preserve his essential human dignity. Malamud sees, moreover, in the collective Jewish experience of the past a model not only of suffering and confinement but also of a very limited yet precious possibility of triumph in defeat, freedom in imprisonment. His reading of Jewish history is clearly undertaken from a rather special angle, and with perhaps less than adequate knowledgeability —European Jewry, even in the ghettos, often was, and felt itself to be, much more than a trapped group of "half-starved, bearded prisoners." Historical accuracy, however, is beside the point, for what is relevant to Malamud's literary achievement is that an aspect of Jewish experience, isolated and magnified, has afforded him the means of focusing in an image his own vision of the human condition.

AGAINST this whole background, Malamud's new novel, *The Fixer*,* emerges as a far less radical departure from his earlier fiction than one might initially conclude. The surface differences, to be sure, between this book and his previous work are abundant and striking. Malamud has always written about spheres of experience with which he was personally familiar; here he sets his novel in Kiev, toward the end of the Czarist regime. Except in a few of his comic fantasies, he has always written about everyday people in a world whose most basic quality is uneventfulness; here his subject is a lurid murder case and an incredible conspiracy against justice. Suffering in his novels and stories has generally been a matter of humiliated egos or the gnawing fears of poverty; in *The Fixer* the central action is a process of suffering through violence, torture by inches, complete with the obscene inventions of a jailer's sadism, an attempted poisoning, a suicide, even Dostoevskian hallucinations including one where a frantic-eyed horse is beaten over the head with a log. Malamud has always known the art of counterpointing a flat, understated style with flights of whimsy and poetic invention, but never before has he written such taut, muscular prose —as, for example, in this prisoner's nightmare, with its stacatto parade of short declarative sentences and sharply-etched physical images that give fantasy the weight and tactile hardness of palpable fact:

*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 352 pp., $5.75.

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The wind wailed mutely in the prison yard. His heart was like a rusted chain, his muscles taut, as though each had been bound with wire. Even in the cold he sweated. Amid the darkly luminous prisoners he saw spies waiting to kill him. One was the grayhaired warden with a gleaming two-headed ax. He tried to hide his crossed eye behind his hand but it shone like a jewel through his fingers. The Deputy Warden, his fly open, held a black bullwhip behind his back. And though the Tsar wore a white mask over his face and another on the back of his head, Yakov recognized him standing in the far corner of the cell, dropping green drops into a glass of hot milk.

Perhaps the greatest external difference between *The Fixer* and Malamud's earlier work is the relationship in it between fiction and actual events. The novel is very closely based on the Beiliss case, the last conspicuous occasion after the Middle Ages when a Jew was actually brought to trial on the charge of ritual murder. By an odd but happy coincidence, Malamud's novel appears in print almost simultaneously with Maurice Samuel's *Blood Accusation*,* an elaborate, painstaking, yet eminently readable account of the complicated details of the Beiliss Case. Many readers of Malamud's novel will want to consult Samuel's book, out of simple historical curiosity, which the novel rouses but of course cannot satisfy, and because of the readily available opportunity to see, through a comparison with the facts, how a novelist has transmuted history into art. On the whole, Malamud has altered very few of the basic facts of the case. His protagonist, Yakov Bok, is, like Mendel Beiliss, the overseer in a Kiev brick factory, a simple man, not much of an observant Jew, who one early spring day in 1911 finds himself to his utter amazement arrested for the murder of a Christian boy whose body has been found in a cave near the brickyard, stabbed many times with a sharp instrument, in a manner, say the accusers, which indicates that the blood was slowly drained to be collected for use in *matzos*. Bok, like Beiliss, is incarcerated for more than two years while the investigating magistrates, in collusion with the most fanatical forces of reaction, trump up a case against him for a murder they more or less know has been committed by a stunningly brazen Russian woman (in the novel, the boy's mother, in fact, the mother of a friend) together with a gang of her habitual partners in theft and orgy.

Malamud's novel follows the train of events from the discovery of the body to the point at which the accused is brought out of prison to be tried. The actual trial ended on an appropriate note of muddled ambiguity, the jury at once acquitting Mendel Beiliss and concluding that the murder had occurred in the brickworks, not in the apartment of the Cheberyak woman where the clearest evidence placed it, and that the child's blood had been methodically drained for unspecified purposes. Malamud rearranges some details of the Beiliss affair in the interests of necessary simplification or even credibility—the Czarist government's case against Beiliss, for instance, was based on such a shabby patchwork of anti-Semitic fantasies that Malamud, in order not to violate novelistic probability, had to invent some shreds of circumstantial evidence for his prosecution to grasp at. Other changes in the actual circumstances are made in order to emphasize themes; to a few of these we shall have occasion to return.

WHY should the Beiliss case attract a serious contemporary novelist and why in particular should Malamud find it a congenial subject? The first half of this question is answered in part by Maurice Samuel in the suggestive, though regrettably brief, Epilogue to his account of the case. The significance of these events, Samuel argues, extends far beyond the historical question of anti-Semitism. The case was really "a crude preview of the possibilities of the twentieth century," one of the early instances of the use by a government of the big lie, through which a powerful bureaucracy totally subverts the moral sense of its individual members and, as Samuel aptly puts it, "makes its assertions with brazen disregard for what is known . . ., seeks, by immense clamor, by vast rhythmic repetition, to make thinking impossible." To translate Samuel's observation from politics to the viewpoint of individual experience, the Beiliss case is one of the first striking public occasions in this century when Kafka's fiction of arbitrary arraignment, of a reality which is governed by an insane, inscrutably perverse logic, became historical fact.

One often feels in *The Fixer* that for Malamud 1911 is 1943 in small compass and sharp focus, and 1966 writ large. The Beiliss case gives him, to begin with, a way of approaching the European Holocaust on a scale that is imaginable, susceptible of fictional representation. For the Beiliss case transparently holds within it the core of the cultural sickness around which the Nazi madness grew, representing as it does a symptomatic junction of the medieval demonological conception of the Jew as satanic enemy to Christ and mankind, and the modern phobic vision of an international Jewish conspiracy, manipulated through commerce and politics and underworld activity by the sinister Elders of Zion. (Murky hints of genocide actually crept into some of the verbal attacks on the Jews during the Beiliss affair, as when they were characterized in the reactionary Russian press, quoted by Samuel, as "an exclusively criminal class which brings death to any wholesome society.") Malamud seems quite conscious of this aspect of his subject, but I would assume that the blood libel and false arrest are even more impor-

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tant to him as an extreme paradigm for the condition of impotence in a mad world that all people today share, whether they live under absolutist regimes or in the mass societies of that part of the world which ritualistically calls itself free. The credo of Bibikov, the one sympathetic government investigator, confided to Yakov Bok in his cell, is substantially the implicit credo of Malamud's earlier fiction, where the settings are contemporary, but it is an affirmation spoken from the heart of a tensely dramatic situation that gives a new kind of stark and bold concreteness to its moral abstractions:

> One often feels helpless in the face of the confusion of these times, such a mass of apparently uncontrollable events and experiences to live through, attempt to understand, and if at all possible, give order to; but one must not withdraw from the task if he has some small thing to offer—he does so at the risk of diminishing his humanity.

The Fixer is clearly Malamud's most powerful novel—and, it seems to me, his first wholly successful one. An important reason for its tight artistic unity is the identity in it between central metaphor and literal fact: the Malamudian prison is here not merely an analogy, a moral and metaphysical state, but has real, clammy, stone walls, excretory stenches, heavy-fisted jailers, dank unheated cells, lice. Similarly, Malamud's symbolic Jew is much more believable here than in his last two novels because the character's symbolic implications flow naturally from the literal fact of his Jewishness which is, after all, the real reason for his arrest. Though to be a Jew in this novel does imply a general moral stance, it also means being involved in the fate of a particular people, actively identifying with its history—in contrast, for example, to Morris Bober, for whom the meaning of Jewishness is exhausted in "to do what is right, to be honest, to be good."

In this connection, one difference between Yakov Bok and Mendel Beiliss is revealing. The brickworks in which Beiliss was employed were in a section of Kiev forbidden for Jewish residence, except to certain classes of Jews who could obtain special permits. Mendel Beiliss had such a permit and lived at the brickworks openly, with his wife and children, on terms of respect and cordiality with his fellow workers. Yakov Bok has no residence permit: he lives alone at the brickworks, under a Gentile name, suspected as a Jew by his fellow workers and thoroughly hated by them. His masquerading as a Russian is the beginning of his troubles when he is arrested, and it is the one crime he freely confesses: "He had stupidly pretended to be somebody he wasn't, hoping it would create 'opportunities,' had learned otherwise—the wrong opportunities—and was paying for learning." (Malamud once before touched on this idea, in a somewhat lighter mood, in "The Lady of the Lake," where Henry Levin-Freeman loses the girl of his dreams by pretending to be a Gentile and thus dissociating himself from the Jewish fate in which she has been tragically involved and to which she is committed.)

Circumstances force Yakov Bok, who sought to escape from the *shtetl* to a new world of possibilities in the big city, into being a Jew despite himself. And he becomes, of course, a Jew in Malamud's special sense, a prisoner placed in progressively restricting confinement—from communal cell to solitary confinement to being shackled to the wall hand and foot—who is mangled physically and mentally by his imprisonment but never lets himself surrender his integrity because of it. Emblems of membership in the traditional community of Jews are thrust on him by his jailers, and he accepts them, with a kind of ironic gratitude, because he has no choice. He is thrown a prayer shawl and phylacteries—the phylacteries he puts aside, the prayer shawl he wraps about him because it gives him warmth. A fistful of bloodstained pages from a Hebrew Bible is flung into his cell—he pieces them together and reads them over and over, fitting the verses to his own fate and hopes, though the God that speaks through the ancient words, in Whom he does not believe, alternately angers him and stirs his pity. Forced in this and related ways to summon up all his inner resources of survival in order to stay sane and alive in solitary confinement, Bok in his cell recapitulates the darkest, most heroic aspects of Jewish existence in the Diaspora.

THE quality of his character, moreover, makes him admirably suited to the task of survival and to his larger symbolic role in the novel. Though the vividly comic aspects of the type are naturally muted, Bok is another of Malamud's plain, earthy Jews, the first of these figures, so happily used in the short stories, to work effectively as a major character in a novel. There is a touch of the knowing *shlemiel* in him—"If there's a mistake to make," he thinks, "I'll make it"—which leads him to expect calamity and ruefully resolve to hold up under it. Meagerly self-taught, he is not a subtle man but is shrewd and straight-thinking. His speech and reflections are laced with the salt of wry Yiddish irony, and his skepticism is tough-minded and unpretentious: "Take my word for it," he tells his pious father-in-law, who tries to convince him that faith in God can sustain him in his sufferings, "it's not easy to be a freethinker, especially in this terrible cell." Perhaps Mendel Beiliss was not so different from this: he laughed out loud just once at his trial, Maurice Samuel reports, when the prosecution solemnly averred that he had the reputation among his fellow workers of being a *tzaddik*, a Hasidic wonder-rabbi.

There is, furthermore, a special thematic appropriateness in the fact that the hero of *The Fixer* is a simple man. Yakov Bok has no desire to become involved in history; at the beginning of

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the novel, we see him as someone who has led a deprived, unhappy life and who merely wants to find a better existence for himself, in that vague and rather pathetic way in which so many of Malamud's protagonists long for "something more worthwhile." But history seizes him by the collar, and at first all he can do is wonder, stunned, why it should all be happening to him—again, Malamud's previous protagonists repeatedly ask themselves much the same question about their misfortunes—"What was a poor harmless fixer doing in prison?" The obvious answer is that he is in prison because he is a Jew. Bok soon arrives at the generalization that "being born a Jew meant being vulnerable to history, including its worst errors." This has largely been true of Jews collectively during two thousand years of exile, and Bok now finds it to bear just as directly and heavily on his own life. Confronted with such awful vulnerability, a man may want to rebel or opt out, seeking to escape the inescapable, but the only alternative for Yakov Bok that will allow him to retain his self-respect is to accept the entanglement in the worst of history together with the responsibility for those who are similarly entangled, making a "covenant with himself," since he can't make one with God, that he will not betray his fellow Jews, that if necessary he will die rather than assent, even through the most oblique compromise, to the lie that would deny their humanity.

The lesson that Bok learns, in short, is Malamud's familiar lesson of the necessity for moral involvement, with all its painful, awkward, humiliating consequences, though the idea emerges from Bok's anguish with greater force than anywhere in the earlier fiction. At the very end of his two-year ordeal of incarceration, as he is carried through the streets of Kiev to the courthouse, surrounded by a mob of faces, some curious or hostile, some even compassionate, he summarizes what he has gradually made clear to himself: "One thing I've learned . . . there's no such thing as an unpolitical man, especially a Jew."

This last sentence nicely states the relationship between particular and universal in this novel and in Malamud's work as a whole. The speaker is undeniably a Jew in all the distinctive qualities of his mental and physical being, his wasted flesh and aching bones. The Jew, however, is conceived by the writer not as a creature *sui generis* but as an extreme and therefore pellucid instance of all men's inevitable exposure to the caprice of circumstance and the insidious snarl of history: all people are in this way "chosen," Jews only more transparently than others. The Jew as Everyman is a kind of literary symbol that is likely to wear thin very quickly; it is a tribute to Malamud's resourcefulness as a writer that he has been able to make the symbolic equation succeed to the extent he has in his stories and novels. In his most recent book, he gives new imaginative weight to his conception of Jewishness by adding to it the crucially important dimension of history, and in so doing he manages to transform his recurrent symbol into the stuff of an urgent, tautly controlled novel that firmly engages the emotions and the intellect as well.

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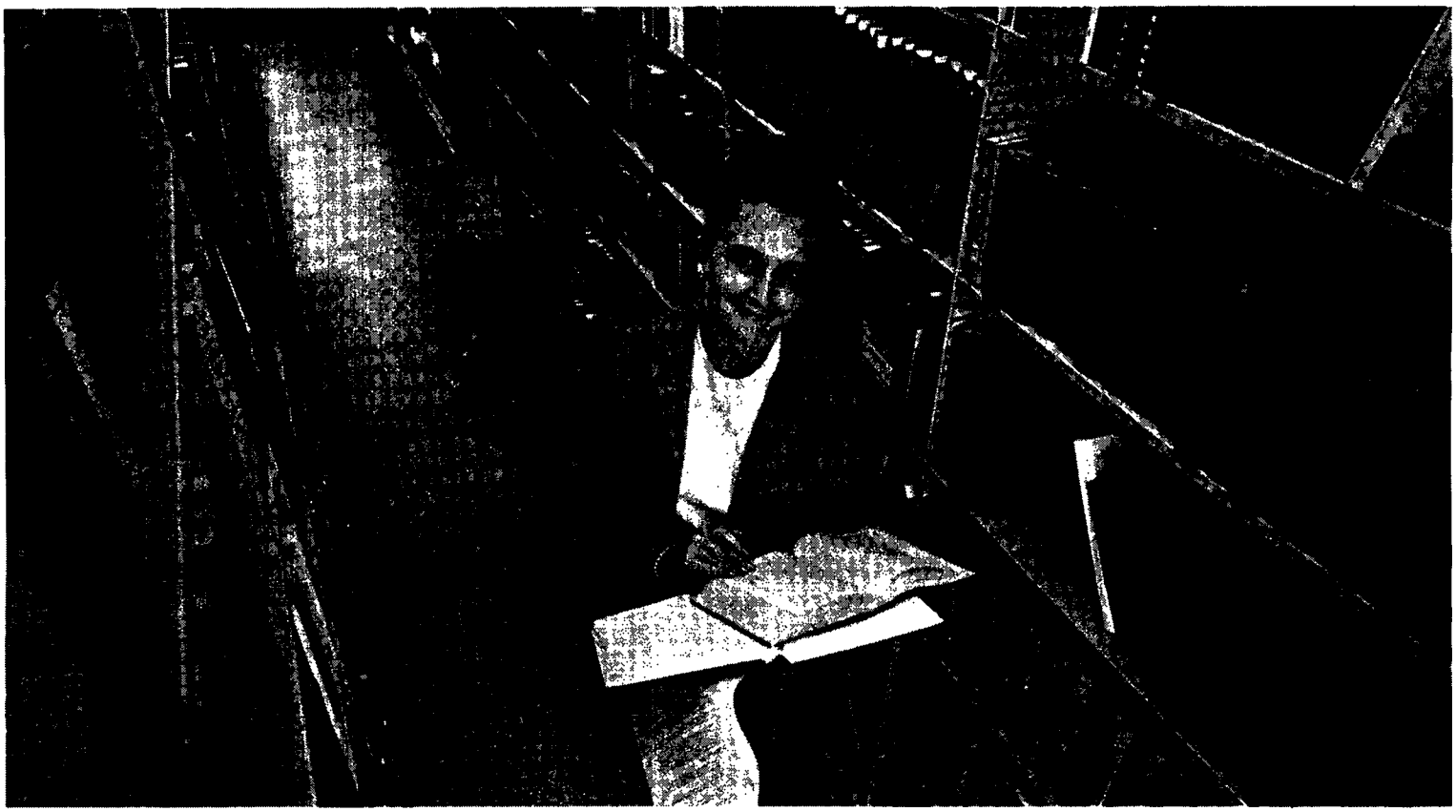

Delores Maximena graduated from "Goldilocks" and "Little Red Riding Hood" at a very early age. Ever since she learned to read at a Detroit grade school—all through high school and the University of Michigan, books have been a big part of her life. Now her livelihood is books. In fact, she is currently working for an advanced degree in Library Science at Michigan.

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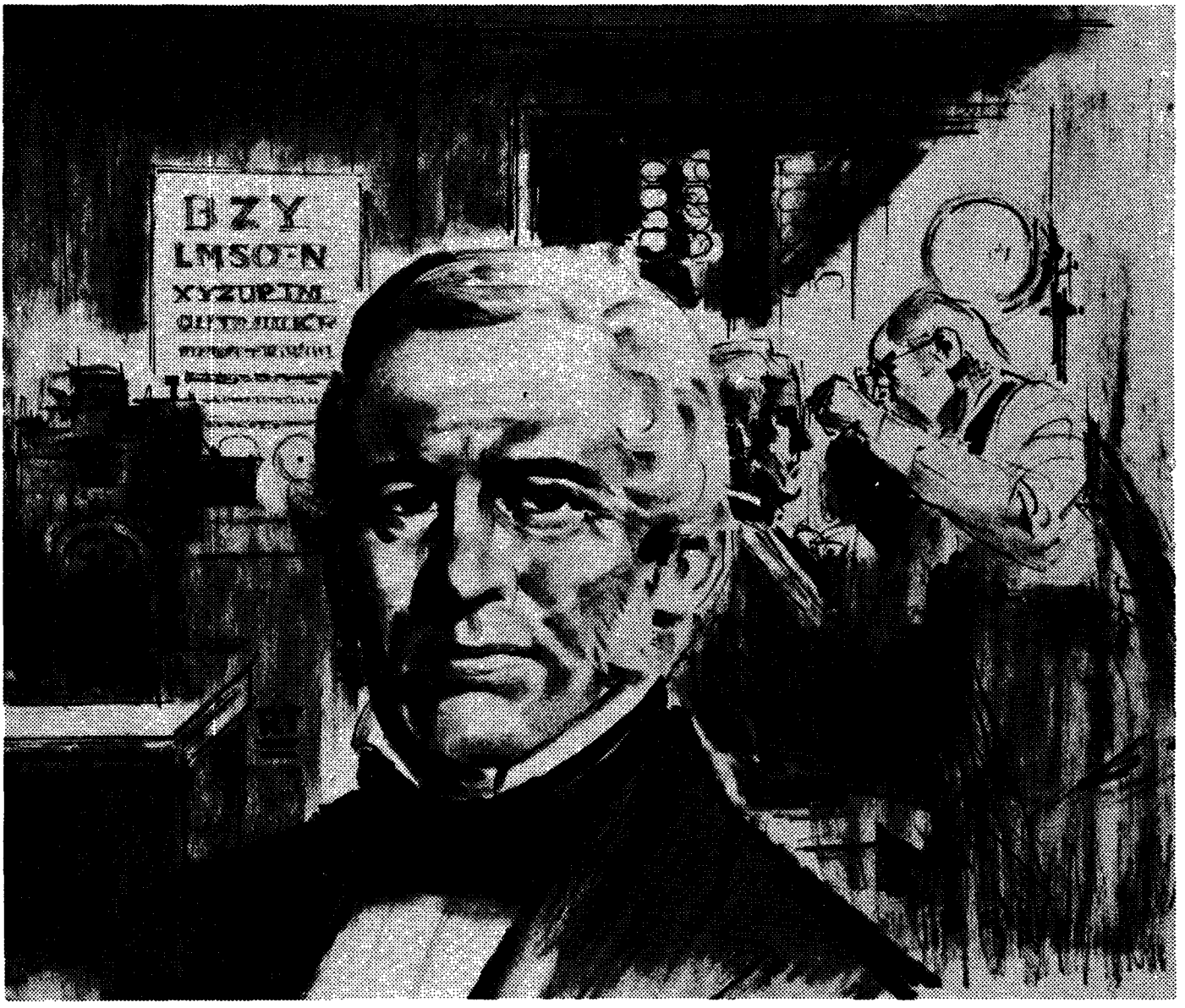

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Co-Founder of the American Medical Association

Technically, Dr. Hays' most important contribution to American medicine was in the field of ophthalmology, being among the first to study color blindness and detect astigmatism. But it is as co-founder of the A.M.A. that his future fame was to rest.

Hays received his B.A. from the University of Pennsylvania, and within two years of graduating from medical college he was appointed to the staff of the Pennsylvania Infirmary of the Eye and Ear.

Not only did Dr. Hays excel in his chosen specialty, he also edited *Hays' Journal*, of which it has been said: "It is one of the few great journals of the world, and one from which it is almost possible to write the progress of American medicine during the past century."

As medical science advanced in skill and prestige, the need for a permanent national organization became evident. In 1847 Dr. Hays led a medical conference in Philadelphia and chaired the committee that presented a series of ethical principles for the guidance of the organization. These rules of conduct were adapted at the formation of the American Medical Association, and continue today as the basis of A.M.A. principles.

Dr. Hays' activities were as numerous as they were varied. In addition to being an expert oculist, he retained a successful general practice. He found time to serve on hospital staffs. He continued to edit and translate medical works, and to publish them as well. But involved as he was with medicine and science, Hays still remained active in Jewish communal affairs, and was a member of Mikvah Israel.

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ON REVIEWING PLAYS

Jack Richardson

WHEN A playwright turns critic, a little bit of him dies. He may feign artistic health for a time and beguile himself with notions of a sensibility split into creative and critical halves without damage, but finally he will have to admit to some degree of spiritual erosion. Whether he is the victim of the romantic myth that decrees eternal battle between those who put passion on the boards and those who gauge their pleasure in the stalls, or of the equally potent cultural opinion that judgment of the arts requires an immoral presumptuousness and a mind forever alien to the real secrets of creation, the playwright-turned-critic must feel, like a young girl hastening to her first overnight rendezvous, a passing forever of virgin mysteries.

Of course, by criticism I do not mean theoretical writing whereby the dramatist tries to outline an aesthetic that will buttress and defend his art. Every artist is entitled to set down his philosophy of style in a leisurely, expansive manner disallowed by the compressed form of his art. Nor do I mean testimonials to greatness and to influences from the past. To write in homage of a master, even to quibble with him from time to time, has always proved, when the author himself plies the same trade as his subject, to be an essay in self-identification. Coleridge on *Hamlet* brilliantly defines Coleridge; Racine on Euripides argues cogently for French abstract nouns; Shaw on Shakespeare let the world know exactly what it could expect from Shaw. There is no doubt that such essays intend only to give as rich a background as possible for their own attempts at a fresh language and new attitudes.

The criticism I am talking about is of a humbler nature. When the mood is respectful, it is called "literary journalism"; in most instances, however, the less noble but more apposite "reviewing" is used. At this level of criticism, the playwright-reviewer sets out of an evening preordained to judge not the depth of his personal sympathy with the play before him, but supposedly its worth. As a human being, of course, he is permitted prejudices, but they are not to be so idiosyncratic as to make his readers suspect that his reviews are only disguised plumpings for the mode of play he himself has written or will write. In short, press tickets in hand, he takes his place among those whom his heart has often cursed for being ungraced incompetents, and he wonders if any decent muse will cavort with him ever again.

Being a playwright-critic about to start a second season of reviewing—meaning that the condition cannot any longer be flicked away as temporary—I felt I owed myself a dialogue on just what I was up to. The form that it has taken is a concession to the dramatist in me; the argument, a pacification of my critical humors:

Playwright: After your introduction, I don't think there need be any further discussion. You yourself acknowledged the breach of artistic ethic. A little bit of me *has* died.

Critic: Don't forget that you were part author of that introduction. If there was any dramatic hyperbole, that's your responsibility.

Playwright: There! Already turned into a quibbler. I suppose you think that pronouncing judgments on other playwrights is a laudable occupation. You know the agonies, the fears, and the prayers for *some* authority of style that goes into every line I put down. Who are you, or even we, to go about grading that authority in others?

Critic: When you had complete dominion over us, you had plenty of critical notions about your past and present colleagues. You also were prone to commenting on the abilities of certain actors and directors about town, weren't you?

Playwright: Verbally, yes. I didn't drape my ideas in judicial robes of print to give them a puffed-up air of majesty.

Critic: You assume the critic's ever on the attack. True, the theater gives him a large opportunity to play the journalistic wag at the expense of efforts which never for a moment consider themselves art. But that's a barren enterprise unless the critic makes his outrage interesting of itself. Even then, one is finally more intrigued by, say, what Shaw thought of Ibsen than by his sallies against plays like *True Blue* and *The Manxman*. If the critic must foam over what he considers an incidental outrage perpetrated upon art, he should always indicate strongly to the reader what general alternatives he has in the back of his mind. Otherwise his remarks are just unanchored whining.

But to get back to your distinction between written and verbal pronouncements. Which do you think pays art more respect? Some extempore saloon rhetoric, or a reasoned article for which we take open and sober responsibility with our signatures?

Playwright: Do you think all that sober effort has any value beyond self-indulgence? It never did for me. I have nothing against criticism except its irrelevance to the artist. You can wound him, but that's the only commerce there'll ever be between you.

Critic: You know very well that I'm not addressing myself to other playwrights. I realize that they are only interested in praise, and rightly so. Actors and directors may be a little more susceptible to quick critical remedies, but even they never swallow a review whole.

Playwright: If you talk about responsibility for enlightening the public. . . .

Critic: No, the public disposed to read me does not need any enlightenment or aesthetic "guidelines."

Playwright: Then why squander precious energy that I could make good use of?

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Critic: Suppose I said it was for money or for the feeling of power that comes when you see your opinions solidified in print?

Playwright: I'd say that you were trying to get off the hook by pretending to lowminded motives. It's the hip style of our time for a person to shrug off charitable instincts as feelings of guilt or turn noble impulses into instances of egomania. It keeps you from being responsible for your pretensions. But I know you well enough to be certain that behind this new trade lie some embarrassingly old-fashioned ideals.

Critic: If you had been as unsparingly honest in your plays, they might have had longer runs. But you are right. I do have a shamefully proper reason for taking up theater criticism. It's simply that I think the contemporary dramatic form is important enough to have, with some regularity, intelligent and considered responses to its best moments. Apart from the occasional remarks of general critics and the random jottings of academicians dispatched to the front lines, we don't have so much as a handful of steady reviewers whose opinions mean anything. Though it's no doubt the most exasperating and capricious of all the arts, the theater still merits, when on its best behavior, as complex a response as does any poem or novel. Perhaps even more so, for no book reviewer is called upon to weigh the effect on his judgment of a volume's typesetting or to try and ferret out a sonnet's worth while it's being read by an adenoidal stutterer.

Playwright: That's all very well. But you still end up rating "good" or "bad." And that makes it very hard to live with you.

Critic: I can only emphasize again the word "complex." That means that my whole life, with whatever cultivation and intelligence that formed it, stands behind the judgment.

Playwright: Judgment! Always judgment! Is that necessary? Can't you simply be in awe and describe *that* feeling?

Critic: You're talking about confronting a masterpiece, something so overwhelming that no ordinary life can ingest it. In such cases, awe is the proper attitude. But if critics were to wait for these phenomenal moments, their silences would be depressingly long. Whether for better or worse, artists are now conditioned to critical response, and to deny it to all but the supreme geniuses would be a cause for more chaos than an unflattering opinion could ever bring about. No, there is nothing wrong in saying "good" or "bad" so long as there is evidence that the critic has earned the right to stand spokesman for a good section of his civilization. Whether he is wrong or right is, of course, important; but more important still is that the art he respects does not drift by, entombed in silence.

Playwright: All right. The apology for criticism is all very noble. But let's drag the argument down to the messy terrain of my workaday difficulties. After all, my name's

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being tagged onto those articles too, and that must make it seem that there is a lot of pride and prejudice in these reviews.

Critic: If that's so, if it seems that our essays are topheavy with the peculiarities of a playwright some distance away from convincing the world that he has mastered his art, then I'll soon be out of a job and your problems will be over. But, if you'll excuse me, I think it is only artistic vanity that causes this concern anyway.

Playwright: There's no vanity in worrying whether or not you might be stultifying to me. Mulling over standards and "complex" observations on drama through the ages doesn't make it easy for me to commit spontaneous mistakes as an artist. And if I don't chance a hundred of those, you can give up all hope of my ever becoming first-rate. Another critic has said that a society unwilling to risk melodrama will never achieve tragedy. The same is true for an artist. He has to risk making a fool of himself over and over again, and the more dangers he's aware of, the harder it is for him. I'm not championing ignorance, but you know very well that you could turn me into one of those cautious miniaturists who perfects a small area and doesn't offend the sensibilities of anyone—that is to say a diffident artist. A gloomy contradiction in terms.

Critic: That might be true if I thought you would always be disposed to listen with detachment to me. But when you get the notion that grace has fallen upon you, that some angel has vouchsafed you a vision of a play that you uniquely can fashion, then I'll be blotted from your mind.

Playwright: I hope so. I'd hate to have to ponder over whether each line I wrote proved you had a right to condemn or were accurate when you praised.

Critic: Don't worry. I'll be nudged aside. You'll have all the freedom you want to make yourself a spontaneous fool and keep your artistic self-respect.

Playwright: I don't know if I'm the victim of a little sweet sophistry, but I think I'm beginning to come to terms with you.

Critic: It will only be temporary. We can't and shouldn't live in harmony even though we need each other.

Playwright: Need? I've agreed to coexistence, but need is something else.

Critic: You need me to take your eyes on occasion off the details of your own art and put your observations into a common-market style. Whatever your opinion of these observations is worth, the fact that they have *some* exchange value means that your mind's not locked in complete solitude. You'll admit that it's of some comfort to know that the next intimations of creation are the result of imagination and not of delirium tremens.

Playwright: You don't get another assent from me for the rest of this argument. But supposing that there is mutual need, what's in it for you?

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Playwright: Well, I won't toast this condominium, but I'll endure it. I just hope that with all your good intentions you don't snuff out what little divine fire I have.

Critic: I too hope not, for I assure you I need its warmth every bit as much for my reviews as you do for your second acts.

JACK RICHARDSON, *our regular theater critic, is the author of a number of plays, including* The Prodigal, Gallows Humor, Lorenzo, *and* Xmas in Las Vegas.

* * *

THE UN-AMERICAN JEW

Earl Berger

TO THE casual observer the Jews of Canada resemble nothing so much as a slightly underdeveloped extension of the sprawling Jewish community of the northeastern United States, with one difference: they have a dated air about them—as if they had not yet entirely moved out of the 1930's. Their malaise, however, goes deeper than that, and in a certain sense is ultimately traceable to confusions that plague Canada itself.

It is, of course, true that, like their U.S. relations, Canadian Jews live in prosperous suburban ghettos; that they boast a high proportion of doctors, lawyers, and accountants (the rest are businessmen and white-collar workers); that as a group they are socially visible (they build large synagogues and hospitals and schools) and culturally active (they support the arts and progressive family-welfare agencies). Then, too, as in the United States, fund-raising constitutes a central dynamic of the community, more so than synagogue attendance (only 50 per cent of the families in a city like Toronto belong to a synagogue). The intermarriage rate for Jews across the country now stands at about 18 per cent (it was 3.8 per cent in 1931) and the birthrate is lower than the national average. In fact, Canadian and U.S. Jewries are so closely identified in social structure that a study of Jews in Forest Hill, Toronto (John R. Seely's *Crestwood Heights*) is used as a standard text in U.S. college sociology courses.

Nevertheless, beneath the icing of the standard North American suburban style, the Canadian Jew lives in his own world, a world characterized by all the inexperience, complexity, and mediocrity of his Canadian ambience.

Like Canada itself, Canadian Jewry is young and scarcely formed. In 1871 there were probably not 1,000 Jews in the entire country; in 1901 there were only 3,000 in Toronto. Today there are about 260,000 Jews* in a population of 19.6 million—or 1.39 per cent. About 200,000 Jews live in Montreal and Toronto; another 20,000 live in Winnepeg, a thousand miles away; 8,000 live in Vancouver, a thousand miles further on; and 6,000 in Ottawa, the country's capital. The rest are scattered across another forty-five cities and towns.

Forty per cent of Canada's Jews were born abroad (mostly in Eastern Europe) and almost one in every four arrived after the outset of the Second World War. "Europeanization" is still so strong a tendency in Canada that Toronto and Montreal are probably the only cities left in North America (apart from New York) which contain the entire spectrum of European *Landsmanschaften,* sick-benefit societies, and the like, as well as the full complement of right, center, and left-wing labor, Zionist, and religious groupings—a political fragmentation analogous to that in the country at large.

Partly because it is younger, the Canadian Jewish community is substantially less affluent than American Jewry. To be sure, the cost of living in Canada is somewhat higher, and the wage scale significantly lower, than in the United States. But despite the comparative wealth of some Canadian Jews, most of them do not seem to have moved ahead as much or as rapidly as their American counterparts. In North York, Toronto, the heart of the Jewish middle class, the average annual salary of the Jewish wage earner (male) is $5,033—$50 less than the average male salary in the suburb as a whole. In Toronto's wealthy Forest Hill, the Jewish wage earner, with an average salary of $5,568, earns $200 less than the suburb's average.

Another consequence of its youth is that Canadian Jewry has, from the beginning, been dominated by the older, larger, wealthier, and immensely more powerful American Jewish community to the south. Canadian Jewry never had (perhaps never tried to have) the opportunity to create its own indigenous leadership and institutions suited to the peculiar conditions of Canada. The main offices of Canadian Jewry's synagogue associations and of its men's and women's service clubs are in the United States. Canadian Jewry has not produced any outstanding communal leaders of the caliber, for example, of Louis Marshall. Canadian Jews send money to the Jewish Theological Seminary and Brandeis University, but they have not built any important centers of higher Jewish learning in Canada itself. There is no intellectual community of any consequence; no journals of the quality even of the *National Jewish Monthly;* no outstanding native-born rabbis or scholars (some were born in Can-

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*This is an approximation based on the 1961 census figure of 254,368 Jews. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics, unlike its U.S. counterpart, provides information on religious background. Jews can identify themselves under religion and/or ethnic origin. The rough figures used in this article are drawn mainly from the *Canadian Jewish Population Studies* by Lewis Rosenberg, director of the Canadian Jewish Congress Research Bureau, Montreal.

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ada and have left, and those who are now here came from somewhere else and will probably leave in time). There are a few talented Jewish writers. The best known is probably Mordecai Richler who is truly representative in that he is exploring themes that were heavily tilled in the United States in the 1930's—and in that he lives outside the country.

As a result, while Canadian Jewry does a booming cultural business with guest speakers, panel discussions, and weekend seminars, intellectually it is a sterile community. None of the numerous organizations and groups has made a real effort to come to grips with the Canadian environment (people sit placidly listening to an American speaker talk about "North American Jewry" and assume that what he says about U.S. Jewry must be pertinent to their situation); nor has Canadian Jewry's leadership evoked any self-conscious awareness in the community of the direction in which it is, or should be, moving. As for the one indigenous organization of any consequence—the Canadian Jewish Congress—it is rapidly losing ground to the individual synagogues, where U.S. influence is dominant.

THE contribution of Americans to Canadian-Jewish cultural life has been decisive, if sometimes less than helpful. In the United States, for example, it is a fundamental tenet of liberal democracy—at least it was until recently—that church and state should be separate and that government tax funds should not be used to subsidize parochial schools. In Canada, however, tax support for parochial schools was a *sine qua non* of Confederation. Quebec would not have entered Confederation without a constitutional guarantee that Catholics—i.e., French-speaking Canadians—could have their school taxes diverted to their own separate school system. If one considers the situation purely within a Canadian context, therefore, there are real reasons for Jews, and members of other minorities, to lend backing to legislation that would provide the same tax support to schools of any religious, or even ethnic, group. But in Winnipeg, Montreal, and Toronto, where—because of the rapidly-expanding Jewish schools—the issue is most important, the Jews have split almost down the middle, with the majority so far opposing government assistance. Encouraged by their U.S.-trained officials, they draw their arguments from a largely irrelevant political tradition, although they also cite what they describe as traditional Canadian opposition to such aid. In effect, however, what they are referring to is Protestant opposition to Catholic schools, or, more bluntly, British Canada's opposition to French Canada.

In 1930, the Jews of Quebec were offered their own school system. Absurdly faithful to an untenable doctrine, they chose instead to have their tax dollars go to the Protestant schools. Now, thirty-five years later, the Protestants still refuse to allow Jews the unrestricted right to sit on the board of educa-

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tion, and Jewish teachers suffer from severe legal discrimination. In self-defense, Montreal Jewry has had to build its own school system (it now enrolls four thousand children), which it pays for out of its own pocket. Quebec Protestants are opposed to any renewal of the 1930 offer because, if the Jews accepted, the Protestant schools would lose Jewish tax dollars.

ALL THESE are symptoms of a fundamental unease. Basically what marks off the Canadian from the American Jew is his profound insecurity. He still hovers on the fringes of Canadian life, where, uncertain and apologetic, a little prone to tug his forelock, he humbly acknowledges his gratitude to the politicians who annually reassure him during Brotherhood Week that he really does belong. His insecurity, however, despite its superficial similarity to that felt by American Jews two generations ago, can be traced to more than a simple time lag; it is part of the very fabric of what might be described as the national non-consciousness.

If the United States, in FDR's phrase, was founded by revolutionaries and immigrants, Canada was founded by counter-revolutionaries and British subjects, by men who had forsaken radicalism and owed loyalty to the King and to Whig history. Canada has no revolutionary ethic, no assurance that all men are created equal, no ingrained tradition of civil liberties, no protective Bill of Rights (there is a Bill, but it is not protective), no Emma Lazarus to write words of welcome on a Statue of Liberty, no Statue of Liberty. Canada's founding fathers are famous mainly for the wild parties they threw on the eve of Confederation, itself the long-negotiated result of a calculated merging of narrow, provincial interests. Canada has one Old Country, Britain; one mother tongue, English; and one religion, Protestantism. All the talk one hears today of "two founding races" and "biculturalism" is a sop thrown by the British Canadians to the Quebecois whom they regard as inferior but dangerous.

(In another sense, the Canadian Jew's insecurity, as well as his Zionism, typifies the larger Canadian quandary which is, *toute simple,* whether Canada is going to be around long enough to justify an overriding commitment or whether it will sink inertly into the U.S.)

In a fascinating study of power in Canada,* John Porter explains what every European immigrant has always known: that Canada is dominated by a comparatively small British charter group which reinforces itself annually by large drafts of immigrants from Britain who move into the skilled and professional positions; and that this practice blocks the upward mobility of the non-British and the less affluent British Canadians who learn at an early age to forsake ambition.

This charter group dominates the economic life of the country (which explains much of the current trouble in Quebec), and the intellectual and cultural life in English-speaking Canada (which explains its dullness and mediocrity and the national stupidity over Quebec). Non-WASP immigrants are welcome, but only as culturally second-class citizens. Although they constitute almost half the non-French speaking population, they have been persuaded by the "Protestant" public schools that Canada really is Anglo-Saxon and that their own old-country values and culture are definitely not suitable. Porter remarks that Canada is unique among Western countries in having so few Jews in the higher levels of the intellectual community. This may not signify anti-Semitism, he suggests kindly; it may indicate, rather, that Canadian-born Jewish intellectuals find life here so oppressive that they all emigrate. The same could be said of other non-British ethnic groups in Canada.

There is, then, no open "Canadian" society to which a Jew, or any member of the non-British and French groups, can belong on his own terms. Canada is a country deeply fragmented along religious, ethnic, and class lines. (Even the Catholics are divided into French, Mediterranean, Eastern European and British varieties.) So long as this fragmentation persists—and because of Quebec it will for many years—a cohesive Jewish community remains not only a convenience but a necessity.

HOW FAR removed the milieu of Canadian Jewry is from the American Jewish experience can be seen by looking at Montreal. Suspended between the mutually antagonistic Quebecois and WASP cultures, Montreal's 110,000 Jews have developed their own inner dynamism and have made a greater cultural impact on English-speaking Canada than any other non-British group. Inside Quebec itself, Montreal Jews have traditionally allied themselves with the (Protestant) British minority. At the same time, Montreal Jewry has always been sympathetic to the Quebec radicals who sought to turn out the reactionary regime of Maurice Duplessis's *Union Nationale.* But this sympathy never extended to the French-speaking Canadian as a person, or to Quebec nationalist movements acting to overthrow the economic power of the ruling British minority.

Quebec nationalists, full of admiration for the way in which the state of Israel has confronted Arab hostility, have repeatedly asked the Jews to join them in freeing Quebec from the domination of the British charter group. Some young Jews do identify with the movement, and the community as a whole supports a small journal established to promote good relations between Jew and Quebecois; but the involvement is financial rather than emotional. As a community the Jews have so far avoided a definite commitment to Quebec nationalism, perhaps because they remain fearful of any change in the status quo. Ironically, there are ten thousand French-speaking North African Jews in Montreal who could constitute a bridge between the Jews and French Canada, but the North Africans are themselves largely ignored by Montreal's European Jewry.

Officials of the Canadian Jewish Congress say that they have given up trying to persuade Montreal Jewry to participate more actively in the nationalist movement. It is not so much that the nationalists

*John Porter, *The Vertical Mosaic, An Analysis of Social Class and Power in Canada,* University of Toronto Press, 1965.

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are anti-Semites who must be appeased—the CJC, crossing its fingers, thinks they are not. But a nationalism designed to improve French-speaking Canadians' opportunities in the middle and upper income brackets is certain to hurt the Jews badly, at least for a while. Like the Jew in Harlem, the Montreal Jew is a shopkeeper, a middleman, a professional, and as such he constitutes a kind of white man's bridgehead in the black man's territory.

With the *Union Nationale* back in power, Quebec now has a government composed of a ragbag of conservative and reactionary elements, based on the rural areas where traditional Catholicism still runs strong, fighting to preserve a "French-Canadian way of life," and opposed, in part, by English bankers and Jewish merchants and intellectuals.

It must be said on the other side, however, that like Canada itself, Canadian Jewry has tremendous energy for a community so small and scattered. Until now much of that energy has been dissipated in the multitude of organizational loyalties inherited from Europe or acquired from the United States—some of them irrelevant to the Canadian context. But it does finally begin to seem as if something is being done. A self-defense movement is gaining ground, still undirected and not yet self-conscious. but present nonetheless. There has been a very rapid increase in the number and quality of Jewish day schools and afternoon schools. Twenty years ago, Jewish children in Toronto went to Sunday schools where they were taught mostly by well-meaning parents, while a few of the more Orthodox went to rather bad, European-oriented day schools. Today, the Toronto Sunday school has been replaced with afternoon schools operating three times a week and staffed by trained teachers. The day schools, some of them extremely good, handle 600 pupils and could take more if the funds were available; a good high school is in the offing, and it is likely that an institute for higher Jewish studies will develop within the next decade. Between 33 and 35 per cent of Canadian Jewish youngsters now attend full-time Jewish schools (the figure in the United States is 8 to 10 per cent). Although the quality of these schools varies considerably, and the teachers—often from the United States, Israel, and elsewhere—frequently understand little about the Canadian milieu, their existence represents a major step toward the creation of a self-confident Canadian Jewish community, trained in two heritages and, one hopes, capable of integrating them into a coherent whole. The danger is—and this is Canada's own problem too—that despite these advances Canadian Jewry will not bestir itself out of its energetic but disoriented adolescence to provide the self-conscious leadership and institutions it so badly needs.

EARL BERGER *is director of a consulting firm for urban planning in Toronto, and the author of* The Covenant and the Sword, Arab-Israeli Relations, 1948-56, *published last year by the University of Toronto Press.*

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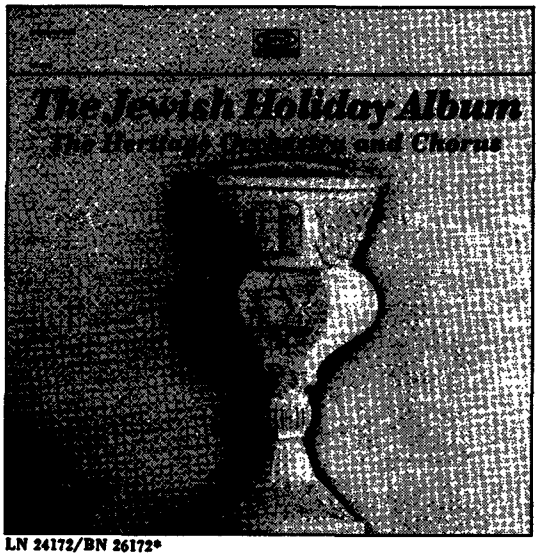

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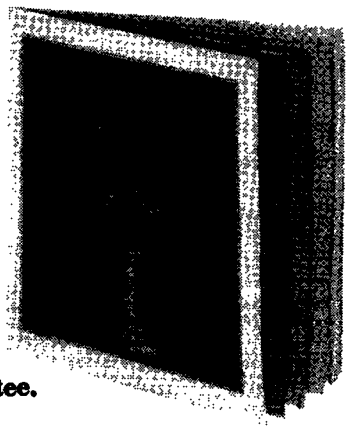

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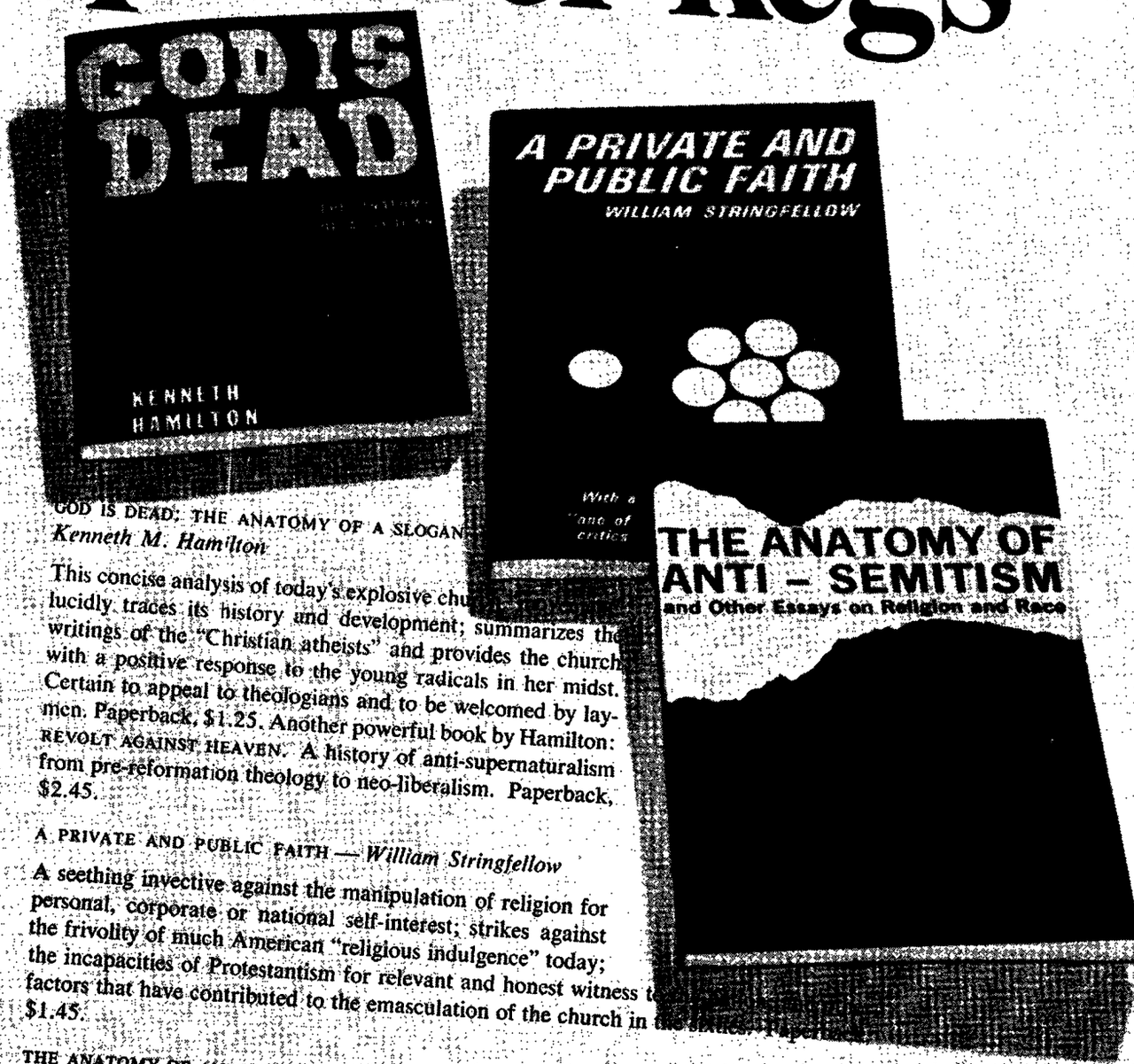
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ELIOT'S LEGACY

TO CRITICIZE THE CRITIC. By T. S. ELIOT. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 189 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by JOSEPH FRANK

TO CRITICIZE THE CRITIC is a mixed bag of lectures on literary and socio-cultural topics given by T. S. Eliot at various times between 1942 and 1961. By way of a bonus, the book also includes Eliot's early pamphlet on Ezra Pound and some reflections on *vers libre*, both originally published in 1917. Most of these essays overlap in date with those of Eliot's previous volume of criticism, *On Poetry and Poets* (1957), but for one reason or another, they did not appear in that book. The non-literary pieces were probably excluded to preserve the unity of that work as literary criticism; the properly literary essays, one suspects, were felt to be too casual and perfunctory to be definitively enshrined in a volume. (Eliot's collections of criticism contain only a small part of his voluminous journalism; one hopes that all his essays and reviews will soon be made available in book form.)

With the exception of the essay entitled "From Poe to Valéry," which is probably the best piece of criticism written by Eliot in his last twenty years, these articles are more interesting for their occasional personal glimpses of Eliot than for anything they have to say. One can feel in them the natural tendency of advancing age to ruminate and reminisce rather than to engage with the challenge of new subjects. And the intermittent elegiac note in the book—as when Eliot refers "to those of us who succeed in dying in advance of our reputations"—gives a touch of poignancy to these final reflections of a major 20th-century mind and sensibility.

The personal observations that Eliot scatters through these essays, most notably in the lecture that gives the present book its title, do not really say anything that two generations of zealous commentators have not long since noted and discussed. There is a certain piquancy, however, in Eliot's confession that his best criticism has always been simply a reflection of his personal taste. After all, it was Eliot who changed the course of English criticism by his attacks on Impressionist critics like Pater, Swinburne, and Arthur Symons, charging that they wrote about their own subjective impressions rather than about works of art. But now Eliot unabashedly declares that his own criticism expressed primarily his intimate poetic interests and preoccupations; and he even attributes the continued popularity of his early essays on the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists to the warmth of advocacy arising from his personal involvement. "It was from these minor dramatists that I, in my own poetic formation, had learned my lessons; it was by them, and not by Shakespeare, that my imagination had been stimulated, my sense of rhythm trained, and my emotions fed."

One might add that the same can be said of Eliot's relation to such writers as Donne and the English Metaphysicals, as well as to French Symbolists like Laforgue, Corbiére, and Baudelaire. It was Eliot's intimate sense of identification with these writers that sparked the literary revolution linked with his name and which proceeded under the influence of his poetry and essays. That revolution reacted against the Romantic tradition of English poetry in favor of the toughness and intellectual complexity of the Metaphysicals, the bitter, disillusioned irony of Laforgue and Corbière, and the moral intensity of Baudelaire. Eliot quotes Baudelaire's marvelous lines: *"Fourmillante Cité, cité pleine de rêves,/Où le spectre en plein jour raccroche le passant. . . ."** and he remarks: "I knew what *that* meant, because I had lived it before I knew that I wanted to turn it into verse on my own account."

Eliot's poetry, in his own opinion, was far more important than his essays in helping to turn the spotlight on such writers and elevating them to the status of major precursors of the modern. "As the taste for my own poetry spread," he comments, "so did the taste for the poets to whom I owed the greatest debt and about whom I wrote." Criticism, he believes, cannot itself bring about a change in literary taste; it is the artists who create such a change by their creations. This is unquestionably true, and it explains why critical movements that have no relation to a living literature—such as the American Humanism that influenced Eliot, or Chicago Neo-Aristotelianism—are likely to remain academic backwaters. If the New Criticism exercised considerable influence, it was not because its theoretical principles were superior to those of its opponents (in some cases they were much narrower) but because its perspective and methods sprang from the new style then taking over in literature. Yet, while the enormous impact of Eliot's criticism is at least partially explicable by the great vogue for his poetry, its authority also derives from other, more indigenously critical attributes.

AT FIRST sight, it may seem as though Eliot's stress on the very personal roots of his criticism involves a repudiation of his original position; but his theory of impersonality never meant that he believed the critic could become some kind of monster of non-being with no preferences or opinions. The motto that he took from Rémy de

* *"Swarming city, city filled with dreams/Where the ghostly grips the passerby in blaze of day. . . ."*—J.F.

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Gourmont, and which he used as an epigraph for his famous essay on "The Perfect Critic," runs as follows: *"Eriger en lois ses impressions personnelles, c'est le grand effort d'un homme s'il est sincère."* In other words, a man (or critic) honest with himself will not be content to stay on the level of personal impression, but will try to generalize, to find the laws or objective structures that determine and control the impressions he receives from a work of art. And the value of Eliot's criticism—so far as one can assign it to anything except the gift of impeccable insight—is clearly founded on his efforts to live up to this injunction. In *To Criticize the Critic*, he says that "When I have written about Baudelaire, or Dante, or any other poet who has had a capital importance in my development, I have written *because* that poet has meant so much to me, but not about myself, but *about* that poet and his poetry." Thus, in a more informal way, he reiterates and affirms the position he originally assumed in quoting de Gourmont almost half a century before. The personal interest of the critic in the poet does not contradict but is presupposed in, and absorbed by, the attempt to analyze the "laws" of the effect of the poetry.

If Eliot's criticism has played such a powerful role in shifting the perspective of English literary history, it is because he never forgot that he was writing "*about* that poet and his poetry." In his essays on the minor Elizabethans, for example, he exhibits a complete mastery of the historical context in which they worked both artistically and intellectually; in Eliot's criticism there is never any of the antagonism to "history" that turns up in the efforts of some of his more obtuse epigoni. But Eliot responded to this historical context with a new intensity and freshness, and with a new feeling for artistic quality, because he could apprehend an analogy between his own artistic aims and the situation and sensibility of earlier writers. Unlike some recent critics, who simply translate the past into one or another currently fashionable critical language, Eliot respected the autonomy of the past, as it were, while seeking in it new sources of inspiration for the present. This was the manner in which his criticism exemplified his conception of tradition: to feel both the pastness of the past and its vital contemporaneity at the same time.

Speaking of the main influences on his early criticism, Eliot singles out the names of Irving Babbitt and Ezra Pound and refers to "an infusion later of T. E. Hulme and of the more literary essays of Charles Maurras." The coupling of the names of Babbitt and Pound, Eliot remarks, is "not so incongruous as might at first sight appear"; but this only indicates to what extent Eliot himself felt the incongruity. And there *is* something incongruous in linking the staid Harvard professor and defender of a straitlaced Humanism, to whom all of modern literature since Rousseau was anathema, with the irreverent, flamboyant aesthete whom *Punch* called "a blend of the imagery of the unfettered West, the vocabulary of Wardour Street, and the sinister abandon of Borgiac Italy." (This little gem is preserved by Eliot himself in the Pound brochure.) Nevertheless, both were united in their opposition to 19th-century Romanticism. Babbitt objected to the Romantics on moral grounds, Pound on aesthetic ones; Eliot's genius consisted in overlooking the superficial differences between the two and seeing the deep, underlying connection. As a result, Babbitt's scandalized rejection of the emotional laxity of all forms of individualism and sentimentalism was brought into relation with the very latest trend in modern poetry and became more than a dusty, academic neo-Puritanism. And, in turn, Pound's random critical excursions into the past, his hit-or-miss *obiter dicta* about poetry, were given a solid and respectable historical foundation in a comprehensive theory of modern culture. Taken independently, neither Babbitt nor Pound possessed half the persuasive power each attained when Eliot adroitly fused them together.

THE TWO most important general ideas that Eliot launched into critical discussion were "the objective correlative" and "the dissociation of sensibility." That the first of these ideas was a commonplace in Imagist circles around the period of the First World War is interestingly revealed in Eliot's essay on Pound. Quoting a review of Pound's *Cathay* by Ford Madox Ford, Eliot transcribes the following sentence: "Poetry consists in so rendering concrete objects that the emotions produced by the objects shall arise in the reader." Two years later Eliot, in his essay on "Hamlet and His Problems," was to write that "the only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion. . . ." On the basis of this view, Eliot declared *Hamlet* a failure as a play because Shakespeare had been unable adequately to objectify the motivation of the main character. As for "the dissociation of sensibility," Eliot distinguished the style of Donne and the Metaphysicals from that of their successors in terms of a separation that had occurred between thought and feeling. He contended that the Metaphysicals fused the two, while Milton, Dryden, the Augustans, and the Romantics used one or the other in comparative and impoverishing isolation.

The aged Eliot of *To Criticize the Critic* alludes to these much fought-over ideas with a certain weariness, and writes that "I am always at a loss what to say, when earnest scholars, or schoolchildren, write to ask me for an explanation." They now seem to him to be only "conceptual symbols for emotional preferences"—in the one case, his preference for the later plays of Shakespeare over *Hamlet*, and in the other his reaction against the Miltonic influence on English poetry. The astonishing career of these concepts, however, can be traced to Eliot's ability to turn his preferences into instruments of critical inquiry rather than leaving them, like Ford and Pound, to stand simply as statements of provocative opinion. One can differ with the assertions of both Ford and Eliot on the grounds of abstract aesthetic prin-

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ciple, and very few people agree with Eliot's judgment about *Hamlet*. But the analysis of *Hamlet* in terms of "the objective correlative" supplied criticism with a new and valuable way of looking at the relation between a work of art and its audience, and served to orient critical attention toward problems of form and structure.

Similarly, "the dissociation of sensibility" is likely to retain its usefulness despite the brilliant attack made on it recently by Frank Kermode in *The Romantic Image*. Mr. Kermode argues that the term is not only an emotional symbol for Eliot's literary preferences, but also a part of the obscurantist myth of a culture of "unified sensibility" in which discursive reason has no place. It might be remarked that Eliot himself never pressed the idea this far; in this respect there is a certain danger in identifying him too closely with Yeats. But even if he had done so, the literary value of his concept would not have been impaired. Mr. Kermode himself unwittingly illustrates why, when he notes that the Romantics shared Eliot's view of Donne, and quotes George Eliot to the effect that Donne possessed "a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge." This demonstrates that Eliot's *aperçu*, whatever its contemporary historico-political implications, expresses a stylistic fact capable of being felt independently of Symbolist dogma; and it is as a descriptive conceptualization of a stylistic datum that the idea of a "dissociation of sensibility" will continue to be critically relevant.

THE ONLY true piece of literary criticism in the present book is the essay on Poe and the French Symbolists; and here we see all of Eliot's critical gifts operating at the very height of their capacities. The problem that occupies Eliot is that of Poe's notorious influence on such eminent French poets as Baudelaire, Mallarmé, and Valéry, while his influence on poets in his own language has been negligible (with the possible exception of Lear, as Eliot slyly suggests). With his usual skill at quotation, Eliot exposes the lack of precision in Poe's imagery by a comparison with Tennyson, though he has an appreciative word for the incantatory quality of Poe's language; and he attributes Poe's influence on the French to his theory of poetry rather than to his poetry itself. In Poe's *Philosophy of Composition*, Eliot says, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, and Valéry found a rationale for their conviction that, as Baudelaire put it, "a poem should have nothing in view but itself." Valéry was struck by the idea that the process of poetic composition should be as self-conscious as possible; and in his work this idea reaches the point of self-negation. For with Valéry, the process of creating becomes more interesting to the poet than the product of the creative act, i.e., the finished poem.

Eliot is fascinated with this line of poetic development, which comes so close to his own anti-Romantic aesthetic; and he affirms that "the tradition itself [of Symbolism] represents the most interesting development of poetic con-

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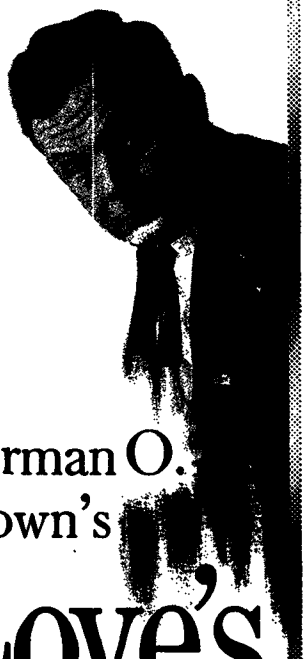

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sciousness anywhere in the [last] hundred years." But Eliot refuses to follow the logic of that tradition out to the end, and to advocate a *poésie pure* in which the total significance of a poem would be completely contained in its style and language. Sketching a Hegelian triad of the evolution of the relation between subject and style in poetry, Eliot argues that poetry begins with a complete attention to subject-matter; reaches a point of equilibrium where both subject-matter and style are of equal importance; and threatens to end with the subject becoming merely the means to the creation of the all-important poetic object. In the first and last of these phases, which might be called—after Yvor Winters—the stages of primitivism and decadence, an equal danger exists that either style or subject will vanish from sight completely. "A complete unconsciousness or indifference to the style at the beginning, or to the subject-matter at the end, would . . . take us outside poetry altogether."

"From Poe to Valéry" is certain to take its place with such works as Ortega y Gasset's *The Dehumanization of Art* as a classic evaluation both of the presuppositions and limitations of Symbolist doctrine. But what is more relevant in this context is the judiciousness of Eliot's own relation to the doctrine, the combination of sympathy and reserve with which he analyzes its claims and rejects its pretensions. And if we are to look anywhere for the secret of Eliot's status as a literary culture-hero during his lifetime, it seems to me that we need go no further than to examine the combination of qualities exhibited in this essay. For the instinctive and deepest movement of Eliot's mind was to mediate between the past and the present, to welcome the new and the experimental but never to the point where it involved a total break with, or repudiation of, the lessons of historical experience—such as, in this instance, the necessity for a poem to preserve some "impurity" if it is to be humanly meaningful. Eliot states his position very clearly in a passage where he speaks in his capacity as a man who was called "a literary Bolshevik" after the publication of *The Waste Land*. "It is not that we have repudiated the past," he writes, "as the obstinate enemies—and also the stupidest supporters—of any new movement like to believe; but that we have enlarged our conception of the past; and that in the light of what is new we see the past in a new pattern."

Just how instinctive and deep-rooted this attitude was in Eliot can be illuminatingly observed in his early essay on *vers libre*. Accepting the experiments of the Imagists and others as a welcome effort to impart a new freedom to poetry (there is even a very complimentary reference to Edgar Lee Masters), the neophyte Eliot yet argues that the idea of *totally* free verse is a delusion. For what gives free verse its charm and effectiveness is the existence of a regular metrical pattern in the background which the best free verse constantly suggests and evades at the same time. This observation on prosody neatly expresses the dialectical relation between past and present, tradition and individual talent, history and innovation that Eliot preserved throughout his career, and which enabled him to avoid the extremes of either facile iconoclasm or ossified conservatism. It was his ability to mediate between the extremes that gave Eliot's criticism both its audacity and its authority, and which enabled him to affect so profoundly both the avant-garde and the academy. Like Rémy de Gourmont, whom Eliot once called "the critical consciousness of a generation," he too was able to supply "the conscious formulas of a sensibility in the process of formation," and to place the present in historical perspective while it was still effervescing with the excitement of novelty.

THE SAME cannot be said, however, for the role that Eliot played as a socio-cultural commentator. The essays on these topics reprinted here (they make up the bulk of the book) deal with subjects on which Eliot has touched many times before. There is a series of four lectures on "The Aims of Education," in which he shows that any attempt to talk intelligently about education ultimately in-

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volves fundamental issues of ethics and theology. A paper on "The Classics and the Man of Letters" outlines the ideal education for this vanishing race, and concludes that a strong emphasis on Latin and Greek is desirable. In an after-dinner speech on "Literature and Politics," Eliot continues to spar with his old antagonists Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells (how antediluvian all this seems nowadays!). And, while regretting that Charles Maurras ever got into practical politics, Eliot calls him "a great writer, a genuine lover of his country, and a man who deserved a better fate" than that of being condemned to imprisonment for his collaboration with the Nazis during the French Occupation.

The value of Eliot's writing on these subjects derives from the same source as that of Simone Weil's and Reinhold Niebuhr's, both of whom he refers to admiringly; all three apply moral and religious standards to issues that are usually treated only in social and economic terms. "For the question of questions," Eliot says, "which no political philosophy can escape, and by the right answer to which all political thinking must in the end be judged, is simply this: What is Man? what are his limitations? what is his misery and what his greatness? and what, finally, his destiny?"

It is because he keeps such questions in mind that Eliot is always worth reading; as Raymond Williams has said, he serves the cathartic function of reminding left-wing liberals that social changes do not automatically solve the basic issues of culture. But it must also be said that the answers Eliot gives to the questions he raises seem less and less relevant, as time goes on, to anything that his readers can recognize as being connected with the world in which they live. What separates Eliot from Simone Weil and Reinhold Niebuhr, who are also concerned about what Eliot calls the "pre-political" realm, is that they have been passionately involved in the crises and perturbations of the present, and have been able to identify themselves emotionally with its hopes and strivings. Eliot could identify himself with the movement of modern literature, but his relation to other aspects of modern culture has always been purely and totally negative; he has never been able to find anything in the present that he could regard with sympathy or approval. As a result, he was incapable of achieving the same kind of synthesis in this area that he managed in his literary criticism, and of serving the same function as mediator. (His ill-starred flirtation with Italian and British Fascism in the 1930's may perhaps be regarded as an effort to find some dynamic contemporary social manifestation that he could use for this purpose.) To read Eliot on politics or culture now is to have the impression of a Cassandra-voice whose pronouncements of doom and decay contain a good deal that is pertinent and disturbing; but it is a voice coming from so great a distance that we are hardly convinced any longer that its words are addressed to us at all.

PORTRAIT OF A SCHOLAR

KEEPER OF THE LAW: LOUIS GINZBERG. By ELI GINZBERG. *The Jewish Publication Society of America. 348 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by MOSES HADAS

PROFESSOR GINZBERG'S affectionate account of his distinguished father is not formal biography but, as he himself properly calls it, a personal memoir. As such it is a private thing, addressed in the first instance to those who share some portion of the author's filial piety for his subject—his kinsmen, his disciples, his professional associates. But an account of Louis Ginzberg may also legitimately engage the remoter and larger public who are interested in the inner history of Judaism, for he did in fact play a considerable role in shaping the character of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America and hence in influencing the configuration of American Judaism in the period of its widest expansion. "The public is always curious," wrote Gibbon in connection with his own memoirs, "to know the men who have left behind them any image of their minds: the most

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scanty accounts of such men are compiled with diligence and perused with eagerness."

The armature of Louis Ginzberg's public image was his quality as an outstanding talmudic scholar, and the key to his effectiveness was his consistent loyalty to a particular conception of scholarship. To appreciate the direction and scope of his influence we must look first at the formation of the man and then at his lengthened shadow in the institution he served. Ginzberg was born in Kovno, Lithuania (1873) into as proud an aristocracy as any democratic society can shelter. The patent of nobility was not wealth or official preferment but a particular kind of learning, and the members of the aristocracy were united by bonds of marriage and kinship. Its Grand Monarque was the Gaon Elijah of Vilna (1720-1797); Hebrew publications of Ginzberg's maturity bear on the title-page the proud identification "of the kin of the Gaon Elijah of Vilna." Ginzberg's early education was at the *yeshivot* of Telsh and Slobodka, where he was recognized as a prodigy of erudition and acumen. The sole preoccupation of the *yeshivot* was the study of the classic texts; people like Ginzberg's father avoided sending their sons to schools touched by the influence of the *musarnikes* (or moralizers) for fear that traditional study might be diluted by spiritual exercises. Belles-lettres were naturally even more suspect; when the boy acquired a modern Hebrew poem which he concealed in the talmudic folio he was studying, the scandal was sorrowfully reported to his father. In his early teens Ginzberg joined his parents, who had removed to Amsterdam, and then proceeded to Frankfurt for his secular education, of which he had so far had none. The major part of his university study was accomplished at Strasbourg, where he devoted himself to Orientalia. He had evinced an inclination for mathematics but was discouraged from pursuing it because it afforded little prospect for a university career; one wonders how many embryo mathematical geniuses from Lithuania may have been similarly smothered.

Upon some who persisted—one thinks of the redoubtable Solomon Maimon (1754-1800)—Western outlooks did indeed work a transformation. In philological studies, on the other hand, though the university approach was more scientific, the goal was essentially similar to that of the *yeshivah*—control of a special library of texts. And in the university, too, philological virtuosity clothed a man with a peculiar aura as the guardian of traditional esoteric lore. There have been several conjunctures of history where mastery of a canon of classics has brought its possessor esteem amounting to reverence. In the first century, the scholar in ancient Greek classics, not the creative artist or thinker, was so esteemed, and even expected preferential treatment in another existence. Among the early humanists, a Petrarch or a Boccaccio rested his high claims not on his fresh creative work but on his now forgotten accomplishments in the Latin classics. No modern athlete or Nobel laureate receives such adulation as his contemporaries bestowed upon Erasmus for philological scholarship. And in German universities at the turn of our century, philological scholarship was again endowed with extraordinary prestige. Often the virtuosi of *Altertumswissenschaft* were indifferent to the poetic and philosophic qualities which gave texts their distinction, but they had no doubt that the texts enshrined the full precipitate of human wisdom and they regarded scholarly proficiency as the prime preservative of the values of civilization. For men who had undergone educational experiences like Ginzberg's, it was only the style of the old school tie, not its weave, that was changed.

In 1899 Ginzberg came to America upon the invitation of the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. The invitation proved abortive, but Ginzberg's willingness to accept it is significant, not of opportunism or an inclination to Reform (his own pattern of life was traditional) but because he regarded the maintenance of scholarship as central and how a man chose to apply it as secondary. Theological outlooks and modes of observance might diverge, Left as well as Right; provided the tradition of scholarship was left secure, the historical continuum would not be interrupted. Ginzberg earned his living in New York by a superb series of scholarly contributions to the opening volume of the Jewish Encyclopedia. Soon he was persuaded (by Henrietta Szold) to enter upon a work on the legends of the Jews for the Jewish Publication Society. It is worth noting that this work, completed in a much expanded form many years later, was initially undertaken as a potboiler and has proved the most widely useful of Ginzberg's writings. His *opus magnum*, which is his commentary on the Jerusalem Talmud, is known only to specialists.

In 1902 the Jewish Theological Seminary of America was reorganized under the presidency of Solomon Schechter, who recruited Ginzberg for his new faculty. The reorganization was promoted and financed by public-spirited philanthropists like Jacob Schiff and Louis Marshall who were themselves members of Temple Emanu-El and less concerned with propagating conservative theological doctrine than with introducing decorum into the public life of immigrants from Eastern Europe. Its divergent and sometimes contradictory objectives were difficult for the infant institution to reconcile. Typical of the anomalies was the minor question of the choice of language for instruction. All of the new faculty had grown to adulthood in Europe and spoke badly broken English, but they elected to lecture in English rather than German or Hebrew (as Professor Alexander Marx once soberly confided to the present writer) on the grounds that students must be shown proper models of English speech. All had been bred to Orthodoxy; Mrs. Marx (but she alone of the Seminary matrons) wore the *sheitel*. But it was inevitable that the public it was intended to serve should regard "Schechter's Seminary" (the expression still carries opprobrium in certain quarters) as a high road to assimilation. Needless to say, these difficulties were soon transcended. Mere passage of time ensured that both students and facul-

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ty should be fluent in English, and accents of foreign scholars who joined the faculty proved no more troublesome than they are in secular institutions. More important, rapidly increasing segments of the public came to recognize the Seminary as a valid organ of Judaism. Massive immigration favored a position that could be called Conservative—not so sharp a break with ritual and observance as in Reform, and yet not an untouched replica of what had been left behind. But mechanical compromise and the sheer increment of numbers and wealth are not sufficient to explain the positive viewpoints inculcated by the Seminary—the viewpoint of which Ginzberg was a prime protagonist.

Among the divergences of objectives mentioned above, one of the most difficult was the need to combine functions actually disparate: that of a humanistic graduate faculty training specialists in Semitics, and that of a professional school training practitioners of the pastoral calling. The problem is one which modern seminaries have had to face; usually the training of scholars has yielded primacy to the training of spiritual guides. For a generation, reputable Protestant seminaries have been willing to confer degrees in divinity upon men who could read neither of the languages in which their basic texts were written. At the Jewish Theological Seminary the need for expanding the curriculum was the more urgent, for the entering students, as a rule, had already acquired basic competence in rabbinics but knew little of communicating to their intelligent congregants anything beyond so much textual scholarship as they were ready to receive. The curriculum was indeed amply and powerfully enlarged, with the result that Seminary graduates are easily the peers of ministers wherever trained. But at the Seminary there has never been any question that other subjects are ancillary to the central objective, which has always been high competence in the classical texts.

Because the issue may still have been unresolved in the early days of the Seminary, exaltation of bookish learning may seem to have been carried to extremes. Not only was the student's standing, official and unofficial, determined solely by scholarly competence, but the world at large was judged by a similar criterion. Ginzberg was quite explicit. Princely benefactors like Jacob Schiff and wise counselors like Louis Marshall, even Schechter's successor Cyrus Adler and Judah Magnes who pioneered the Hebrew University, were dismissed as inadequate by the scholarly gauge. Israel Friedlander, who lost his life on a mission of mercy to the Ukraine, was criticized as too activist. When the authorities of Temple Emanu-El were on the point of relegating Rabbi H. G. Enelow to early retirement on the grounds of shortcomings in personality, the Seminary faculty persuaded them to reconsider on the grounds that Enelow was a good scholar. "What point is there," Professor Eli Ginzberg quotes his father as saying, "to revise Jewish theology for pants-makers?" To which the response might be made that textual scholars are not necessarily intelligent theologians and that a pants-maker, even a lens-grinder, may have thoughts on the subject worth considering.

But insistence on the dominance of scholarship is after all the right, perhaps the only, way to insure the continuity of historical Judaism. Over the millennia theologies and liturgies, like other modes of spiritual affirmation, have been edifying expressions of Judaism but not interchangeable with it. The canon of classics has constituted the essential, in the language of the philosophers, and applications and extrapolations the ephemeral accidents. To preserve and emphasize the permanent is conservatism in a true sense, not a passive compromise between extremes but an active determination to foster the essential, which itself delimits the degree of latitudinarianism of which it is capable. The bulwark of conservatism in this sense is the Jewish Theological Seminary, now grown great and assured. Faculty, student body, range of activity have expanded, teachers and cantors are trained in separate institutes, and modern Hebrew literature and institutions are dealt with. But the focus remains upon the

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ancient texts. By example and precept Louis Ginzberg contributed significantly to crystallizing the conception of historical Judaism, giving it currency, making it the informing principle of the Seminary and through the Seminary the prevailing attitude in what is probably the most active segment of American Jewry. "Keeper of the Law" is an apt designation.

ORGANIC THINKING

THE PHENOMENON OF LIFE. TOWARD A PHILOSOPHICAL BIOLOGY. By HANS JONAS. Harper & Row. *303 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by MARJORIE GRENE

PROFESSOR JONAS has collected here eleven essays, and nine shorter discussions which are interpolated as appendices to some of the essays. One must say at the outset, it is unfortunate that the title suggests a more unified, if not systematic work. "Essays in Philosophical Biology" would have been less misleading—though even then the reader would scarcely expect within these covers an essay on gnosticism and existentialism, or on Heidegger and theology. Still, that is a superficial weakness: Professor Jonas's essays are well worth having in book form, whatever their title. They do present, moreover, aspects of a single enterprise; as he puts it in his foreword: "they . . . express in various facets one philosophy of organism and life." The statement here of the "emergent essence" of that philosophy is important for two reasons.

First, a number of the individual essays constitute significant original contributions to philosophy, particularly to the history of thought. This is especially true of the two essays mentioned above. Professor Jonas's critique of the (mis)application of Heideggerian concepts to theology is masterly, and refreshing among all the current nonsense about dead gods and new gods. In the gnosticism essay, he brings his great learning in this field to bear on the problem of modern nihilism, and we find our present intellectual crisis falling beautifully into historical perspective. The same holds for the opening essay, "Life, Death and the Body in the Theory of Being." Many writers, this reviewer included, have laid their present philosophical troubles at the door of Cartesian dualism, and have seen in the foundations of biology the most pressing ontological problem they have to face; but Professor Jonas puts this common theme elegantly and convincingly into a more sweeping historical perspective than most of them have done. Also, many writers, this reviewer again included, have written critiques of Darwinism; but Professor Jonas expresses better than most of us, I feel, that strange union of belief in chance *and* in necessity which characterizes thinkers of this ilk all the way back to the Greek atomists. Apart from these historical excellences, moreover, several of the essays, particularly those on the "Nobility of Sight" and on "Image-Making and the Freedom of Man," are important contributions to the phenomenology of organic, and human, existence. And even in some of the less striking, or less original, essays there are illuminating *aperçus*. For instance, in a note on "Causality and Perception" there is an interesting assessment of Hume's argument, based on Whitehead's distinction between "causal efficacy" and "presentational immediacy." Or in a note on Whitehead, there is the fascinating suggestion that what Whitehead's cosmology lacks is a theory of death and evil. I have myself suggested that what it lacks is an epistemology, and I wonder whether these are not the same lack. Finitude, and the awareness of finitude; the need to make sense of the world and the risk of failing: this is, it seems to me, the central theme of epistemology and of ethics. And what the "organically" minded philosopher needs to do with Whitehead is to find his way from ethics or epistemology, in other words, from some axiological direction into the metaphysics of process.

OVER AND ABOVE such points of detail, moreover, there is a more general reason why Professor Jonas's collection of essays is important. It brings substantial reinforcements to the intellectual revolution which constitutes the principal task of philosophy in the 20th century. Academic philosophy here and in Great Britain still, in the main, goes merrily forward in the manner described by Michael Polanyi as that of a doctor continually sharpening his tools in the hope of eventually curing the patient. Yet an increasing number of writers, some of them even in university philosophy departments, are beginning both to feel the need for, and to implement, an escape not only from the triviality of most contemporary philosophy, but from the larger intellectual situation which has produced this disaster. We are in revolt not, indeed, against the truths of modern naturalism, but against its false, and pernicious, consequences. We are trying to rethink our basic categories in such a way as to overcome the impoverishment of our image of ourselves and the world produced by the predominance of a distorted objectivism over our thought. Professor Jonas describes his book as "an 'existential' interpretation of biological facts." Existentialism and biology? This is by no means so bizarre a combination as it may at first appear. For it is in terms of the "existential" concept of "being-in-the-world" that we can best hope to transcend the Cartesian dichotomy of mind and nature, and, *a fortiori,* the truncated Cartesianism which, abandoning mind, reduces everything, itself included, to the blind, brute succession of physico-chemical events. Thus, Professor Jonas's enterprise, as he describes it, fits happily, and with distinction, into the growing number of works which attempt just such a synthesis.

It will be asked, however, why Professor Jonas fails to mention—except for Whitehead—the others who are engaged with him, in a strikingly convergent way, on a single task of conceptual reform. I have hesitated to ask myself this, I suppose, because then I must also ask myself why I have not in my own writing mentioned Professor Jonas. I have to plead ignorance: until recently I have been far away in the fastnesses of British philosophy, and am only beginning to discover what *is* going on in the

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world. But Professor Jonas must *know*. For example, he quotes from an essay by Erwin Straus, but makes no mention of Straus's book *Vom Sinn der Sinne,* which in 1934 undertook a reform in philosophical biology that is, in some ways at least, strikingly congruent with his own. He pleads for the concept of "organic body" with no mention of Merleau-Ponty's "lived body," which is becoming positively fashionable in some philosophical circles (and again, Merleau-Ponty's two definitive books date back to the 40's). His essay on "The Animal Soul" puts rather slightly what Plessner argued much more solidly about plants and animals in *Die Stufen des Organischen und Der Mensch* in 1928. And so on.

But I think we should forgive him (and not only because I want to forgive myself). There are fundamental problems which, as Descartes said, every man must work out for himself. And in any event philosophy does not "progress" as science does, or is alleged to do; it is not a question of priority in this or that discovery, but of a basic rethinking of perspectives in which a whole generation is engaged. In such a situation, parallel or convergent evolution can only be applauded: it not only reinforces our confidence that we understand our common problem, but reassures us that in broad outline, at least, we can see ahead the shape of the solution which, whether separately or together, we are all trying to achieve.

THE FOREIGN POLICY DILEMMA

THE STATE OF WAR, By STANLEY HOFFMANN. *Praeger. $5.95. 276 pp.*

Reviewed by ROBERT G. HAZO

IT WAS James Mill who claimed that practice without theory is bad practice. Certainly today's students of world affairs could not agree more. The search for a viable theory of international relations has grown apace with the rapid and radical changes in the ways that governments and peoples deal with one another. Since World War II, the amount—and quality—of the attention devoted to foreign policy in general, and strategy in particular, has dwarfed the more traditional concern with the question of the best domestic political order. All too frequently, however, the result of these exertions has been a literature of desperation which constantly highlights the gap between effort and effect, and in which one finds only meager and highly qualified hopes. André Beaufre, for example, strikes the characteristic note in *An Introduction to Strategy*:

> . . . the strategist is like a surgeon called upon to operate upon a person who is growing continuously and with extreme rapidity and of whose detailed anatomy he is not sure; his operating table is in a state of perpetual motion and he must have ordered the instruments he is to use five years beforehand.

If this is an accurate analogy, how can anyone be more than prayerful about the outcome?

The State of War, a collection of nine essays by Stanley Hoffmann, who is professor of government at Harvard and a research associate at its Center for International Affairs, is a fairly typical contribution to this genre. Professor Hoffmann's interests range far and wide but, directly or indirectly, they all focus on one overriding problem: the foreign-policy dilemma of modern man. The overt thesis of his book is that nations are in a permanent state of war with one another and that foreign policy, which can be understood only in this context, thus differs radically from domestic policy, which aims at a state of peace. Yet this rather unstartling assertion—that conflicts among nations are something on the order of the status quo rather than nightmare interludes—is never sustained at any length; it is even compromised a bit by Hoffmann's admission that regional political federation is clearly possible. The occasional paragraphs he devotes to demonstrating his proposition suffer from his seeming unwillingness to argue for what he considers self-evident. Hoffmann's main purpose is not to side with Churchill, who claimed that the history of mankind is the history of war, as against Adlai Stevenson, who claimed that all

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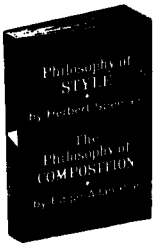

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wars are civil wars (and hence presumably eliminable). The *real* thesis of these essays is something quite different. It is that recent thinking about international relations has been hampered by two factors: it has been conducted on a level of generality that is woefully unsophisticated, considering the number and nature of the variables with which it must contend; and it has proceeded on the basis of an almost criminal optimism about the extent of control men can exercise over foreign affairs.

According to Hoffmann, the study of international relations before World War II was basically—indeed exclusively—philosophical, but this is no longer the case. In his view, current research in the field is decidedly new if one takes it, as he most earnestly does, "in the sense of a systematic study of observable phenomena that tries to discover the principal variables, to explain the behavior, and to reveal the characteristic types of relations among national units."

What is really novel, then, is the dimension of the discipline supplied by something called "empirical research." Hoffmann's insistence on its systematic application to international relations is grounded in his own distrust of the traditional generalizations that have held sway in the field.

IN AN admiring essay on the work of Raymond Aron (to whom the book is dedicated), Hoffmann makes quite clear just how far his distrust goes. "Every one of the concepts used by historians, lawyers or sociologists," he writes, "must be refined, subdivided, and broken down so as to account for the many different realities that are lumped together." This recommendation applies especially to the most basic concepts: power, balance of power, risk, force, etc. In the Hoffmann lexicon, equilibrium, for example, is described as merely an "evocative metaphor" because "the phenomena to which it is applied are not measurable and are as disparate as, for instance, military potential, relations between social classes, structures of international organizations, and a state's international commitments."

Hoffmann's somehow defensive methodological discussions would seem to indicate that the "new" theory of international relations is far from having completely replaced the old. Moreover, one suspects that a preoccupation with methodology in any field of study is a clear sign that the discipline is onto lean days, that it is having trouble in articulating its nature and establishing its proper limits.

Even Hoffmann's best efforts—his discussions of the specific factors affecting a particular country or situation—do not completely allay this suspicion. The essay, "Restraints and Choices in American Foreign Policy," though at times quite brilliant, is a case in point. It deals with the disadvantages imposed on American foreign policy by its defensive posture *vis à vis* both the Communist countries and the anti-colonials, by its lack of a competitive ideology, by its numerous alliances, by both its liberal and conservative traditions, by its isolationist past, and, above all, by the public opinion that is so decisive for its domestic politics. All these factors are admirably and candidly analyzed. Yet despite the facility, the lucidity, and even the occasional profundity with which Hoffmann treats each part, the whole does not add up to a coherent picture because the relative weight of the various considerations is not given; the question as to which are primary and which secondary is left unexplored. The result is an almost homogeneous distribution of emphasis throughout some very crowded pages.

Such a result is almost inevitable, given Hoffmann's over-emphasis on "empirical research" and his concomitant misunderstanding, or complete disregard of, political philosophy. Hoffmann's rejection of that very important dimension of political thought is based on his distrust of any "belief in eternal truths of human nature"; such a belief, he thinks, leads to seeing in history only the evidence that fits one's principles—that is, to a "providential reading of history." One may well doubt that this is a discriminating critique of traditional political thought, much of which was in fact drawn from careful and close observation: Machiavelli, after all, was hardly an *a priori* theorist. It is, of course, true that political philosophers have never pretended to be primarily strategists or tacticians. Their business, as the greatest among them traditionally have seen it, is not to shape and alter theory to the transient requirements of the particular and the contingent, but to articulate their vision of the most basic principles of political life. Nevertheless, their work is far from being without value to the strategist and the tactician. For it is only by reference to the ideal, that the complex variations of the actual can be given sufficient coherence.

THE conclusions of *The State of War* reflect Hoffmann's rejection of any such reference to the ideal. He continually stresses that there are severe limits to what one can expect from the discipline of international relations. Any kind of predictability is definitely precluded, and no overall network of general laws is considered to be of any utility whatsoever. In the case of some problems, all one can do is guess at their solutions; in the case of others, one solution presents itself with as much force as another. The given situation always includes a large area of uncertainty, which at one point is rather fancifully called the area of "delicacy." It is one of Hoffmann's most emphatic conclusions that this area cannot be radically reduced. One is therefore hardly surprised to find that his book raises many more problems than it solves.

In large measure, this is a consequence of Hoffmann's unwillingness to set the many variables he discusses against the background of a stable set of general principles. He seems to be saying that the search for such a rational underpinning for policy is the worst mistake one can make in a world much or most of which is irrational. The best one can do is rapidly to reformulate theory to apply to specific and constantly changing situations, to limit one's expectations from its practical application, to exercise as much caution as possible—and to hope. In a world in which the margin for error grows constantly smaller while the stakes

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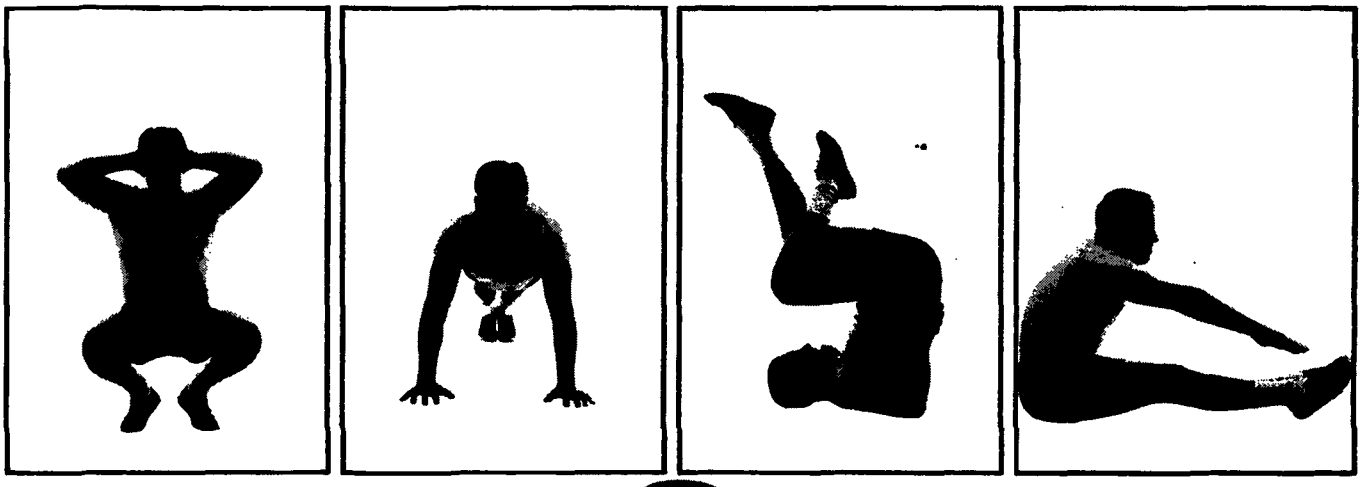

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grow immeasurably larger, these conclusions are unacceptable.

They are unacceptable not, to be sure, because the necessary must be assumed to be possible. To assume so is wishful thinking. Rather, Hoffmann's conclusions are unsatisfactory because—though one may start with a confused situation and be confused about how to deal with it—there are valid theoretical underpinnings to which one can refer in order to attain clarity. Granted, there is uncertainty in all practical decisions since they are all made on the basis of probabilities, but the probabilities in many areas of international relations are nevertheless high. They can be kept high and made even higher if those who execute policy have a clear idea of what they are doing, and what they expect to achieve by it.

In these respects, however valuable it may be in others, *The State of War* offers little help to the statesman. The problem of the statesman is to produce a unified policy out of multiple variables through an understanding of what, in any situation, are the most important considerations. If one attempts this without any appeal to general principles, with only a set of transient theories directed to even more transient phenomena, one must end, sooner or later, in paralysis.

THE HERO AS "CASE"

THE LAST GENTLEMAN. By WALKER PERCY. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 409 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by FREDERICK C. CREWS

THE AMERICAN novelist who would appear up-to-date must go through certain familiar motions. He must assure us at once that he isn't recounting a story but establishing a style, an adequate manner of coping with the zany modern world. He must replace characterization with caricature, and stamp "Artifact" on every page lest we mistake him for, say, Sinclair Lewis. He must be horrible and cool, morbid and funny, sex-ridden and bored with sex. And he must never look inward, for it is understood that the personal psyche has been thoroughly explored and found uninteresting. With luck the talented writer who follows these rules will puzzle Orville Prescott with his obscurity, please Leslie Fiedler with his courageous negativism, and begin to nudge the older-style best-sellers off the list.

If Walker Percy disdains this path to success, it is not because he is slower-witted than the pop novelists. He too thinks that America is weird, sex largely comic, and the dead just plain dead. But there is a difference: these ideas *matter* to him and to his characters, and they must be painfully learned rather than decoratively embodied in grotesqueries of plotting. Thus, though Percy's second novel does aim at making a broad statement about the modern condition and has its moments of heavyhanded symbolism, it does no great violence to the conventions of realistic fiction. Like most good novels before the present era, it assumes that characters have souls to be won or lost, or at any rate to be lost in better or worse ways.

Percy's uniqueness is genuine but hard to pin down. The thematic trappings of *The Last Gentleman* are so familiar—Civil War nostalgia, religious zeal, racial tension, the vulgar New South and the anonymous North—that it might be mistakenly regarded as belonging to the school of lapsed-Baptist regionalism. In fact, Percy is a remarkably fastidious writer who would never permit himself a cliché of any sort. His manner as a storyteller is that of his hero: "the amiable and slightly ironic air which Southerners find natural away from home." And the story he has to tell is only incidentally regional; its three locales of New York, Alabama, and New Mexico are meant almost as the steps of a philosophical proof. Perhaps this abstraction is Percy's keynote. Brilliant though he is in satirizing what lies before him, his attention is fixed on the absoluteness of death and the impossibility of genuine intimacy. The proof to which he submits his hero is that these ultimate facts can be temporarily mitigated only if one accepts a limited role and pretends to be immersed in it. When the hero finally heads back toward his native Alabama to sell Chevrolets, it is not at all because he has discovered that he belongs there, but because he has seen that the alternative is suicide.

Percy's demonstration requires that all his major characters illustrate the same underlying predicament. All are Southerners maladapted to the hustling, secular world of urban America. The most confused and malleable of them is naturally the hero, Will Barrett. He does excellently on aptitude tests but can't think what to do between tests, and sometimes he quite literally forgets who he is. Suffering alternately from *déjà vus* and amnesia, haunted by the Civil War and by the suicide of his anti-racist father, unable to stomach his ordained role as a Princeton man, waiting for a sign that will narrow the seemingly infinite possibilities of his life, he attaches himself to the Vaught family in New York, routinely falls in love with the younger daughter, follows them all to Alabama, and watches the younger brother die of an incurable disease in Santa Fe. Each character he meets and each station of his passive pilgrimage bring him closer to the wry but serviceable disillusion he possesses at the end.

The most important of Barrett's teachers, the one who frames Percy's dilemma most articulately, is Sutter Vaught, a gifted physician who is slowly destroying himself because (so he believes) scientific theory has made all his human relations "transcendent." He epitomizes the refined Southerner who can neither accept the present nor forget the past; he is obsessed in particular with the breakdown of courtship, and he takes private revenge on the emancipated ladies of America by seducing them perfunctorily. Such forays into the "immanence" of the flesh only feed his cynicism. His sister, Val, equally disoriented by consumer democracy, has taken refuge in Catholic sacramentalism and missionary work; she is waiting irrelevantly for an apocalypse that is not forthcoming. Sister Kitty, Barrett's fiancée, would like to be a coy belle, and Barrett himself approves of this stereotype; but she is even more anxious to prove her sexual capacity. As Sutter writes in his notebook, "Now one begins

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with genital overtures instead of a handshake, then waits to see what will turn up (e.g., we might become friends later)." And another brother, Jamie Vaught, is mentally sound but drifting toward an ugly death that will show Barrett conclusively that he had better cease trusting in destiny. When he finally decides to marry the conformist Kitty and join the Chevrolet agency of her suffocatingly beneficent father, it is clear that he has Percy's endorsement. If life is mysterious, lonely, and terrible, the novel seems to say, the thing to do is to find a convenient way of blotting out the truth.

THE POWER of *The Last Gentleman* doesn't depend on the validity of this disappointing syllogism. In most respects the book is solid and admirable, full of brilliant observation and subtle thought. Though Percy has a certain difficulty maneuvering his characters from one suitably meaningful backdrop to another, the general development is patient and coherent. And the closing episode of Jamie's death, with its gruesome hassle over baptism and its wrenching combination of sympathy and clinical detail, is stronger than anything in Percy's notable first novel, *The Moviegoer*.

Yet the total effect is somehow pale. Because it is finally a literal story, *The Last Gentleman* depends heavily on the felt intensity of Will Barrett's plight, and Barrett never comes across very emphatically. Though he feels constantly dissatisfied, suffers sudden lapses, and allows himself to be molded by every chance occurrence, he remains oddly insulated from his conflicts. Some of his emotional substance, as with Hawthorne's Robin Molineux or James Purdy's Malcolm, has been drained off into the symbolic vicissitudes he undergoes, so that we can puzzle out his "case" in a detached way by interpreting his various mishaps; but such an understanding is no substitute for the existential anguish Percy would like us to feel.

Indeed, I am not sure that Percy would approve of our regarding Will Barrett as a "case" at all. His explicit psychological remarks as a narrator are designedly superficial; he really prefers to see Barrett as Modern Man, or at any rate to play off his apparent symptoms against the more serious unhealthiness of the times. Barrett's amnesia, which disappears as soon as he has decided to begin selling Chevvies, is meant as nothing more than a device to underline his identity crisis, and his *déjà vus* are likewise devices for bringing the past thematically to bear upon that crisis. His New York psychoanalyst learns virtually nothing about his mind in five years of expensive banter, and Percy hints that after all there is nothing worth learning.

Yet the "case" is nonetheless there to be discerned. Barrett is an orphan in search of a surrogate family, and his attitudes are in some respects those of an adolescent scandalized by sex. He is an eavesdropper by temperament; even when he falls in love it is while spying with his telescope in Central Park. His habitual indecision is related to this streak of voyeurism: "he had to know everything before he could do anything." He is disgusted by the ease with which he has seduced Kitty, yet, as he confesses to Sutter, he has yearned for "the coarsest possible relations" with women generally. And Sutter, whom he is excessively anxious to obey, perceives why Barrett is so sheepish with him: "You either want me to tell you to fornicate or not to fornicate, but for the life of me I can't tell which it is." These and many other details fit into a classic Oedipal pattern, whether or not Percy intends them to.

There should be nothing either surprising or damaging in the possibility that a novelist has not fully calculated the inner consistency of his hero's behavior; so far as I can tell, this is the rule with interesting fiction. A difficulty arises only if the author, taking a superficial view of his handiwork, mistakes the hero for an Everyman whose problems are the exigencies of universal reality. Percy does not seem aware that the moral extremes to which Barrett and Sutter are drawn—lewdness versus saintliness, suicide versus salesmanship—are appropriate only to a particular adolescent crisis. Dostoevsky, it may be said, had the same predilection for seeing the decisions of his driven heroes as metaphysical imperatives;

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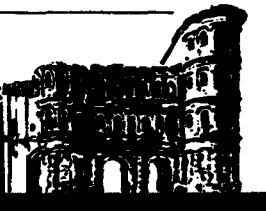
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but in Dostoevsky the suffering that precedes those decisions is a primary reality that does not have to be established by symbolism or theory. If *The Last Gentleman*, despite its substantial virtues, finally fails to make a deep impression, the reason may be that Percy does not care either to inspect Will Barrett's conflicts at close range or to understand them much more clearly than Barrett does himself.

ON THE LEFT

MARXISM IN MODERN FRANCE. By GEORGE LICHTHEIM. *Columbia University Press. 212 pp. $6.75.*

Reviewed by PHILIP M. WILLIAMS

IN LESS THAN two hundred pages of text, George Lichtheim develops and splendidly illuminates three distinct themes, each of which could well have made a full-length book. First, dealing mainly with events before 1920, he shows how Marxism and then Leninism were grafted onto the outlook of the Western world's only revolutionary labor movement, and enabled the French Communist party to strike roots in the national soil and to emerge after the Second World War as a dynamic movement appealing to many of the country's best minds. In the second part of the book, Lichtheim turns from workers to intellectuals, from practice to theory, from writing for historians to writing for philosophers, and dissects the theoretical debates which flourished after 1945 when the most insular country in Europe opened its frontiers to foreign ideas (a decade before they were opened to foreign goods) and Marxism became the reigning orthodoxy. In the third part, the author addresses himself to historian and philosopher equally. Taking France as "Europe's political laboratory," where the social trends of the time always emerge most clearly, he discusses the relevance of the Marxist analysis to modern industrial society and uses the master's method to bury the Marxist dogma. But this tidy division of the book does Lichtheim less than justice, for his central preoccupation throughout is the striving for the unity of theory and practice and the breakdown of the Marxist claim to provide it. Even before the final synthesis, he never forgets his dual aim. He analyzes history to give the indispensable background to the debate about theory, and theory to show how philosophic debate influences political decision; time and again he affirms the relevance of "seemingly abstruse discussions," approaching his presumably skeptical, pragmatic English-speaking readership in a mood of mildly impatient pedagogy.

In the historical section the comparison with Germany is always in his mind. The French labor movement, born in the traumatic experience of defeat in civil war, was inspired both by Proudhon's *ouvriérisme*—an aggressively proletarian mistrust of bourgeois intellectuals—and by the Blanquist conception of a conspiratorial revolutionary elite. Both were genuine and indigenous French traditions on which, as Lichtheim shrewdly observes, Leninism could base itself after the natural heir of those traditions—revolutionary syndicalism—had collapsed at the outbreak of world war. No French working-class party could share the illusions of the German SPD: that the state was a neutral arbiter, and politics a secondary field of activity since the inexorable march of the historical process would soon make the workers' accession to power inevitable. Frenchmen either sought like the Social Democrats to defend and then transform the bourgeois democratic state, or, like the Communists, they utterly repudiated it, appealing to the basic syndicalism of the French workers who thought they had found in the October Revolution the fulfillment of a dream which their own bourgeoisie had frustrated in France. This interpretation can be questioned in some details. French Guesdism was (as he says) very like the orthodox doctrine of the SPD, and the French Socialists, accepting democracy but refusing until 1936 to join bourgeois governments, showed no more realism than their German counterparts before 1914; while the latter, using revolutionary rhetoric to console themselves for total political impotence today by the promise of total victory tomorrow,

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were anticipating the French Communists' very similar solution to a very similar problem. Again, to Lichtheim, the reintegration of the French workers in the nation began with the *union sacrée* of 1914, when socialists and syndicalists alike gave full support to national defense—so that while in Germany there was opposition to the war from the start, in France it grew only as the carnage became intolerable. Yet this debatable distinction is hard to reconcile with the later assertion that the revolutionary defeatism, which the Blanquist tradition made unthinkable in the First World War, was accepted by the Communist party cadres between 1939 and 1941 as the natural course for revolutionary Frenchmen. But in general this is a stimulating and perceptive account of how French Communism built upon the specific characteristics of the local workers' movement.

THE CENTRAL paradox of Lichtheim's account of the intellectual debate (which draws attention to many little-known Communist, Trotskyist, and revisionist authors, but discusses little written after 1963 and does not mention the name of Althusser) is that Marxism attained its dominant position just when the political power of the Communist party was declining. Raymond Aron called it the opium of the intellectuals in 1955, and it enjoyed an extraordinary ascendancy among them at a time when it was fast losing ground among their counterparts elsewhere. (This development Lichtheim rather oddly describes as one by which the French were catching up.)

But intellectuals will not subordinate themselves to the proletariat—and abandon their critical faculty to the "semi-educated bureaucrats" of the party—unless they are convinced it is "the predestined executor of history's purpose." Lichtheim recognizes the significance of Sartre's revolt against determinism, while having no illusions about his imbecility in short-term political analysis or his mystic reliance on a mythical and idealized proletariat and party. The existentialist critics might think of themselves as Marxists in theory and fellow-travelers in practice, but their attempt to rescue Marx by returning to his early libertarian writings undermined the pretensions to infallibility of the faithful. More important, no doubt, was the disillusionment of intellectual adherents of a supposedly libertarian movement when de-Stalinization in the USSR and revolt in the satellites shattered the Communist party's claim that its revolution would bring freedom to the working-class at home as it had in the USSR; and who saw all around them the evidence that French society was being rapidly transformed, while an ultra-Stalinist Communist party obstructed, stagnated, and increasingly lost touch with the progressive forces it was supposed to represent. Yet Lichtheim, after arguing that intellectuals were attracted to Marxism by its claim to hold the key to the historic future and demonstrating the falsity of that claim, can still maintain that in the long run the debates among intellectuals were decisive for the country's political future.

In the final section, the author moves beyond France to a critique of Marxism in the modern world. Generalizing from the bourgeois revolution, Marxism propounded its indispensable myth: that the proletariat could make their own revolution and establish their own rule. But since they do not control the means of production, they can do neither. In the brave new world of planning and technocracy, the key issues are those the labor movement never resolved: in practice the role of the intellectual in relation to the proletariat, in theory the choice between the syndicalist demand for workers' control and the socialist conception of a rational and scientific social order. Lenin's elitist party prefigured in its hierarchical organization the bureaucratic structures needed by the new rulers. For like all institutions thrown up by the working class, including the trade unions, the Communist party has escaped from its origins and become autonomous—a new source of alienation. Why then, asks Lichtheim, did bourgeois parties remain responsive to the class which created them instead of developing similar total-

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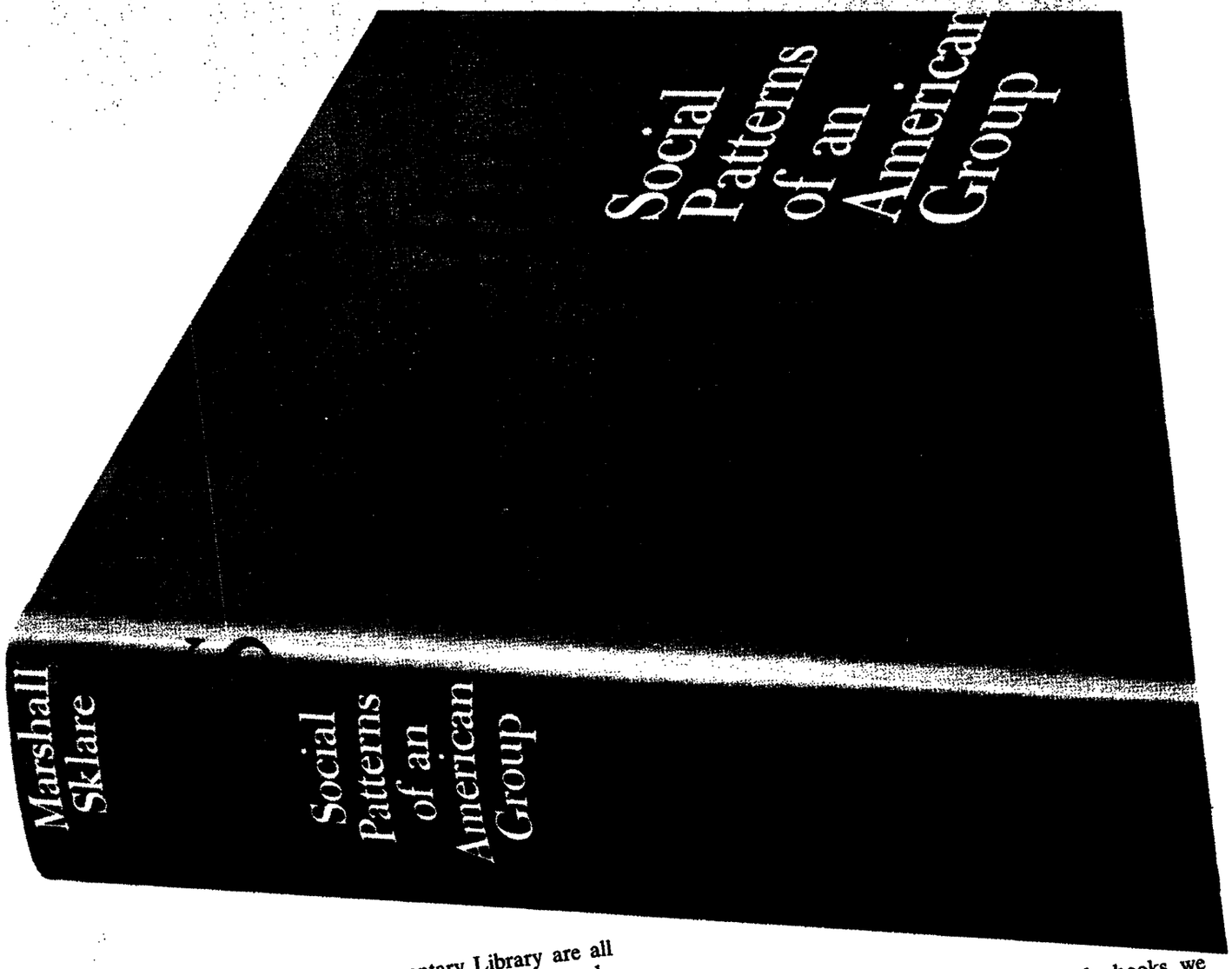

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itarian distortions? He replies that bourgeois society was unplanned and left social forces to find their own level in the free market (of ideas as well as goods). Liberals had anticipated his answer long ago when they defended capitalism by prophesying that freedom would perish under socialism.

Lichtheim is less pessimistic. He recognizes that a Communist party in power is in a backward country a substitute for capitalism as a mechanism for rapid industrialization, and in a developed country a totalitarian instrument for severe and effective repression of the workers. In a Western democracy, it is merely irrelevant. Unable to win power because it cannot adapt to reality, it will survive where it is well entrenched, as in France, by defending the most backward peasants and small businessmen and by exploiting the emotional appeal of syndicalism—pretending it is still waging the wrong class struggle when the real one has already been decided in favor of a new class. Where political freedom survives, men of the Left must choose between the two realistic solutions: reformist heirs of the Fabians (and of Jaurés, according to Lichtheim) can join the winning side and try to humanize the technocrats; radical syndicalists can fight for the interests of the proletariat in permanent protest against a system they can never hope to control.

The book is readable, pungent, and generally clear, though it suffers at times from compression. Well-turned phrases and incidental stimulating insights are scattered abundantly throughout; among the minor themes are the dialogue between Marxists and Catholics, and an interpretation of Gaullism. While he is not slow to expose nonsense, the author is no debunker, and he brings out the relevance and historical importance of the groups and the theorists he discusses, showing unreserved contempt only for the Communist party bosses and the intellectual hacks who followed their orders (but not for those Communist writers who displayed minds of their own). The specialist on French affairs will learn much from him, but Lichtheim's book is also a significant contribution to the contemporary theoretical debate on the far Left. His conceptions of history and politics, his deep respect for Marx and his critical assessment of Marxism, his stress on the political role of intellectuals and his pessimism about that of the workers, will provoke some readers to violent dissent and others to a reexamination of their own fundamental assumptions.

Moses Hadas
1900-1966

As this issue was going to press, word arrived of the death of Moses Hadas, whose review of *Keeper of the Law* appears above. The world knew Moses Hadas as an eminent classicist and Jewish scholar. Those of us who were privileged to be his students knew him also as the greatest of teachers, and the dearest of men.—N.P.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

JOSEPH FRANK, *a new contributor, is professor of comparative literature at Princeton, and director of the Christian Gauss seminars there.*

MARJORIE GRENE, *who contributed an essay on Adolf Portmann to our November 1965 issue, is the author of* The Knower and the Known, *published earlier this year by Basic Books.*

ROBERT G. HAZO *is associate editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica.*

FREDERICK C. CREWS *is the author of* The Sins of the Fathers; Hawthorne's Psychological Themes.

PHILIP M. WILLIAMS, *a specialist in French affairs, teaches at Oxford.*

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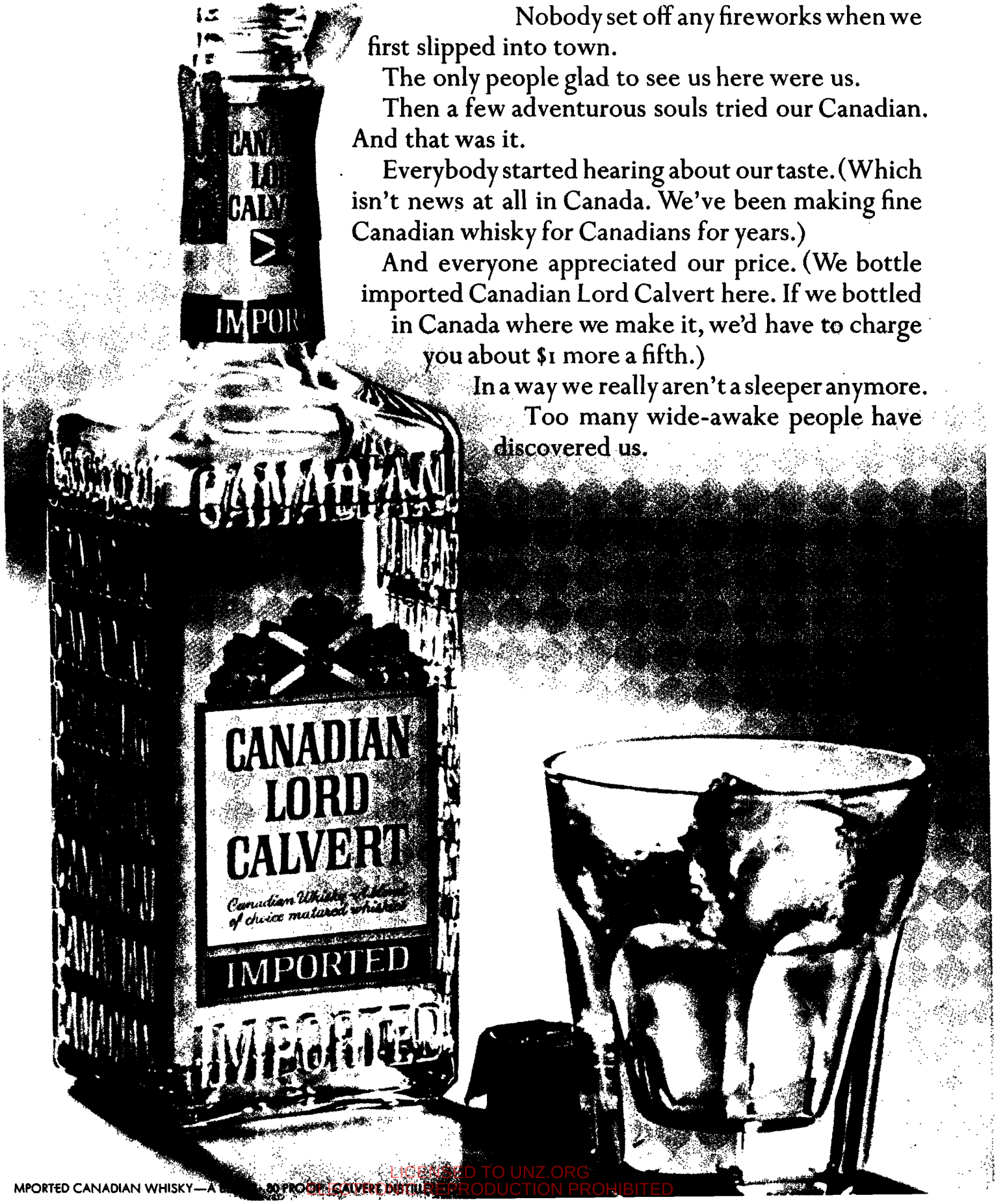

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